

PARTLY CLOUDY-WARMER.  
**To-Day's Sunday  
Post-Dispatch**  
OPENS A NEW ERA  
In Western journalism and places St. Louis on a  
par with New York in newspaper production.

*A Merry Christmas to All.*  
**ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.**  
SEVENTY PAGES.

VOL. 49, NO. 125.

SUNDAY MORNING—ST. LOUIS—DECEMBER 12, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PARTLY CLOUDY-WARMER.  
**Christmas Number.**

70 PAGES IN ALL!

5 Sections in Colors.

With best wishes of the Great Sunday  
Post-Dispatch to its half million readers.

**CASTELLANES  
MAY PART.**

Countess Tires of Furnishing  
Money for Her Husband.

HER FORTUNE IS DIMINISHING.

COUNT BONI'S EXTRAVAGANT  
HABITS SEEM TO HAVE  
REACHED THE LIMIT.

A SEPARATION IS TALKED OF.

Friends Say the Rumor May Be a  
Means of Inducing the Spend-  
thrift to Change His Way  
of Living.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch.  
Copyright by the Press Publishing Company, 1897.  
PARIS, Dec. 11.—A rumor is whispered  
in the select circles of Paris and London  
that serious trouble has arisen between  
the Count and Countess Boni Castellane  
(Anna Gould), over the former's insensate  
extravagance.

The Post-Dispatch contained informa-  
tion some weeks since that even the vast  
fortune of the late Jay Gould's daughter  
was proving unequal to the drain made  
upon it by the financial follies of Count  
Boni. Information now reaches the Post-  
Dispatch correspondent from a reliable  
source that the question of a possible  
separation by mutual consent, or if not by  
legal decree, to be applied for by Countess  
Castellane, is now being discussed by rela-  
tives and lawyers acting on behalf of both  
husband and wife.

Matters appear to have been brought to a  
head by the absolute refusal of the Count-  
ess to advance any more money to meet  
the constantly increasing demands for the  
accomplishment of Boni's colossal folly of  
building a replica of the Grand Trianon in  
Avenue Du Bois de Boulogne.

The construction of this costly pleasure-  
house has been lately interrupted because  
the Countess, acting by the advice of her  
relatives, declined to give anything more  
toward the enormous funds necessary for  
its completion on the scale of grandeur  
projected by her husband. The mere out-  
lay on the costliest marbles alone is said  
to be fabulous, while it was proposed that  
the palace should include a theater gorge-  
ously decorated by the principal painting  
artists, provided with all most perfect mod-  
ern appointments and an auditorium  
large enough to seat 500 guests.

The extravagances of Count Boni in all  
possible directions amount really to a  
mania. Everything he gets must be sev-  
eral degrees more costly and rarer than is  
possessed even by his wealthiest friends. It  
would take the wealth of a Monte Cristo  
to satiate his gargantuan appetite for  
throwing away money. Except that he is  
rather worthless and utterly conceited,  
nothing beyond his idiotic extravagance is  
alleged against him.

Much sympathy is felt for the Countess  
in her unfortunate marriage, into which the  
glitter of a great title and the glamour of  
a famous family drew her. She is natu-  
rally quiet, retiring and amiable, without  
any apparent desire to take advantage of  
the social position her fortune has secured  
for her. She is, in fact, rather a lay figure  
in the Castellane household, and the finan-  
cial demands of her husband must have  
been startling indeed.

The talk of a separation is regarded by  
the friends of the family as more the last  
attempt to put the screws on Boni by  
frightening him into putting a curb on his  
expenditure than a determination to leave  
him. All the same, he is so devoid of sense  
and so monstrously vain that an ultimate  
crash cannot be averted very long.

**SAD SEQUEL TO A DIVORCE.**

Mrs. Sloss Got Her Decree and Took  
Poison and Died.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
WEBSTER CITY, Ia., Dec. 11.—Mrs. S.  
C. Sloss, who was given a divorce at this  
term of the District Court and alimony of  
\$10,000, died about 1 o'clock at Moulton from  
the effects of some very powerful poison.  
She died in terrible agony. It is supposed  
she took the drug with suicidal intent. Mrs.  
Sloss took one dose of the drug on Wednes-  
day, but rallied. She took another this  
afternoon which proved fatal. Mr. Sloss  
is wealthy and is one of the biggest hard-  
ware dealers in Iowa. His store is draped  
in mourning and he is said to be very de-  
pressed by the death of his former wife.

**RECONCILIATION IS COMPLETE.**

Venezuela's President Receives the  
British Minister.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch.  
Copyright by the Press Publishing Company, 1897.  
CARACAS, Venezuela, Dec. 11.—President  
Crespo officially received the British Min-  
ister today.  
This completes the reconciliation of Great  
Britain and Venezuela after a ten years'  
rupture of diplomatic relations.  
The difference over the Guiana boundary,  
which caused the estrangement has been re-  
ferred for settlement through the media-  
tion of the United States to a tribunal of  
arbitration, and the good faith of both par-  
ties in the case is attested by the renewal of  
official intercourse.

**THE WEATHER FORECAST.**

PARTLY CLOUDY-WARMER.  
For Missouri—Partly cloudy weather; slight-  
ly warmer; east to south winds.  
For Illinois—Cloudy weather; clearing in  
southern portion; slowly rising temperature;  
winds shifting to south.  
For Arkansas—Partly cloudy to south with

**MILLER A WRECK,  
BUT THE WINNER.**

Many of the Racers Driven  
Almost Insane.

IT WAS AN AWFUL TRIAL.

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE CROWD-  
ED MADISON SQUARE GAR-  
DEN LAST NIGHT.

THE RIDERS COULD NOT STOP.

Their Legs Continued to Move Mechan-  
ically Long After They Were  
Pulled Off Their  
Wheels.

**WHY THEY DID IT.**

The first man for..... \$1,500  
The second man for..... 800  
The third man for..... 500  
The fourth man for..... 350  
The fifth man for..... 300  
The sixth man for..... 200  
The seventh man for..... 150  
The eighth man for..... 125  
The ninth man for..... 100  
The tenth man for..... 100  
The eleventh man for..... 75  
The rest for..... Expenses

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The wild struggle  
is over. Miller wins. The great six-day  
bicycle race is ended. Just fifteen men out  
of the thirty-six that started lasted till the  
finish. No wonder. It was a heart-break-  
ing, killing pace.

These are the winners of the awful seem-  
ingly endless journey:

Final score, 12 hours:  
Miles. Laps. Miles. Laps.  
Miller ..... 2,093 4 Elkes ..... 1,690 7  
Rice ..... 2,026 4 Kins ..... 1,618 7  
Schlimes ..... 2,000 7 Julius ..... 1,503 8  
Hale ..... 1,920 2 Deacon ..... 1,350 8  
Waller ..... 1,883 3 Johnson ..... 1,279 4  
Pierce ..... 1,828 0 Gray ..... 1,229 0  
Dett ..... 1,778 0 Riser ..... 1,100 0  
Gannon ..... 1,769 6 Moore ..... 1,405 4  
Internat. .... 1,759

Best previous record, 1,910 miles 8 laps,  
by Hale in 1896.

The gross receipts were about \$55,000. The  
Garden retained 40 per cent as rental.  
All day the crowd kept pouring into Mad-  
ison Square Garden. At 8 p. m. there was  
not a seat left. Just at this time things  
began to look serious in the garden. Sud-  
denly Police Inspector Brooks put in an  
appearance at the head of a cordon of 200  
police. They filed and fiddled about till at  
last they were all disposed of, in accord-

ance with the Inspector's wishes. And then  
the loungers saw what was up. The gar-  
den was completely girdled by blue coats,  
and they stretched right across Madison  
avenue in an unbroken line. No one could  
approach Madison Square Garden, except  
by way of the sidewalk. By 8 p. m. a wild  
crowd seethed and surged around the gar-  
den, fighting for places.

In the arena round and round doggedly  
pedaled the contestants, while the crowd  
tried to urge them on. It was no use. The  
race was about over, for them.

Wearily poor Miller led the van, very brave  
and very proud, but oh, so sleepy. Be-  
hind him tailed Rice and Schlimes, riding  
desperately at one-half the speed they or-  
dinarily could have made in a frolic.

Rice pedaled along, talking to himself.  
Enterman weeping softly as he rode, and  
Golden crazy mad.

It was time to end the race. It was 10  
o'clock. But fifteen minutes more. The  
band struck up a wild quickstep.  
"Go it, Miller," yelled the crowd.  
"Hit her up, Rice," shrieked 5,000 more.

Hale smiled feebly. He was busy with a  
cigarette. Waller had a cigar in his mouth.  
He was quite cheerful. So Rice and Miller  
and, assisted by his wife, has given exhibi-  
tions in nearly every town in this region.

Continued on page two.



MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER, WIFE OF THE SALVATION ARMY COMMANDER.

Great preparations are being made by the local members of the Salvation Army and their friends for the reception of Commander and Mrs. Booth-Tucker in St. Louis this week. The leaders of the Salvation Army in America will arrive here on Tuesday, and will meet their friends that afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock, in the parlors of the Lindell Hotel.

**DIED, REVIVED AND DIED.**

Strange Case of a Wealthy Woman  
Near Lockport, N. Y.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 11.—It was  
thought last Tuesday that Mrs. Robert  
Drew, reputed to be the wealthiest woman  
in Niagara County, had died at her home,  
in Middleport. Physicians pronounced her  
dead, and after the body had lain for five  
or six hours an undertaker's assistants be-  
gan preparing for burial. The woman re-  
vived and recovered consciousness. She  
lived twenty-four hours and then died.

**THE MAN SHE LOVED.**

CLIFFORD SEAY AT LAST LEADS  
MISS ALICE DUTCHER TO  
THE ALTAR.

WHAT A DIAMOND RECALLED.

It Brought Up Memories on Another  
Wedding Day and Sent the Other  
Man Back Home.

Shortly before the marriage license office  
closed yesterday a young woman, dressed  
in black and wearing a mourning veil, was  
escorted to Clerk Biharia's desk by a young  
man.

Both were apparently in a hurry and fear-  
ful of publicity. They answered the respon-  
ses promptly and remained in the office less  
than five minutes. The woman was Miss  
Alice Dutcher of St. Louis and her escort  
was Clifford Seay of Salem, Ill.

They were married last night at the resi-  
dence of the bride's mother, 4711 Page av-  
enue, and left for New Orleans.

Their union marks the culmination of a  
peculiar romance.

Miss Dutcher's visit to the marriage  
license office yesterday was the second with-  
in six months. Her first license was to wed  
another, but her love for the man she mar-  
ried last night asserted itself after all the  
preparations for the wedding were made.

Early in June Miss Dutcher figured in an  
elopement. She went to Clayton with Lur-  
don Brown, a wealthy young man from  
Nashville, Tenn. The County Clerk would  
not accept Miss Dutcher's statement that  
she was of age and the young couple re-  
turned to St. Louis. When they stepped  
from the train Col. Dutcher, the young woman's  
father, was awaiting them. He gave  
them a talking to, but they pleaded so  
eloquently that he consented to their union.

The next day he accompanied them to the  
Court-house, where a license was obtained.  
The wedding was announced and prepara-  
tions were under way when the fair bride-  
elect, in going through her trunk, found a  
beautiful diamond ring, the sight of which  
brought back tender memories of a former  
attachment.

It was a gift from Clifford Seay of Sa-  
lem, Ill., then a clerk in the St. Louis Post-  
office. They had quarreled. She put the  
ring in a dainty little box and sent it back  
to Mr. Seay, accompanied by a brief note  
of explanation.

Mr. Seay sent a reply to the note, ask-  
ing Miss Dutcher to call on him at the Post-  
office. She complied on the afternoon of  
the day set for her marriage to Brown.

A short conversation in the Federal build-  
ing awakened the old flame in the hearts  
of both Miss Dutcher and Mr. Seay.

As she sat beside his desk Seay held her  
hand in his. Gently he slipped the ring from  
her finger and replaced it with  
his diamond solitaire. The old truth was  
plighted anew. Before she left the Post-  
office Miss Dutcher penned a note to Brown  
telling him she could not marry him and  
asking him not to call at her house that  
night.

Brown left at once for Nashville.

That night the wedding guests went to  
the house. Rev. W. R. L. Smith was there,  
but there was no groom.

Col. Dutcher made a simple announce-  
ment that there would be no wedding, and  
the guests went away wondering.

A few weeks later the engagement of Miss  
Dutcher to Mr. Seay was announced. The  
date of the wedding was set. Before the  
day arrived Miss Dutcher's father died.  
This necessitated another postponement.

Owing to her recent bereavement Miss  
Dutcher desired that the wedding last night

be a quiet one. No invitations were sent  
out and many of her friends will be sur-  
prised to learn that she is now Mrs. Clifford  
Seay.

Miss Minnette Gerber, who accompanied  
Miss Dutcher and Mr. Brown on their run-  
away trip to Clayton and was to have been  
bridesmaid at the wedding that never hap-  
pened, eloped to Belleville Thursday and  
married William F. Klawa. She is Mrs.  
Seay's best friend.

dinables on the lawn in front. They fol-  
lowed with remarkable unanimity. The ex-  
perience of the Chinese Minister a few years  
ago illustrates the spirit of the Washington  
supper. He gave a big evening reception  
and everybody came. Presumably all Amer-  
icans look alike to a Chinaman. At all  
events, none who presented himself was ex-  
cluded.

When supper was announced there was a  
scramble that resembled a college game  
rush more than anything else. Men fought  
enough to speak positively on that point  
now.

Continued on second page.

**WEARY WILLIE  
IS IN DISMAY.**

Cabinet Ladies Have Abol-  
ished Free Lunches.

IT'S A LONG-NEEDED REFORM.

FORCED BY VULGAR AND SHAME-  
LESS ABUSES OF OFFICIAL  
HOSPITALITY.

SOME HISTORICAL INSTANCES.

Andrew Jackson "Tolled" a Crowd  
Onto the Lawn and the Chinese  
Minister Got Rid of One  
With Red Pepper.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—The glut-  
tony of people who flock to the public re-  
ceptions given by the ladies of the cabinet  
has resulted in a new rule. Hereafter no  
refreshments will be offered. The exhibi-  
tion given by the crowds that haunt the  
receptions has long been a public scandal.  
It is perfectly well known that the food  
and the drinkables attract the large num-  
bers, and that they have not the slightest  
interest in the function itself and the peo-  
ple whom they will meet there.

The public receptions have come to be re-  
garded as a free invitation.

"Come all ye that hunger and are athirst  
and ye shall be filled."

The idea that the receptions are held to  
permit people to pay their respects to the  
ladies of the President's family, has become  
a mere fiction. They have become the most  
desirable stands in a free lunch route, where  
it is much easier and pleasanter to get one's  
fill than in a saloon. The crowd is made up  
in part of disappointed office-seekers and the  
hangers-on, who play so important a part  
in Washington's floating population. And  
those who hold official positions are often  
not backward in taking disgraceful advan-  
tage of the public receptions and, indeed,  
the more exclusive ones.

Members of Congress have been known  
frequently to appear with a train of men at  
their heels and thus force a hostess to pro-  
vide an entertainment which should be at  
the expense of the Congressman himself.

Of course, there are no invitations to Cab-  
inet receptions. They are so wide open that  
even Mr. Weary Waggies would hardly be  
turned away if he entered a drawing room,  
tomato can in hand. But the evil does not  
stop here. Long immunity has made the  
grub seekers bold and frequently they force  
their way uninvited into the most exclusive  
receptions.

The gluttony of Washington crowds and  
their shamelessness in filling stomachs is  
not a new thing. It goes back to the time  
of Andrew Jackson. At one of the public re-  
ceptions given at the White House drink-  
ables were served liberally, with the result  
that the guests became pretty generally  
drunk. They refused to leave the building,  
and the only way in which they could be  
drawn from the house was by placing the

**LONE ROBBER  
IN POSSESSION.**

Daring Attempt to Loot E. H.  
Warner & Co's. Office.

ONE MAN HELD UP TWO.

HE ARRIVED LATE, THE MEN  
HAD BEEN PAID, AND THE  
SAFE WAS EMPTY.

ONLY SECURED A WATCH.

While the Bandit Was at Work Mr.  
Warner and a Clerk Heard Per-  
sons Passing, but Dared  
Not Call.

A masked highwayman, armed with a  
revolver, attempted to rob the office of E.  
H. Warner & Co., lumber dealers at Kosci-  
usko and Marion streets, at 5 o'clock last  
evening. That his efforts were not success-  
ful, was due to a miscalculation in time.

Mr. Warner pays off his employees every  
Saturday, late in the day. His pay roll  
amounts to several hundred dollars, which  
he draws from the bank in the morning  
and keeps in the office safe until time to  
pay off. He usually settles with his men  
between 4 and 5 o'clock.

He finished paying the men yesterday at  
4:30.

About half an hour later, while Mr. War-  
ner and Fred Hammel, a clerk, were alone  
in the office the door opened and a man  
entered. He wore a black mask and held a  
revolver in hand.

Mr. Warner was arranging some papers  
on his desk and Hammel was putting the  
books in the safe, which stood open in the  
corner.

Leveling his pistol and moving it from  
side to side so as to cover each man al-  
ternately, the masked man ordered them  
to throw up their hands.

They obeyed.

"Now give me the money, and be quick  
about it," said he.

"There is no money here," replied Mr.  
Warner. "I have just paid out every dol-  
lar."

"Don't lie to me," retorted the bandit.  
"I won't stand any fooling. I know you  
have money here, and I am going to get it."

Mr. Warner again told him that he came  
too late.

With an oath the robber ordered Warner  
and Hammel to stand side by side, facing  
the wall, and keep their hands above their  
heads.

They obeyed.

The bandit went to the safe, the doors of  
which were open. Mr. Warner's keys were  
lying on his desk. The robber picked them  
up, and opening every drawer, hurriedly  
ransacked their contents. He found but 50  
cents.

While the highwayman was thus engaged  
Mr. Warner could hear people passing on  
the sidewalk, but fear of the desperado's  
revolver prevented him calling for aid.

The robber cursed again and demanded  
where the money was kept.

"I tell you it is all paid out," again re-  
plied Warner.

"Well, if that's the case I guess I will  
take this," he replied, making a grab for  
Mr. Warner's watch. He gave the chain a  
tug and it broke. Just then footsteps and  
voices were heard outside.

Without making further attempt to rob  
them the bandit thrust his pistol in his  
pocket, and cautioning Mr. Warner not to  
give an alarm, he ran out of a side door and  
disappeared through the lumber yard in the  
rear of the office.

As soon as the robber was out of sight  
Mr. Warner hurried to the Third District  
Police Station and reported the matter.

He described the man as about 35 years  
old, 5 feet 10 inches, 160 pounds and well  
dressed in a dark cutaway suit, black  
fedor hat, white shirt and collar and black  
vest. He is dark complexioned and wore a  
black mask across the lower part of his  
face.

Mr. Warner thinks he can identify the  
man if he is arrested.

From the description given it is thought  
by the police that the robber is an es-  
caped convict, recently released from the peni-  
tentiary.

**ABSOLUTELY NONCOMMITTAL.**

Judge Barclay Gives a Written In-  
terview and Says Nothing.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 11.—It  
seems that the rumors and speculations  
around the State Capital buildings and  
throughout the Capital city caused by the  
movements of Chief Justice Shepard Bar-  
clay of the Supreme Court have not yet  
reached their limit. To-day quite a sensation  
could be detected in the different circles of  
the city.

The Chief Justice when interviewed con-  
cerning his retirement from the Supreme  
Court and the probability of him being a  
democratic candidate for re-election to the  
Supreme Judgeship in 1898, said:

"The rumor that I have heard here about  
my resigning may have arisen from the  
steps I am taking to remove my family  
abode to St. Louis. But as yet I have made  
no formal announcement of my intentions  
regarding the Democratic nomination in  
1898 for the Supreme Judgeship. Many of  
my friends have requested me to be a can-  
didate, and early in the coming year I shall  
declare my course on that subject. At pre-  
sent I do not wish to make any public state-  
ment as to whether or not I will serve out  
my entire official term, which does not ex-  
pire until Jan. 1, 1899. I don't feel propen-  
sity enough to speak positively on that point  
now."



MRS. CLIFFORD SEAY.

be a quiet one. No invitations were sent  
out and many of her friends will be sur-  
prised to learn that she is now Mrs. Clifford  
Seay.

Miss Minnette Gerber, who accompanied  
Miss Dutcher and Mr. Brown on their run-  
away trip to Clayton and was to have been  
bridesmaid at the wedding that never hap-  
pened, eloped to Belleville Thursday and  
married William F. Klawa. She is Mrs.  
Seay's best friend.

Continued on second page.



If a Two-Thirds Vote Cannot Be Secured, Then a Joint Resolution, Will Be Introduced and Passed If Possible.

HANNA ON HAWAII.

What do you think of the President's message in regard to Cuba?

"I am greatly disappointed," he said. "I believe the President's course will be approved. It is true that atrocities have been committed by the Cuban and Spaniards are equally guilty. They fight and indulge in cruelties on both sides. I suppose that the Administration, through the Department of State, has been informed thoroughly about what is taking place on the island. Naturally their channels of information are not as good as ours."

As to currency reform legislation, the Senator said that he was hopeful something would be done.

"I believe that some kind of currency legislation will be put through," he said, in conclusion. "But just what kind I cannot

The stranger, who was named Brown, replied the ver-  
dant Kokomotto, "It is George Gloe."  
"Is that so?" said the stranger, "You are  
the image of a friend of mine."  
The stranger apologized and asked Gloe  
to join him in a drink. Gloe accepted, and  
they went to a saloon in the neigh-  
borhood. While in the saloon the stranger  
was approached by another man. He exhibited  
a pistol, and Gloe, and he offered to bet  
that neither Gloe nor the stranger could  
open it. Gloe's companion bet \$5 that  
Gloe would do it, and won. He then persuaded  
Gloe to go to the bank and get \$5. The  
Gloe had lost \$5, all of his money. The  
gent was he in trying to work the lock that  
he had seen in the saloon. He had  
when he slipped out. He had  
when he slipped out. He had

**Marine.**  
HAYRE, Dec. 11.—Sailed: La Normandie,  
New York.  
SOUTHAMPTON, Dec. 11.—Sailed: Paris,  
New York.  
QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 11.—Arrived: Etru-  
ria, New York.  
BREMEN, Dec. 11.—Sailed: Dresden, Bal-  
more.  
NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Sailed: Campana,  
Liverpool; Mobil, London; La Bretagne,  
Buenos Ayres; Victoria, Naples; Edda,  
Hamburg; Spandam, Rotterdam.

The Adams Express Company Com-  
plained That Some of Its Drivers  
Were Losing a Suspicious  
Number of Packages

## HALF A MILLION LOSS

The loss fully covered by insurance. Sharpless Bros.' large dry goods establishment adjoining the Dobson's on the east, sustained no damage from the fire. It also the Commonwealth Title Insurance and Trust Co. and William H. Hoskins, Jr., of the latter city, who are tenants, respectively. No estimate of the losses of these three concerns could be obtained. The Continental Hotel, the Girard House and the Hotel de France, all in close proximity to the fire, sustained no damage whatever.

Sharpless Bros. loss is estimated at \$50,000 and the loss of the Continental Hotel and Hotel de France about \$25,000. Both firms are fully insured. The fire did not reach either of these establishments, the loss sustained being by water.

One, a Fin-de-Siècle Parlor Scene, Is  
of an Educational Character.

highly educational, as it is arranged attractively in five sections. D. Sommers & Co. have put in their big store an enormous stock of fine and useful Xmas presents, in late-style house furnishings, at prices that are in the reach of every one. The terms being either cash or credit, are equally attractive. Immense quantities of moderate means who wish to make presents of loved ones, of an enduring and strictly utilitarian character.

Copies of to-day's great Christmas number in wrappers ready for mailing can be had at the Post-Dispatch office, this

Present an Assortment of Rare Novelties to Select From,  
The Notable Features of Which Are:  
Silks, Dress Goods, Furs, Ready-to-Wear Garments, Napery, Blankets, Lace Curtains, Ladies' and Gents'  
Furnishings, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Kid Gloves, Leather Goods, Fans, Smoking Jackets,  
Bath Robes and Sets, Hosiery, Art Goods, House Furnishings, Etc., at Very Attractive Prices.

TO PAY HEAVY ALIMONY.

off his hat and you could see his jaws forming words—that was all. But off darted Miller. The last I saw of him he went around a lively rally. The crowd yelled its approval, just as Roman audiences used to yell at gladiators who were about to be executed.

The race was finished.

Miller won.

"Then he got off his wheel. What a difference! His knees collapsed; his eyes seemed to sink in. He could hardly articulate."

"He won," he gasped. So he had. But what a winner. Tottering and unsteady, he walked once around the track. "That's so," the crowd can be seen to whisper to each other. Behind him followed the other contestants. Not one of

Miller's innamed eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, his ashen skin was stretched and cracked, exaggerated ten thousand times. Pain traced him with every motion of his swollen limbs.

Lack of sleep turned these racers' brains; they railed them with hallucinations. One thought he was being pelted with eggs; another that he was being pelted with bricks. One was wheeled over hurdles. So conspicuous, so horrible became their sufferings that the spectators railed upon to insist that they was they stop step right back. "One is about to be 'knocked out.' One ghost-man went fast to sleep standing up while the surgeon insisted that he was dead."

Rivera was one of these permitted to remain on the cruel track. Soon he felt ab-

camp days and nights was killing. What a contrast to those hanging heads, rounded shoulders, and bowed backs and limbs. Thus was exemplified the use of the bicycle and its abuse to the uttermost. The ingenious devil who would invent a torture might start a six-days' bicycle race in order to make certain that a track of 100 miles long would be a track the struggle to break all records and to advertise certain makes of asbestos tires would be only a trifle more fierce than that just depicted in the Square.

The police surgeon, Square, another descent upon the garden just before 5 o'clock this

ated by the following table, showing how

"For some years  
was covered with di-  
now, and I could ha-  
started. It is much  
and my scalp seems

"I think there's  
three years old and  
the Vigor, but the ap-  
glossy."

"After five years'  
vollet article. It's kee-

MAKE

"I am well pleased  
thin, I commenced to  
out, but a new growth

places of prominence have had the most out-

My hair had been coming out. It had become weak and dandruff. I have applied Ayer's Hair Vigor regularly and I fully trust my senses when I first found that a new growth was thicker than formerly and of good color. The scalp is now to be in a perfectly healthy condition."

MISS R. WRIGHT

toilet article in the world so good as Ayer's Hair  
My hair would have been all white now if it was  
application of that dressing has preserved its color.  
Mrs. W. H. JARVIS  
Use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, I can cheerfully recom-  
mend: the hair soft and glossy and helps it to retain  
D. WARNER

summer and fall and found that a new growth  
had come in for about four months, and at the end of the  
year could wish."  
**HOWARD MELVIN**  
"I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. When I noticed that  
my hair was falling out, I used the Vigor, with the result that the hair not  
only grew again, but the hair that had fallen out  
of half started. It certainly is an excellent tonic."  
**CHAS. C. GRAVES**

comfort when they arrive.

very dry and my scalp  
itching for some weeks  
the growth of hair had  
stopped and had dis-  
appeared.

"Vigor. I am fifty-  
not for the use of  
and kept it soft and  
Sj, Otago, Mich.  
and it as a desirable  
its natural color."  
Dunaville, Ont.

time had as good  
W, Carlisle, Mass.  
my hair was getting  
ly ceased to come  
Brookton, N. Y.

Lace Curtains, elegant styles, 88c  
8½ yards long, per pair.....  
Stair Oilcloth, regular width, 61-

**BROEDER**—On Saturday, December 11, at 8:25 p. m., after long illness, Gustave A. Broeder, beloved husband of Mary A. Broeder (nee Cassidy), aged 27 years and 11 months.

Funeral will take place from residence, 5418A Bacon street, Monday, December 12, at 1:30 p. m., and relatives invited to attend.

**HAMPAUGH**—Saturday, Dec. 11, at 6:45 a. m., John Champagne, beloved husband of Virginia Champagne and father of Raphael and Felix Champagne, *atra.* Clara O'Donnell and Theresa Schlanck.

Funeral: from family residence, 3523 Clark avenue, Monday, Dec. 12, at 1:30 p. m., to St. John's Church, thence to Calvary Cemetery. Friends *rec.* invited to attend.

Funeral and church services *please copy.*

1907.

NOXAN—On Saturday, December 11, 1907, at 10:30 p. m., Patrick Noonan, at 2709 Morgan street, beloved father of T. F. Noonan, J. J. Noonan and Mrs. Lizzie Stuart, aged 60 years.  
Due notice of funeral will be given.

NOLAN—On Thursday, Dec. 9, Andrew J. Nolan, beloved husband of Leola Nolan (nee Candel), aged 45 years.  
Funeral will take place from residence, No. 25 1/2 West Fifth street, Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2 p. m., to St. John's Church, thence to Calvary Cemetery. Friends of the family invited to attend.

NIFER—On Thursday evening, at 7:15 o'clock,

His Higney, beloved son of Matthew J. and Catherine Higney (nee Dwyer), aged 6 years, 3 months and 15 days.

Funeral from family residence, 4377 Garfield avenue, Sunday, December 12, at 2:30 p. m. to Calvary Cemetery. Friends invited to attend.

ACH—James T. Roach, beloved husband of the late Margaret Roach (nee Wilcox), Dec. 10, at 8:20 p. m., at residence, 4718 North Twentieth street.

Funeral Sunday, Dec. 12, at 1:30 p. m. to Holy Name Church, thence to Calvary Cemetery.







## AN ALLIANCE OF BRAIN AND BRAWN GREATEST THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.

The American Federation of Labor, Representing 600,000 Workers With Hand and Eye, Meets at Tennessee's Capital To-Morrow.



M. D. HATCHFORD, COLUMBUS, OHIO.  
(United Mine Workers.)



SAMUEL GOMPERS.  
(President.)



PURATANO TAKANO.  
(Delegate from Hongo-Tokyo, Japan.)

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 11.—To-morrow Samuel Gompers will call the seventeenth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor to order in the hall of representatives in the State Capitol. There will be gathered in that hall working men and women from every State and territory in the United States, several delegates representing the British Trades Union Congress of Great Britain, and it is expected that Canada and Japan will also be represented. It will mark an epoch in the history of the American Federation of Labor, the greatest and strongest alliance of brawn, sinew and skill the world has ever known.

The organization is composed of sixty national and international trade unions, eleven State branches, eighty-one city central bodies, 433 local unions and has in

rapid disintegration at once ensued. The great financial crisis of 1893 following the suspension of work decreased their numbers. No further steps were taken to form a national body until August 2 and 3, 1895, when there assembled at Terre Haute, Ind., a number of gentlemen representing several national and international trade unions and the central labor bodies in the larger cities of the United States, and a call for a mass meeting was ordered printed and scattered broadcast.

The gentlemen named in the circular as speakers were Senator Voght of Indiana, J. P. McGuire of St. Louis, Richard Powers of Chicago, L. A. Brant of Detroit, Mark L. Crawford of Chicago and Sam Leffingwell of Indianapolis, Ind. A call was here issued for a meeting of representatives of all trade and labor unions to meet in Pittsburgh Nov. 10, 1895. One hundred and seven delegates, representing a quarter of a million wage-workers, responded to his call, and did not separate until they had established the "Federation of Organized Trades

and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada." The meeting was called to order by L. A. Brant of Detroit, representing the International Typographical Union, and John Jarrett, President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers of the United States and Canada, was elected chairman.

The first Legislative Committee appointed was composed of Sam Gompers, Clearmakers' International Union, New York; William H. Foster, International Typographical Union, Cincinnati; Alexander Rankin, Iron Molders' Union, Pittsburgh; Richard Powers, Lake Seamen's Union, Chicago; and Chas. Burghman, Tailors' Union, San Francisco. This committee presented several measures to Congress. One of importance creating a national bureau of labor statistics was passed in 1895. The secretaries were Mark L. Crawford, representing the Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly; H. H. Bengough, Pittsburgh Printers' Assembly No. 1,329; L. and W. C. Folger, Cleveland (O.) Trade and Labor Assembly, who was also secretary of the Terre Haute meeting.

The second convention of the federation

ventions have been held annually since. At the last convention, held at Cincinnati, December 14, 1896, the headquarters of the Federation were changed from Indianapolis, Ind., to Washington, D. C. Resolutions were passed recognizing the union label, the right of workers to organize and the most far-reaching and earnest way of educating the people mutual benefits, and forming a national league, approving the suggestion that the head of the government labor department be made a cabinet officer, forbidding officers of the Federation to use their official positions for political purposes, endorsing the stand of the Christian Endeavorers against Sunday work, and declaring that any union refusing to comply with orders of the Federation within sixty days should be suspended.

Unusual interest attends the convention on account of the fact that a fierce clash is expected between the delegates from the East and the West. The Eastern representatives are staunch supporters of Samuel Gompers, who has

## THEIR TRIAL IN THE COURT.

A Kansas City Knight's Suit  
Against the Maccabees.

INJURED IN THE INITIATION.

PERILS UNDERGONE BY A NEOPHYTE COME OUT UNDER OATH IN COURT.

\$10,000 DAMAGES AWARDED.

Scaling High Cliffs, Battling With an Unseen Enemy and the Leap Which Jarred the Butcher's Internal Organs.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 11.—Lenna Winslow, who sued the Knights of Maccabees for \$25,000 for dislocating one of his kidneys while initiating him into the local order four years ago, was today awarded \$10,000 by a jury in Judge Gates' division of the Circuit Court.

The story of how Winslow joined the Knights of the Maccabees at the Fifth Street Opera House in Kansas City, Kan., four years ago, has been apparently told under oath in open court, and the public has a right to his burning curiosity no longer. Mr. Winslow is a butcher by trade. He owned a shop on Minnesota avenue. He was healthy then, and was with a light heart and a faithful kidney that he went one night to be initiated into the Knights of the Maccabees. He was greeted joyfully then—he now believes maliciously—at the door of the ante-room by the outer guards and taken into an inner room, where were the waiting members and officers of the lodge in long black robes and white robes and masks. He had been through the physical examination and was successfully, but two members took him outside again and put him through another one. He was then brought back and required to take the oath never to divulge the secrets of the order.

"You are now about to pass through the three years' warfare," said a voice; "it is full of dangers and you must be physically and mentally capable of withstanding its hardships." Winslow was blindfolded and given a heavy pack to carry on his back for the journey. Here he was challenged, "that the stranger has been guilty of gross misrepresentation; that he might join our order. He has represented himself to be younger than he really is, in order to obtain a lower rate of insurance; his age, weight and height are not what he has sworn them to be in his written application, which we have here. Find on examination that his pulse is irregular, and that his lungs and heart are affected."

"I find upon inquiry," said another voice, "that his moral character is far from that which a true Knight of the Maccabees should be. He has misrepresented his moral conduct." Lenna began to be afraid he was going to be blackballed. "Another voice spoke: 'from the evidence at hand it seems the candidate is totally unfit to be one of us. In his application he has been guilty of deception, fraud and gross misrepresentation.'"

"I find," said the stranger in a very bad condition and likely to die at any moment, he has a double and conflicting pulse, and the valves of his heart are rusty. His lungs are not mates, his left one refusing to act in harmony with his right one. In a patent medicine circular. "No punishment can be too severe for such base conduct," said the big voice, which seemed to be in charge, "away with him and let him see the inside of the gallows. Rough hands seized Lenna and hurried him to the door, amid angry cries of 'Away with him! Away with him!' by the members.

But just as they reached the door a voice commanded them to halt. "Perhaps we have been too hasty," it said, and Lenna was taken back, made to breathe up and down, sideways and diagonally, perform various calisthenics with arms and legs and finally blow through a noiseless tin horn, called a lung tester. All this was the preliminary work in initiation as laid down in the official ritual. Then he was pronounced all right and told to prepare for the "first year's warfare."

It has been supposed by the general public that candidates for initiation to secret lodges are disrobed. Lenna retained the majority of his garments. The first part of the journey was the "crossing of the bridge." The "bridge" was only a narrow plank, with each end on a soap box. He couldn't have fallen more than a foot, but Lenna, being blindfolded, did not know that. "Steady your nerves," said the Lieutenant-Commander. "You are about to cross a narrow and frail bridge high above a deep stream. A terrible storm approaches. Be careful or your next step may be your last."

Lenna balanced himself along the sagging board with arms outstretched. There was a sound of falling water and of hissing wind which he thought must be the storm coming for he could feel the wind. But it was only the members pouring water from one pail into another and pumping a hand bellows in Lenna's face. "Then Lenna stepped to the floor again. The bridge has been safely crossed," said the voice, "and all retreat is cut off. Ah, I see them coming now armed and ready for battle. We must be quick and hide or we shall be captured and killed. Get under the table and kneel and crawl into this cave till they have passed. Keep your head down so it will not strike the rocks. Be careful! Your hands do not come in contact with the snakes, lizards and other deadly reptiles that rest in this cave. If you make a mistake, Lenna was undecided whether to stay and fight it out or take his chances with the snakes. He chose the latter and crouching crawled on the floor, covered with a wet cloth to represent the damp floor of a cave was spread in front of him. He could hear the enemy approach, and the clank and clash of spears, and just then he put his hand on a cold, wet rubber snake, and he yelled. Another coiled itself about his neck and closed its jaws on his chin, and he yelled again as it loosed. Damp rubber snakes crawled over his hands while the members hissed in his ears. Lenna wanted to go home, but he couldn't get out now. The "second year's warfare" began at the foot of a "rugged mountain," a voice told Lenna, and he was made to run around the room falling over rocks which were bags filled with sawdust, until he was sore and mad. He was marched up an incline which was really a plank nailed from the floor to table—and here he was halted while the commander addressed him. "You are now on the brink of a deep and yawning cavern," said the voice. "You must cross it or you cannot reach the camp of the Maccabees, which lies beyond the mountains. One misstep or mistake will send you to death, or the rocks below. A rope hangs from above. Take it and jump, letting yourself down hand over hand until you reach the bottom. Pull the rope twice and it will know you are safe. Jump."

This was where Lenna made his unfortunate error. He had had enough of snakes and falling rocks, and didn't propose to do any more jumping, and he jumped the side of a mountain, though he had never heard of mountains in Kansas City, Kan., before. So he refused to jump, and as the ritual said it was all right, he pushed himself as Lenna felt he bumped one of his kidneys against the edge of the table, and that is what formed the basis of the suit for damages.

## Old Sheffield Plate

At the request of many of our kind patrons we have imported direct from ENGLAND a grand collection of old Sheffield Plate, rich, massive and elegant, and having an aristocratic old family air about them that gives them a peculiar charm in the eyes of cultured housekeepers.

In this collection will be found Oval, Oblong and Round Waiters, all sizes,  
(With characteristic Engraving, carved borders and frets.)

Massive Wine Coolers and Punch Bowls.  
Quaint Old Tea Kettles and Urns on Stand.  
Oblong and Oval Entree Dishes, with lock handle covers.  
(Only four pairs of excellent pieces.)

Candelabrum, with 7, 5 and 3 lights.  
(Only a pair of a pattern—these are very desirable.)

A few old-fashioned Tea Pots.  
Some grand Beakers, or Vases, for dining-room decoration.  
One extra large Punch Bowl and two smaller.  
Five pairs of Tall Candlesticks, all different.  
One full set of Grape Border Meat Platters.  
And a few odd pieces of Sauce Boats, Ice Bowls, Tankards, Sconces, Cake Baskets and Almond Dishes.

As there are no two pieces alike, except pairs, these will make distinguished gifts to housekeepers who love elegant tables.

MAIL ORDERS  
CAREFULLY FILLED.  
WRITE FOR CATALOG.

BROADWAY  
Cor Locust St.

# MERMOD & JACCARD'S.

## Xmas Gifts, 25c to \$10,000

## IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS BUYERS.

### Silk Umbrellas

No Gift more highly appreciated by a gentleman.

### Silk Umbrellas

A most highly appreciated gift by a lady.

Silk Umbrellas from \$1.95 to \$25.00

All tight roll, natural wood, Dresden, gold and silver handles, in the latest shapes, stylish leather covers. Our name on the strap of every Umbrella is a constant guarantee.

## FINE STATIONERY FOR XMAS GIFTS.

100 Finest Engraved Calling Cards, with copper plate, only \$1.50.

Beautiful Christmas Cards, from 5c to \$10.00.

Handsome Calendars, the latest designs..... 15c to \$10.00.

Solid Silver Sealing Sets, from \$1.00 and up.

Place your Xmas orders early, as the time remaining between now and Xmas is very short.

Any monogram stamped on a box of 24 sheets and 25 envelopes, of Court Gray paper, made expressly for a holiday gift, only.... 75c.

This new style die, any initial, stamped on 50 sheets, with envelopes, in a handsome Xmas box, the latest and best quality of paper, only..... \$1.95.

The very latest designs in Monograms at the most reasonable prices at our Stationery Department.

# MERMOD & JACCARD

JEWELRY CO.,

## BROADWAY, COR. LOCUST.

Lowest Priced House in America for Fine Goods.

OPEN TILL 9 O'CLOCK EVENINGS TILL CHRISTMAS.

## THE THREATENED STRIKE IN ENGLAND HAS BEEN AVERTED FOR THE PRESENT.

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch.  
Copyright by the Press Publishing Company, 1897.  
LONDON, Dec. 11.—Official estimates show that 27,633 workmen were affected by strikes during the last year and that the loss thereby entailed to British trade was \$7,000,000.

The industrial situation has somewhat improved during the week for, although the engineering strike is no nearer a settlement, the threatened concurrent strikes in the cotton industry and railroads have been averted at least for the present. That a

gigantic struggle between trades unionism and capital is impending is still true, for the employers' federations are determined to pursue in other directions the advantage their combination has secured.

Politicians are afraid to talk plainly for fear of losing votes, but it is clear that if England is to regain the ground she has lost industrially the British workman must learn to work as hard and intelligently as the American. Trades unions may be good in so far as they assist men to their rights, but in England it is declared that they

have gone too far. Here in London the principal of a polytechnic school told me yesterday that if a carpenter attempted to come to his school in order to learn something of metal working every metal worker in the school would be forced to leave by order of the union. An all-round mechanic is in England almost an impossibility, and an English laborer can not understand the idea of a man who can do many things as those of England, and they would not get on if they tried to transplant themselves to American soil, unless they made up their minds to adopt American methods.

several months, and their wedding was to have taken place Thanksgiving day. She believes he is innocent, and keeps him supplied with money and good things. Attorneys Maurer and Adams, counsel for Scates, argued for a new trial before Judge Zachris Saturday. They say the jury's verdict was prejudiced. The judge will pass on the motion on Wednesday.

Alleged Pickpockets Arrested.  
Louis Rosen and Dan McCarthy were arrested in the streets at the Grand Hotel Saturday afternoon, by Detective George Williams. He claims he detected them picking a woman's pocket.

BOILING COFFEE KILLS.  
Little Bernard Hoffman Lingered Two Days in Agony.  
Bernard Hoffman, aged two years, was sitting at table with his parents at Twentieth and Dodder streets Thursday when he upset the coffee pot. He died Saturday from burns. He suffered terribly. Dr. Pastor did what he could for his little patient. The coroner will hold an inquest.

SCALES' MYSTERIOUS GUEST.  
She Is Carrie Harris, Whom He Was to Wed Thanksgiving Eve.  
The mystery which has hovered about the young mulatto girl a frequent visitor to James Scates, in jail under a 30-year sentence for assaulting Katherine Pless, has been solved by the press. He informed Jailer Huebner yesterday that she is Carrie Harris, and that her home is in Brooklyn, Ill. Scates says he has been engaged to her



## WITH A BROKEN NECK.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON OF ST. LOUIS, PARALYZED FROM HEAD DOWN, LIVED FOR MONTHS.

HIS BURIAL OCCURS TO-DAY.

Was on a Visit to New Orleans and Dived Into a Lake Ponchartrain Sand Bar.

A late Illinois Central train last night brought to St. Louis the body of William H. Johnson, the young railroad man who died Friday in New Orleans.

With the remains was Mrs. Samuel P. Johnson, the mother, and Charles J. Johnson, a brother. They have battled with death since the accident three months ago, which placed the young man's life in jeopardy.

The funeral will occur from Alexander's undertaking parlors, Garrison avenue and Olive street, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The interment in Bellefontaine Cemetery will be private. The family lives at 2837 Page avenue.

For fourteen years young Johnson was in the employ of the Frisco railroad and at the



OPEN EVENINGS TILL 9.

## As Good as Sunday Sermons ARE THE INDUCEMENTS WE OFFER CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS!

HERE THEY ARE!

FIRSTLY.  
Diamonds Correctly Mounted,  
\$5.00 to \$500.00.

SECONDLY.  
Watches That Are Reliable,  
from \$6.00 to \$175.00.

THIRDLY.  
Artistic Jewelry, the Best Made,  
To Suit All Purposes.

FOURTHLY.  
Sterling Toilet Wares and Novelties.  
Some as Low as 15c.

**HESS & CULBERTSON, The Jewelers,**  
Cor. 6th and Locust.

MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS TO-MORROW.

## COMPLETE COLLAPSE OF CHARLES ZANOLI, MULTI-WIDOWER AND INSURANCE MANIPULATOR.

Barber Who Made Money by the Deaths of Seven Persons. A Series of Events that Aroused Suspicion and Caused Arrest.



CHARLES ZANOLI.

Collected on Four Wives, One Child, Mother-in-Law and Friend. Went Under Different Names at Places Where He Did Business.

The Body of One of His Wives Is to Be Exhumed for Investigation, and Under Police Questioning the Prisoner Weeps and Whines Like a Craven.

### MAY HOLD OUT.

Plans of the Cotton-Growers to Control Their Own Product.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 11.—The convention of Southern cotton growers, called to meet here next Tuesday, will be one of the most important gatherings of its kind ever held in this country. The convention has, as its mission, a solution of the problem of controlling the planting and marketing of cotton. As a side issue it will probably start a vigorous contest against the present system of dealing in futures. The call for the gathering was issued by J. C. McLean, born, President of the South Carolina Farmers' Alliance. He has sent letters to the Governors, prominent cotton growers and bankers of the Southern States, and has been overwhelmed by an avalanche of favorable replies. The executive committee of the States have appointed delegates to the convention, and many merchants and bankers are expected to attend.

The announcement has given rise to a multitude of suggestions regarding the wisest policy to be adopted in attaining its object. It is believed that the convention will be a practical one, and that the cotton growers' trust among growers and dealers, to control the growing and selling. He declares that the price of cotton is controlled by the laws of supply and demand is a serious mistake. The whole thing, in his opinion, is a conspiracy of speculators, says he, and he urges a cotton growers' trust to offset them.

### ONE OFFICE TOO MANY.

An Ohio Man Wants to Get Rid of His Postmaster.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—Postmaster H. M. Cox of Shiloh, O., has been elected since November 1 to his office of the Postmaster. Cox was elected to the Ohio Legislature last month, and unless he can get rid of his position he will be unable to serve. A State law forbids any person from holding two offices. The Ohio Legislature is very close, and Senator Hanna is a candidate for re-election. Cox is a Democrat. His absence from the Legislature would be a great help to the Republicans.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY.

Large Additions for the Benefit of the Juvenile Department.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Public Library yesterday the Book Committee reported the purchase of fully 1,000 books, none of them for the Juvenile Department. The following new periodicals have been ordered: The Strand, Fall Mail Gazette, House Beautiful, Birds and Architectural Review.

W. B. A. Taylor, Leigh Hildebrand and George A. Norman have recently been appointed to fill positions in the Library, the first as apprentice, the others as messengers.

A resolution of thanks was voted Mrs. George O. Carpenter, for the gift of plants for the children's room.

Receiver for Olympic Music Hall.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Andrew Freedman, the base ball magnate, was today appointed receiver of the Olympic Music Hall. His appointment is the result of a suit brought against Oscar Hammett, the owner, by the New York Life Insurance Company to foreclose a mortgage of \$200,000.

Copies of to-day's great Christmas number in wrappers ready for mailing can be had at the Post-Dispatch office this week.

### SOBS GET A WARRANT.

Chouteau Estate Collector Sheds Blood, Gold and Tears.

Joseph R. Dockery, collector for the Chouteau estate, asked J. M. Chilton, proprietor of the lively stable, Eleventh street and Clark avenue, to pay a bill for rent. Chilton didn't like the tone used. He hit Dockery in the mouth. A bag of \$100 in coin fell to the ground from Dockery's hand. It burst and the coin rolled. Dockery picked it up and went to the warrant office. There he sought out Chilton. He turned loose a warrant for Chilton.

Blew His Hand Off.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

ASSUMPTION, Ill., Dec. 11.—Harry Pick, aged eighteen, while out hunting today, had his left hand blown off by the explosion of his gun.

### Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—Today's statement of the condition of the Treasury shows: Available cash balance, \$27,824,120; reserve, \$25,720,715.

It Hood's Sarsaparilla Was not a great Medicine, it

Could not continue To sell as it does.

In spite of competition And Hard Times It is still "on top"

And is making Wonderful Cures Daily.

### NO MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

Mrs. Chapline May Have Been Insane When Married.

Rufus J. Delano, attorney for George C. Chapline, President of the Chapline Construction Co., says he does not understand how a brother-in-law could have made by Mrs. Chapline's brother an affidavit that she was sane, especially as the divorce suit was begun, especially as the brother had done nothing to protect the sister when in the condition he alleges.

Mr. Delano refused to discuss the future of the divorce suit.

"If she is insane now," said he of Mrs. Chapline, "she may have been insane when married. In that event there was no marriage contract."

Copies of to-day's great Christmas number in wrappers ready for mailing can be had at the Post-Dispatch office this week.

## NOVEMBER'S EXPORTS.

AN INCREASE OF MORE THAN \$5,000,000 COMPARED WITH NOVEMBER, 1896.

COTTON FOR ELEVEN MONTHS.

A Large Increase in the Amount Exported, but the Value in Money Materially Less.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The statement of the principal statistics of domestic exports (about 88 per cent of the whole) for the month of November, issued from the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department to-day, shows a total of \$22,323,639, an increase over October of more than \$5,000,000, and over the same month last year of \$4,000,000. The increase over November, 1896, is \$22,000,000, and November, 1894, \$21,000,000. The increases are mainly in exports of corn, oats, oatmeal, rye and wheat.

There is a large increase of shipments of cotton from Philadelphia and Baltimore and New York, and from the same ports to Europe. There is a decrease from the month of October in the exports of mineral oils amounting to \$1,212,000, but the loss is more than made up by an increase in value, it appearing that the exports of mineral oils for November, notwithstanding the loss in quantity, exceeded in value those of October.

The exports of cotton for the eleven months, ending November, are 10,000,000 bales, valued at \$1,212,000,000. For the corresponding period of 1896, the low price of cotton has resulted in a decrease of exports of cotton of 1,000,000 bales, valued at \$1,212,000,000. The increase in value is barely enough to make up for the loss in quantity.

There is a large increase in the exports of cotton to Japan and Germany, especially in quantities. In November, 1896, 19,918 pounds of cotton were exported to Germany. The exports to that country for November, 1897, were 1,225,000 pounds, valued at \$1,212,000. The increase in value is barely enough to make up for the loss in quantity.

The exports for three months of the present year show figures still more favorable. For the three months ending November, 1897, cotton exports to Germany aggregated 3,670,000 pounds, valued at \$1,212,000, for the same period of 1896, the exports were 1,225,000 pounds, valued at \$1,212,000. The increase in value is barely enough to make up for the loss in quantity.

When All In It Is Expected They Will Be in Excess of Last Year.

HOSPITAL COLLECTIONS.

About \$7,000 has been received up to date by Walker Hill, Treasurer of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association. Last year the total receipts were \$5,601, and it is expected this sum will be exceeded, as about forty trades committees and at least as many churches are to be heard from.

After collecting the insurance on her life, Charles Zanoli, or Braune, again changed his name to Charles Zanoli. He was born in 1870, in a small town in Germany. He came to this country in 1890, and worked as a barber. He was known to the police as Charles Zanoli, or Braune, or Zanoli. He was known to the police as Charles Zanoli, or Braune, or Zanoli. He was known to the police as Charles Zanoli, or Braune, or Zanoli.

Wherever the man has lived for seven years—first at 22 Rivington street, then at 226 Second avenue, then at 226 Third avenue, then at 226 Fourth avenue, then at 226 Fifth avenue, then at 226 Sixth avenue, then at 226 Seventh avenue, then at 226 Eighth avenue, then at 226 Ninth avenue, then at 226 Tenth avenue, then at 226 Eleventh avenue, then at 226 Twelfth avenue, then at 226 Thirteenth avenue, then at 226 Fourteenth avenue, then at 226 Fifteenth avenue, then at 226 Sixteenth avenue, then at 226 Seventeenth avenue, then at 226 Eighteenth avenue, then at 226 Nineteenth avenue, then at 226 Twentieth avenue, then at 226 Twenty-first avenue, then at 226 Twenty-second avenue, then at 226 Twenty-third avenue, then at 226 Twenty-fourth avenue, then at 226 Twenty-fifth avenue, then at 226 Twenty-sixth avenue, then at 226 Twenty-seventh avenue, then at 226 Twenty-eighth avenue, then at 226 Twenty-ninth avenue, then at 226 Thirtieth avenue, then at 226 Thirty-first avenue, then at 226 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# THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

## The Story of the Birth in the Manger

### THE PROPHECY.

ISAIAH VII.—14 and 15.

**T**HEREFORE the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know how to refuse the evil and choose the good.

ISAIAH XI.—1 to 16.

**A**ND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding, in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears;

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fattening together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek; and his rest shall be glorious.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set his hands again the second time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the Sea.

And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.

The envoy also of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.

But they shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines toward the West; they shall spoil them of the East together; they shall lay their hand upon Edom and Moab; and the children of Ammon shall obey them.

And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea; and with his mighty wind shall he shake his hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dry shod.

And there shall be a highway for the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria; like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt.

### MATTHEW'S STORY.

MATTHEW I.—16 to 25.

**A**ND Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ.

And so all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations.

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily.

But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.



And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

### THE STORY OF LUKE.

LUKE II.—1 to 33.

**A**ND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenus was Governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David).

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came unto them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior, which is Christ, the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Glorify to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing, which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.

And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord.

(As it is written in the law of the Lord, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord.)

And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons.

And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

And he came by the spirit unto the temple; and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law.

Then took he him up in his arms, and praised God, and said,

Lord now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

And Joseph and his mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of him.

And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS; and he shall save his people from their sins.

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife;

And knew her not until she had brought forth her first born son; and he called his name JESUS.

**N**OW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod, the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem,

saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

When Herod, the King, had heard these things, he was troubled and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the King, they departed: and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the child was.

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.







# The Despised Angel.

By  
**Marie  
Corelli**

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OUT among the far golden distances of light where God dwells there is a place of stillness and soft shadows known to immortals as the Gateway of the Angels. Over its cloudy quietude the glowing radiance of the inner Paradise seldom or never beams, and through its unechoing archways the sound of heaven's triumphal music seldom or never penetrates. A mystic silence reigns, yet more than a million angels are gathered there together, forever watching, forever waiting. With folded pinions and down-drooping heads they kneel in a snow-white glorious multitude, upon the misty verge between earth's time and heaven's eternity—angels whose duty it is to listen to what seems dumb, to evolve speech from inarticulate wallings, to catch the far, faint murmur to the world's half-muttered, always broken prayers, and then convey these strange petitions, these wild complaints, these sorrowful discontents into the Holy of Holies, there to repeat them in angelic language before the great white throne, where true appeals of love and faith are always heard and answered. Nevertheless no evil wish can so be carried into heaven, and no impure desire, and thus it happens that these listening angels often have long to wait before they hear the whisper of one prayer from earth which is so free from every selfish taint as to be worthy of their repetition. But their eternal patience never tires, their long-suffering pity never falters, their ungrudging tenderness never fails, and one pure aspiration unto God from one pure soul suffices to reward for the longest term of their divine suspense.

Quite lately, in a wild time of the world, when doubt and despair were torturing anew the always self-tortured spirit of human things, a sudden breath of music floated upward to the pinnacles of the silent gateway—music that was distant, yet sweet-tremulous, yet clear. It was the echo of a prayer from a human soul in pain—in pain, not for itself, but for others. "Let me help the world," it cried. "Let me lift the burden of sorrow ever so little from the lives of my fellow mortals; let my existence be of some benefit to those who are in need of sympathy and comfort for myself I care nothing! With all my strength I fain would work for truth and goodness, but the place wherein I dwell is full of falsity and subtorture. I am as one blind, walking among snares and pitfalls. There are hours of darkness in which I cannot distinguish the false from the true, and think as I will, work as I will, hope as I will, I fall into strange errors, fatal perversions of judgment and confusing cares, all of which impede my progress and destroy the good I might accomplish. Oh, that I could but truly know the way of perfect life! Oh that the dwellers in high heaven would hear my prayer and send to me one angel—but one out of the thousands upon thousands of the shining host! One angel of truth, who should be ever by my side to show me where deceits and dangers are, whose voice I could trust, whose loving warning I could always obey! Surely, out of the countless glories of the world immortal one of God's messengers might be spared for me!"

And the listening angels on the verge of heaven heard the human soul's appeal, and gazing with full, radiant eyes upon each other, smiled. For was not this prayer unselfish, pure in intention, a holy desire to learn how best to serve and benefit others, a wish that was free from every taint of egotism? In silent eloquence their flashing looks agreed, and one of them, fair and serene of aspect, with long gold tresses more glorious of color than the sun, arose from where she long had knelt, and spreading out her glittering wings, flew swiftly through the rose and Jasper portals of Paradise into the innermost Holy of Holies, and there, in accents sweeter than all sweet music, she, standing before God's throne, faithfully repeated the soul's petition. But when she ceased her soft, melodious utterance there was a deep silence in heaven. No answer was vouchsafed from the still splendor of the Presence Invisible and the angel of the message was stricken with a pining sorrow, lest the prayer she had brought should not be granted. Nevertheless, she lingered hopefully, with wistful eyes uplifted to the lightning-glory of the throne where love and justice rule the universe, and all the luster of the Divine flashed on her face and hair and wings, giving her fresh and yet more perfect fairness. For even the loveliest angels, facing God, grow lovelier. Thus, while she stood, absorbing beauty and inhaling light, the great Voice spoke at last from out the circling beams of life eternal:

"Angel of mine who knowest not the sin of disobedience and therefore art all ignorant of earth's corruption, the prayer which thou hast brought is the prayer of a man's weak soul as yet untired by strong temptation. It is the cry of impulse, not of faith. Nevertheless, for thy sake, who art compassionate of this appeal, thou shalt thyself convey the answer; thou shalt thyself descend to earth and be unto this human seeker after good his guiding angel, an angel of truth in a world of lies, a voice of certainty amidst the clamor of many contradictions. If he receives thee, welcomes thee, values and obeys thee, it shall be well with him; but if he wrongs thee, even by a thought, then verily it shall be ill. For as a man deals with the Divine, even so shall the Divine deal with him, and whosoever rejects a messenger of truth shall be himself rejected. Go, and may thy mission prosper!"

The golden dyes of heaven grew dim, the splendors of the throne were veiled, and bowing her fair head in meek submission, the angel of the spheres eternal departed on her heaven-sent errand. Swiftly she flew to earth, her companions at the gateway watching her as she fled downward like a bright falling star.

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And she, laying her hands in blessing, answered him softly: "Even so let it be! Thou hast sworn deeply: take heed lest thou ever break the vow! Thou art as yet untried in the fires of endeavor, and thy worst foes are not among thy fellow-men, but in thine own soul. Fair in seeming, but false in guidance, thy passions will tempt thee to wander astray, and it may be thou shalt deem their teachings and commandments more worthy of obedience than mine. Nevertheless, be of good courage, go straightly on thy pathway through the world, do faithfully the work which is given thee to do, and I will tell thee whether it is well or ill."

And the man arose, strengthened and filled with a divine elation. Great thoughts and new ways for the service, help and hope of all humanity came swiftly to his brain, and as he wrote them down with eager eloquence and passion, the radiance of the angel's presence glinted like living sunshine on his words and her thrilling voice, pure-toned and tender, told him, "It is well!"

But when he sent his writings out upon the world and made his new thoughts known, men mocked him, saying: "What fellow have we here! Is he greater or wiser than we, that he should presume to teach us? Let us choke his utterance ere it grows too loud and too convincing; let us pelt him with the stones and mud of slander that he may shrink away ashamed and be forgotten! Let us sneer him down and make his burden a life and a misery! Let us break his heart and crush his spirit and tell him that his work is naught!"

And as they said, even so they did, and he who had unselfishly striven for good was stricken to the heart by the cruel words and crueler jests, and turning his eyes of sad reproach upon the angel at his

side he murmured: "Lo, this is my reward! Seest thou not how I suffer? Yet didst thou not assure me of my work that it was well?"

And the angel answered: "Truly, I told thee it was well; truly, I say unto thee now that it is well! This clamor of unkind and envious tongues should be to thee merely as the noise of an idle wind striving to break down a rock that has withstood the storms of centuries! What are men's opinions unto thee if thou art bent on serving God? If thou dost work for thy fellow creatures' good, what does it matter that they should think evil?"

But the man was sullen and silent and disbelieved the angel. The malice and injustice of the world troubled his spirit and the genius in him was not strong enough to stand continual torture. A sense of weariness and futility oppressed him and the longing he had felt to serve others seemed but a foolish thing, a poor desire, unworthy of attainment. And the angel sighed and trembled through all her delicate being, but held her peace and watched him patiently and faithfully still.

And presently the passions of the man rose up full armed and seized his hesitating soul. Seling his pen, he wrote in haste and flippancy, not for the help or service of others, but solely for the glorification of self. And his fellow-men laughed and approved him, saying:

"Lo, now he is become more like us and is growing wise in the ways of the time! Let us make much of him! his genius is dead!" And they applauded and praised him.

"Now at last," said he, "shall my work prosper!"

But the angel at his side looked reproachfully upon him, murmuring: "Alas, it is ill done!"

He heard the gentle warning whisper, but heeded it not, and turning from the holy radiance of the Heavenly Presence he plunged with reckless haste and eagerness into the vice and folly of the day, forgetting everything save the promptings of his own will and the allurements of his own passions. Caring no more for others, he sought only the gratification of self; and by and by a woman, a crowned queen of many sins, came upon him in all the witchery of her beauty, and casting on him the glamor of her eyes, she cried:

"With all thy wisdom and thy work thou knowest not the mystery of love! Come! I will teach it thee! Here in my arms thou shalt find paradise and my kiss shall compensate to thee for all the world! Come—come! Leave all this weary effort—drink wine—be merry! Give thy starved nature all it craves! Behold my beauty! Wilt thou find fairer food for perfect joy?"

And as she spoke, she cast herself upon his breast and smiled. But he, ere he embraced her, trembled a little, saying:

"Hush—hush! Seest thou not an angel in the room?—one clad in sunbeams like the morning, who doth beckon me away from thee?"

"Angel!" she cried. "Thou dreamest! No angel yet ever was seen, save woman in her loveliness! I am thine Angel—be content!"

And again she clung to him—when lo! the glory of his heavenly guardian shone upon him and restraining her voice, sweet, true, but infinitely sad, gave warning for the last time:

"This woman is thine evil fate! Beware of her lest thou fall into a darkness deeper than the shadow of death! In following her thou dost invite thy ruin—her love for thee is naught—her smiles and kisses are shared by many men—her ways are pitfalls for thy feet—her end for thee will be destruction. Arise and put this evil from thee before it is too late!"

But he, now overcome and drawn into the thrall of sin, suddenly raised his voice, blaspheming God and all that he had once deemed holy. And, turning furiously on God's messenger, he cried:

"Henceforth be silent! This woman is far more to me than thou, for she is real and of the world—but thou art naught save a vision of my fancy—a chimera of the night—a dream evolved from idle thoughts! What have I to do with thee, thou foolish specter whom I have deemed an angel? Angel? There are no angels! And then thou art not Truth; thou art a lie!"

Even as he uttered the wicked words the Angel vanished. Great darkness fell upon him and deep silence—and to his soul that had rejected heaven, heaven's gates were closed.

Many years passed—years of distress and poverty and pain—and he who had once been given an angel spirit of Truth to be his guide, sought everywhere for Truth and found it not. The woman he had loved betrayed and fooled him, friends deserted him, fortune evaded him. No more the glow of inspiration warmed his thought—the fires of great endeavor were burnt out and dead. Starvation stared him in the face—disease laid hold of his life—and, maddened by despair, he poured forth curses on his fate, too blind to see that all his wretchedness was but his own choice and his own creation. Wrapped in his own weak egotism, injured by his own arrogance, he called God unjust and saw no blame in himself for any of his actions. And one night in his foolish frenzy he flung the last poor pitiful defiance of a coward's nature against the invincible Eternal and rushed on death, self-slain, for he imagined death to be the end of all things. Stark and stiff his body lay, senseless and sightless—without a loving hand to close his glazing eyes—without a friend to lay one flower of sweet regret upon his breast; but his Soul, stained thick with evil, sprang forth into the shuddering consciousness of life again—new life, burning life—life crowded with wild memories and fierce remorse; and so, in dumb, sharp agony, passed out into the mystery and endless space of worlds eternal.

Up on the verge of heaven the angels of the gateway still gather in their glancing and white multitudes, watching and waiting. And one of them, more sorrowful than glad of aspect, kneels on the very threshold of that silent portal and, bending over eyes down, far down into the illimitable depths where planets bloom and fade like flowers, and where the proud and perjured souls of men wander from star to star, tortured and accused, seeking too late the paradise and peace of God, which they on earth of their own will refused. She is a glorious spirit, with hair the color of the sun and wings of fire—a spirit of pure truth, who, though rejected, still doth watch for one lost soul—the soul of him whom she was sent to save.

"Guide him, O Heavenly Master of all Worlds!" she prays. "Through all the dark and mystic spans of Thine unexplored and unknown deeps, draw him in safety to the kingdom! Hear my appeal, O thou Supreme Creator, and pardon him! For, notwithstanding that he turned from me and wronged me, still would I save and rescue him!"

And the lost soul hears her voice like music in his self-created gloom, and through the dire confusion of a thousand torments sees her pure face shine like a distant star upon him. Yet, striving up to her, he strives in vain—knowing her now in all her radiant worth, he knows too late—and recognizes Truth at last, he may not reach it. For between Truth and Falsehood is a great gulf fixed and God's voice hath declared: "Whoso rejecteth the Divine shall be by the Divine rejected." And Justice cannot change itself for all the pleadings of the saints and seraphim. Thus in the outer Darkness there is always weeping and in the inner Light always a music of perpetual prayer; forever and forever Love contends with Doubt—forever and forever Truth contends and is rejected—forever and forever God sets wide the door of heaven, bidding us enter in, and we by choice bar it against ourselves. Nevertheless, the despised Angel waits.



# REVIEW OF THE YEAR BY THE NATION'S GREAT MEN.

MADE FOR THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

RELIGION, by Cardinal Gibbons and Rev. H. K. Carroll.

DIPLOMACY, by Frederick R. Coudert.

BUSINESS, by Albert C. Stevens, Editor of Bradstreet's.

POLITICS, by William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska and Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts.

FINANCE, by Henry W. Cannon.

INDUSTRY, by Carroll D. Wright.

MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL PROGRESS, by Albert Spies, Editor of Cassier's Magazine.

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD OF THE YEAR 1897.

By His Eminence

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

Jan. 18—The Very Rev. Dr. Conaty was installed as Rector of the Catholic University of America.

Jan. 28—The Catholic Missionary Union was organized in New York under the presidency of His Grace Archbishop Corrigan, for the propagation and support of Catholic Missions in the United States.

Feb. 21—Father Fidelity, the distinguished Panamanian, preached in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, on "The Efficacy of Divine Grace."

March 21—The Catholic Winter School at New Orleans, La., was brought to a close with appropriate ceremonies. The session was most successful, 15,000 persons having attended the lectures.

April 22—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Episcopal consecration.

May 8—A careful compilation of statistics reveals the fact that about 1,500,000 children are at present being educated in the Catholic schools of the United States, as also that there are more than 500 orphan asylums under Catholic auspices in this country.

May 15—At this date missionary bands have been organized in seventeen dioceses of the United States for work among non-Catholics.

May 20—At the anniversary dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, at Cleveland, O., Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland was the guest of honor, and delivered an address on "The Sure Foundation of a True Citizenship."

May 22—Very Rev. Dr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University of America, received from New Orleans a check for \$100,000, the bequest of Col. Patrick B. O'Brien, deceased. The money was apportioned into the founding of three chairs of chemistry, physics and Roman law.

May 22—The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Diocese of Albany was commemorated. His Excellency Mr. Martinelli presiding.

June 15—At a conference of the pastors of the Diocese of Newark it was determined to erect a cathedral in that city at a cost of \$1,000,000.

June 21—The project to establish near the Catholic University of America a college for the higher education of young women to-day assumed definite shape. The school will be under the direction and control of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, Belgium, and contemplates post-graduate work exclusively. The institute has the honor of the approval and blessing of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore.

Aug. 10—The Catholic Summer School, in session near Plattsburgh, enjoyed a visit from President McKinley. He was received with every evidence of joy and enthusiasm. The curriculum of the past year included subjects historical, philosophical, theological, scientific and distinctively literary in their scope.

Aug. 14—The Jesuit Fathers laboring in Alaska have determined to open a hospital in the neighborhood of the gold district, with a view to ministering to the spiritual and temporal wants of those who settle in that region.

Oct. 13—In testimony of the high esteem in which he held in the capital of the United States a banquet was tendered to Most Rev. Archbishop Keane prior to his departure for Rome, which was attended by men distinguished in Church and State. President McKinley's Cabinet was represented by the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Interior.

Oct. 20—As a public protest against blasphemy 10,000 men in Brooklyn marched to the church to make reparation to the Holy Name of Jesus.

Oct. 23—Rev. Father Fitzgerald of St. Joseph, Mo., recently appointed to a chaplaincy in the army, is the third Catholic priest who holds such a commission in the United States army.

Nov. 23—The Rev. John G. Hagen, S. J., director of the Georgetown Observatory, announced the publication in the near future of "The Chart of Variable Stars," a work upon which he has been engaged for years, and which will be of deep interest to the scientific world.

Nov. 30—It is estimated that about 30,000 persons are annually received into the Catholic Church in the United States. The number of conversions in the Archdiocese of Baltimore during the past year was 1,105.

JAMES CARD. GIBBONS.

PROTESTANT RELIGIOUS RECORD OF THE YEAR.

BY H. K. CARROLL, LL.D.,

Supervisor of the Religious Census of 1890.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THE churches have their material as well as spiritual side, and are affected in some measure as the business of the country is affected. During the period of general depression they reduced expenses according to the somewhat reduced income, striving by careful economy to prevent deficits. This was easier in congregational budgets than in missionary and other appropriations for general church work. Most of the church boards, therefore, contracted debts. The revival of prosperity of the present year has made church finances easier, and the missionary societies have either wiped out their debts entirely or succeeded in materially reducing them, and no field at home or abroad has been abandoned for lack of funds. How the business depression affected church building enterprise, which would naturally suffer most, is indicated by the following figures, representing the sums raised for church building and improvement by one

of the largest and most representative denominations, which has churches in every State and Territory:

1893	\$5,384,686
1894	5,830,292
1895	4,792,297
1896	4,171,384

There are many other indications that the churches are in a healthy, prosperous condition. They are prosecuting their various purposes, ecclesiastical, evangelistic, educational and benevolent, with great vigor and success, free from internal dissensions and other causes than for many years.

There have been no heresy trials. A popular evangelist announced his change of faith and his sympathy with the tenets of a non-evangelical denomination, with little general effect and no ecclesiastical disturbance.

No denomination was divided, although the Southern Presbyterian Church set off its retirement at Lambeth, England, the organization with a goldspeed.

There has been hardly a ripple of excitement in any denomination. The Catholics have had less controversy among themselves than during the preceding year—a year replete with intense business depression and disturbing incidents and made memor-

able of opposing influences.

The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, gave decision, on appeal, in an important case between Bishops and priests, the effect of which is to check the exercise of absolute episcopal volition. In the Methodist Episcopal branch constitutional amendments designed to add women to the General Conference and to give the lay element equal representation failed in the annual conference. The Protestant Episcopal Church was represented by its Bishops in the third great Pan-Anglican Synod Conference at Lambeth, England, the results of which were embodied in an encyclical of great interest to all branches of that communion. As a contribution to the discussion over change of name in this country the action of the diocesan conference of Milwaukee, Wis., deciding to drop the name "Protestant Episcopal" and to call it simply "The Church," is worthy of note.

The Southern Baptists have been somewhat disturbed because President Whitaker of Louisville, Ky., published articles expressing the opinion that it was only about the middle of the seventeenth century that English and American Baptists began to baptize by immersion. Some of their conventions have demanded that he resign. On the other hand, prominent Baptists at the recent Baptist Congress in Chicago came out strongly in favor of open communion.

An event of the year of deep interest to all who believe in the discovery of seven logia, or sayings of Jesus, on the leaf of an Egyptian papyrus. The fragment, which is page 11, and dates from about 200 A. D., contains seven sayings, evidently translated from an original document.

The hearing of the logia, some of which are in the Gospels and some embodied in the text of Luke and Matthew, is regarded as of great importance.

H. K. CARROLL.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC RECORD OF 1897.

By

FREDERICK R. COUDERT.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

TO do nothing gracefully, thoroughly and well is the great secret of successful American diplomacy. A great and prosperous nation needs the preservation of the status quo above all else. With nations as with individuals, conservatism flourishes in direct ratio to the prosperity of each. Change is only desirable when it means a change for improvement.

But it is not so easy to maintain this condition of things as might be imagined. The President and his neighbors interfere with our profitable repose. The distress of the oppressed when their complaints are heard disturbs salutary abstinence from unnecessary action. We are men and therefore nothing that concerns the human race can be wholly indifferent to us. Besides which, we have active, restless, pushing members in our family, who think that we are not performing our mission if we attend solely to our own affairs. Perhaps they may be right, but the assumption of a general and generous supervision over the affairs of others may be quite expensive.

Thus far our year's experience has been favorable. The new Administration has been wise and prudent. It has pursued the same just and honorable course as its predecessor and has not embroiled us with foreign powers. It has kept its temper with Canada and has sought to reason our neighbors into something like a decent respect for our rights. It is no fault of its own if it has thus far failed, and if there should follow the destruction of the soul family on our territory, for the sake of peace, Canada may expiate our people to such a point that expensive friction with Great Britain will not be necessary. We may then regret that we did not offer the full-fledged residents of Puerto Rico the altar of international good-fellowship.

Our dealings with Spain have been marked by good sense and humanity. It may be true that no other nation, not her naturalized citizens what we have done for Cuba. While our authorities have not sought to dissimulate their sympathy with the struggling Cubans, whose efforts against great odds naturally appealed to the heart of a free people, they have sought to do justice to a friendly nation by observing national rules and practices. They have realized that a mere recognition of belligerents would complicate the situation without adding to the settlement of the problem. It is to the credit of our Executive that it has sought to put an end to an intolerable situation by firm and prudent courses rather than by resort to reckless experiment.

It is true, that what we have the Hawaiian annexation before us to disturb our dream. What shall we gain by this eccentric scheme

no man can tell, except that we shall be bound to take care of and to protect against the world a distant island known chiefly for the facility which leprosy finds in pursuing its mission of death. But we cannot be wise all the time on every subject, so, as the dying year settles down to its last sleep, let us be thankful that it has brought us and left us peace and friendship with the world.

F. R. COUDERT.

## THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK OF 1897.

BY HENRY W. CANNON,

Ex-Comptroller of the Currency.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WITH the opening of the year 1897 the business outlook and industrial conditions were much more encouraging than during the preceding year—a year replete with intense business depression and disturbing incidents and made memor-

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no man can tell, except that we shall be bound to take care of and to protect against the world a distant island known chiefly for the facility which leprosy finds in pursuing its mission of death. But we cannot be wise all the time on every subject, so, as the dying year settles down to its last sleep, let us be thankful that it has brought us and left us peace and friendship with the world.

F. R. COUDERT.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK OF 1897.

BY HENRY W. CANNON,

Ex-Comptroller of the Currency.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WITH the opening of the year 1897 the business outlook and industrial conditions were much more encouraging than during the preceding year—a year replete with intense business depression and disturbing incidents and made memor-

able of opposing influences.

The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, gave decision, on appeal, in an important case between Bishops and priests, the effect of which is to check the exercise of absolute episcopal volition. In the Methodist Episcopal branch constitutional amendments designed to add women to the General Conference and to give the lay element equal representation failed in the annual conference. The Protestant Episcopal Church was represented by its Bishops in the third great Pan-Anglican Synod Conference at Lambeth, England, the results of which were embodied in an encyclical of great interest to all branches of that communion. As a contribution to the discussion over change of name in this country the action of the diocesan conference of Milwaukee, Wis., deciding to drop the name "Protestant Episcopal" and to call it simply "The Church," is worthy of note.

The Southern Baptists have been somewhat disturbed because President Whitaker of Louisville, Ky., published articles expressing the opinion that it was only about the middle of the seventeenth century that English and American Baptists began to baptize by immersion. Some of their conventions have demanded that he resign. On the other hand, prominent Baptists at the recent Baptist Congress in Chicago came out strongly in favor of open communion.

An event of the year of deep interest to all who believe in the discovery of seven logia, or sayings of Jesus, on the leaf of an Egyptian papyrus. The fragment, which is page 11, and dates from about 200 A. D., contains seven sayings, evidently translated from an original document.

The hearing of the logia, some of which are in the Gospels and some embodied in the text of Luke and Matthew, is regarded as of great importance.

H. K. CARROLL.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC RECORD OF 1897.

By

FREDERICK R. COUDERT.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

TO do nothing gracefully, thoroughly and well is the great secret of successful American diplomacy. A great and prosperous nation needs the preservation of the status quo above all else. With nations as with individuals, conservatism flourishes in direct ratio to the prosperity of each. Change is only desirable when it means a change for improvement.

But it is not so easy to maintain this condition of things as might be imagined. The President and his neighbors interfere with our profitable repose. The distress of the oppressed when their complaints are heard disturbs salutary abstinence from unnecessary action. We are men and therefore nothing that concerns the human race can be wholly indifferent to us. Besides which, we have active, restless, pushing members in our family, who think that we are not performing our mission if we attend solely to our own affairs. Perhaps they may be right, but the assumption of a general and generous supervision over the affairs of others may be quite expensive.

Thus far our year's experience has been favorable. The new Administration has been wise and prudent. It has pursued the same just and honorable course as its predecessor and has not embroiled us with foreign powers. It has kept its temper with Canada and has sought to reason our neighbors into something like a decent respect for our rights. It is no fault of its own if it has thus far failed, and if there should follow the destruction of the soul family on our territory, for the sake of peace, Canada may expiate our people to such a point that expensive friction with Great Britain will not be necessary. We may then regret that we did not offer the full-fledged residents of Puerto Rico the altar of international good-fellowship.

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lishing the question of duties upon importations and thus enabling our business men to fix definite prices, had a good effect on the financial situation.

An evidence of restored confidence and of improved business conditions in the financial world allusion should be made to the gold imports and the strong position of the Treasury gold reserve. In this connection it is of interest to observe that the production of gold for 1897 is estimated to be about \$100,000,000 in excess of the yield of the preceding year. The renewed vigor given to gold-mining by reason of the rich discoveries of that metal in the Klondike and other sections.

Among other conditions favoring a healthy financial situation to which reference should be made are:

(1) The large and almost continuous advance in the price of securities from May until the end of the summer.

(2) The increased price and enlarged demand for our cereals, resulting in favorable trade balances for the United States.

(3) The absence of any violent, long continued or general labor disturbances.

Besides the important railway refunding

operations, which have been carried out with great success, and the refunding of the Cuban bonds, which have been completed, the year 1897 has been a year of great financial success.

The year 1897 has been a year of great political importance, and the principal incidents of the year have combined to prove the inability of the Republican party to meet the responsibilities of government.

The campaign of 1896 was waged partly upon the theory that a Republican victory would restore confidence and that a revival of confidence would go far toward the restoration of prosperity. The first half of the present year so completely annihilated the confidence argument that it will not be able to do service in another campaign. The business and bank failures which followed the election proved conclusively that the mere announcement of a Republican victory, so far from being a panacea, was not even a palliative.

The President, by asking for authority to appoint a commission to seek foreign aid in the restoration of bimetalism, and the Republican Congress in appropriating money to pay the expenses of the commission, presented an unanswerable indictment against the gold standard. It will not be possible for a supporter of the Administration to deny the logic of the argument that an attempt to get rid of a system is a confession that the system is not satisfactory.

The Dingley bill, passed at a special session of Congress, embodies in concrete form the Republican plan of relieving the people by increasing their taxes. The only affirmative act promulgated by the Republican platform was an increase in the tariff rates, and in calling an extra session of Congress for the sole purpose of administering to the people the standard Republican cure for all political ills the Administration exhausted its remedies.

Just as Congress was about to adjourn the President recommended a monetary commission, the purpose of which was to reform the currency in such a way as to make it harmonious with the gold standard. This message was significant, because it was equivalent to an announcement that the Administration did not expect the restoration of bimetalism, and by many the message has been regarded as a suggestion to England not to make any concessions to our commission.

The subsequent failure of the commission to secure an international agreement is probably the most important political event of the year, because it puts an end to a delusion which has for twenty years been employed by monometallists to pacify the people while the gold standard was being established. The mask must now be thrown off, and a foreign financial policy must be defended by the Republican party, not on the ground of its desirability, but on the ground that the American people are impotent to rid themselves of it.

The unsuccessful attempt made by the Republicans to turn to partisan advantage an unexpected rise in wheat was important only as it proved the farmer's acquaintance with the money question and his ability to reason from cause to effect.

The elections of 1897 were important because they showed conclusively that there is a growing hostility to the policies advocated by the Republican party.

Not to be overlooked is the persistent effort now being made by the national banks to bulldoze the government into a surrender of the sovereign right to issue and control the paper money of the country. No recent year has witnessed such an exhibition of selfish disregard of the public weal as that manifested in the demand of the financiers that they be permitted to regulate the volume of paper money.

Last, but not least, among the political events of the year may be mentioned the prompt action of the Senate to recognize the belligerent rights of the Cubans and the failure of the House and Administration to support the Senate's position.

operations, which reference has already been made, large financial interests have been actively and successfully engaged during the year in railway reorganizations, notably that of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which has proved in every way successful, and that of the Union Pacific Railroad. For more than twenty years the indebtedness of the Pacific railways has been a subject almost before Congress, and through the public press, before the people. Grave fear existed lest at maturity the debt could not be met unless timely and adequate provision therefor was made.

The Thurman act of 1878 proved inadequate to meet the requirements of the country. Subsequently Congress approved indifferent and disinclined to grant any relief. At last a reorganization committee was formed, which proposed a cash settlement, and the bill submitted was sufficient to enable the Government to secure its claim. It came with which a transaction of this magnitude has been financed in due part to the favorable condition of the money market, but largely to the wise action of the Secretary of the Treasury in arranging for payments to be made through depositary banks.

Having briefly alluded to some of the more prominent favorable factors in the financial situation during the past year, it may not be inappropriate to mention two or three adverse conditions:

(1) At various times the Cuban controversy has caused more or less anxiety.

considered as the inaugural year of a prosperous period.

The record of industrial events shows that during the first half of the year quite a number of important works discontinued operations temporarily, while a very few were closed indefinitely. The reasons for these discontinuances are small orders, overproduction, strikes, consolidations, etc. Such discontinuances threw men out of employment and there was more or less suffering. During the latter part of the year, however, the discontinuances have been rare and the resumption of business more frequent. In the early months of 1897 there were some reductions in wages, resulting in 5 to 15 per cent of the men prevailing rates, but occasionally a sweeping cut of 20 or 25 per cent was heard of. There have been very few instances of reductions in wages since July.

The record of the year, in comparison with former years, is an exceedingly satisfactory one, notwithstanding there have been some very severe labor disturbances, like the great coal strike. But most of the strikes and lockouts have been of small dimensions, and the majority of them properly against reductions of wages, although some have been for the purpose of securing an increase. The record, however, shows a less number of strikes during the year 1897 than for many years past. It is to be expected that strikes will occur when business prosperity is beginning to appear.

The credit account is so satisfactory that the establishment of the debit statement. There have been a reasonable number of new enterprises undertaken in various parts of the country, especially in the Southern States. So far as currency matters are concerned, it is apparent that the new enterprises which have been established more than offset any permanent discontinuances, while the resumption of work by existing establishments makes a most satisfactory record. The works which production has been resumed are of importance, some of the largest in the country being found in the list.

The number of persons employed in the establishments resuming work shows how broadly the influence has been felt. This one element in the industrial history of 1897 is alone sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the depression is absolutely passing away. Alongside this record of the resumption of work is that of the increase in wages, the increases ranging from 5 to 20 per cent, while there are some instances of 25, 30 and 35 per cent increase being granted. But the most gratifying feature in this matter of the increase in wages is that generally it has been undertaken voluntarily. Nothing, although removed from the auspicious attitude sometimes existing between employer and employee and brings about a healthy state of confidence as the voluntary increase in wages.

The resumption of business and the increase in wages are not the only evidences, however, of the industrial revival. Alongside the chief ones, of returning prosperity. To this testimony must be added that of the customs houses of the country, which shows a marked increase in the exports of manufactured goods. At present the exports of manufactures constitute nearly 30 per cent of total exports, whereas five years ago they were but 15.6 per cent of the total. When it is understood that the production of our manufacturing and mechanical industries is on a fair state to produce 75 per cent of the capacity of 1897 can be found that the resumption of manufactured products gives great gratification, for with the extension of this line of business our works can be more fully employed and our mechanics paid higher wages, even if our own consuming power is not increased.

Taking all the facts for the year then it is safe to assume that the industrial situation at its close is very satisfactory, that prosperity is coming in a conservative way and thus with elements of more permanency than is usual in such a period of revival.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

INDUSTRIAL CHARACTER OF THE YEAR 1897.

By CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

THE industrial depression following the financial crisis of 1893 has not yet disappeared. Its influence has disturbed our industries all through the present year, but facts are at hand which show conclusively that the effect of the depression is passing away, and that 1897 can be

considered as the inaugural year of a prosperous period.

The record of industrial events shows that during the first half of the year quite a number of important works discontinued operations temporarily, while a very few were closed indefinitely. The reasons for these discontinuances are small orders, overproduction, strikes, consolidations, etc. Such discontinuances threw men out of employment and there was more or less suffering. During the latter part of the year, however, the discontinuances have been rare and the resumption of business more frequent. In the early months of 1897 there were some reductions in wages, resulting in 5 to 15 per cent of the men prevailing rates, but occasionally a sweeping cut of 20 or 25 per cent was heard of. There have been very few instances of reductions in wages since July.

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# A BAD MATCH BY ANOTHER BAD MATCH

## ANTHONY HOPE



(PUBLISHED ONLY IN THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.)  
MR. ADOLPH TOWNLEY and MISS PRISSE SQUIRE. (At a London Dinner Party.)  
MISS S.: Nothing to do in the country! Oh, Mr. Townley!  
MR. T.: Except to wish you hadn't got up or could go to bed, you know.  
MISS S.: Don't you care for the country, Mr. Townley?  
MR. T.: It has its value as background to London. In contemplating you we realize our happiness. What would heaven be without hell, Miss Squire?

MISS S. (aside): What a horror! (Determined to be agreeable.) Oh, but you mustn't think I don't appreciate London. I love it. I love the shops and the theaters and the sights and—

MR. T. (languidly): Sights are things nobody goes to see. Are you going on?

MISS S.: Going on?

MR. T. (languidly): Everybody is, you know.

MISS S.: But where to?

MR. T.: The Wokinghams, of course. (He sighs.)

MISS S.: But I don't know the Wokinghams. I never heard of them.

MR. T.: You never? (Decides to congratulate her.) What a privilege! You ought to be framed, Miss Squire.

MISS S.: Do—do most people know them? 'In the country we only go to see our friends.

MR. T.: I know. You arrive in a wagonette, full—quite full—before lunch and spend a long day. You play games and eat gooseberries and make hay.

MISS S. (in a sudden hope of sympathy): And isn't it fun? Oh, I love a long day like that.

MR. T.: And you talk about the parson, and when the parson's exhausted you discuss his wife—and then you make hay again.

MISS S. (stirred at retaliation): I don't wonder Londoners dislike the country. They can't do anything, you know.

MR. T.: Dear me, is there ever anything to do?

MISS S.: They can't shoot or fish or ride. Fancy not being able to ride.

MR. T. (not being able to ride and secretly ashamed of it): The rural idea is a century who votes Conservative and goes to church on Sunday.

MISS S. (finding him out): Can you ride, Mr. Townley?

MR. T. (with dignity): As a boy I used to ride.

MISS S.: Donkeys at the seaside?

MR. T.: I like country humor. It's so fresh and primitive. (Miss S. laughs unpleasantly.) And how have you spent your day? What have you been to see?

MISS S. (ashamed in her turn): Oh—well, nothing in particular.

MR. T. (persuasively): The Tower?

MISS S. (sharply): No, I haven't.

MR. T. (after ostentatious reflection): The wax works?

MISS S. (very sharply): No.

MR. T. (inspired): Afternoon performance? Let's see. Savoy?

MISS S. (covering annoyance with dignity): And why shouldn't I, Mr. Townley?

MR. T.: My dear Miss Squire, it is a most amiable way of spending the afternoon. What a gay day you'll have had! Theater in the afternoon, party in the evening. What stories you'll have to tell when you get back!

MISS S. (aside): I wish I had him on 'tesser! (Sarcastically.) I shall be very proud of being able to say I've met you, Mr. Townley.

MR. T. (detecting the sarcasm): Oh, no, really! I can't flatter myself that my fame has penetrated into the corners of the earth. Mine is a local celebrity. Where do you—er—live, Miss Squire?

MISS S.: Devonshire—and I'm proud of it.

MR. T.: Ah, yes. I once went to Paddington and took a ticket. I got out about midnight somewhere and when I asked where it was it turned out to be Devonshire. The next morning it seemed rather pretty.

MISS S.: Oh, thank you. It is generally considered—rather pretty.

MR. T.: And if I had understood the language I should have enjoyed my visit. I dare say by now that the people talk English. Public schools—

MISS S. (with sudden vigor): There is no school board in our parish.

MR. T. (amused at vigor): No; isn't there? thought they'd got everywhere.

MISS S.: Papa wouldn't hear of one.

MR. T.: How nice of him! How really picturesque of him! What is your pap—your father, Miss Squire?

MISS S.: Considering that he owns all the land for—

MR. T. (waving this hand): Yes, yes, miles around, of course. Really, you bring a whiff of feudality with you, Miss Squire. Does your father wear armor? I say, you really ought to come to the Wokinghams; you'll be a new element.

MISS S.: I don't know the Wokinghams, I tell you.

MR. T.: Dear, dear; I remember you said so. But I haven't got accustomed to the notion yet. Knowing the Wokinghams is an incident of our common humanity.

MISS S. (aside): When is Mrs. Wilkinson going to move? (To him): When you come to Devonshire next you must come and see us, Mr. Townley. We'll give you some riding.

MR. T. (with the air of considering the proposal): I like pigs. Do you keep pigs?

MISS S.: Yes; but do you think you could stick on?

MR. T.: Stick on?

MISS S.: Didn't you mean you liked pigs to ride? I thought that, perhaps—oh, I must go.

MR. T. (aside): Thank heaven. (To her): Well, I shall come, Miss Squire. I shall buy a smock-frock and come.

MISS S.: Yes, do. We'll have your pig ready for you. How funny you'll look.

MR. T. (with a forced smile): Uncommonly, shan't I? (Miss S. departs.) Good heavens, where's the sherry? I knew what'd come of dining with these people!

PROSPEROUS HALL CAINE LIVES IN A "CASTLE."

WHEN Hall Caine was a boy living in a thatched cottage near the roadside at Ballaugh he had an ambition to live in Grebe Castle, on a hill near by. Now he lives in the castle and takes great delight in pointing out the small cottage to his friends.

The castle is really not a castle at all. It was built seventy or eighty years ago by an architect, who afterwards sold it for a song when he was drunk. The buyer was sober and held the bargain. The architect then built another house near by which he called Grebe Towers. When seen from a distance these buildings seem to belong together, and they then attain to the dignity of a castle, but when separated, on closer view, each looks like what a real estate dealer would call "a commodious family residence."

Mr. Caine bought the buildings and grounds about a year ago, according to a correspondent of the London World, and has made many alterations and changes. The place has been modernized and made comfortable. Mr. Caine's study is no workshop. He does most of his literary work while in bed, using a fountain pen to write on ordinary note paper held against a book. When he works in his study the same simple articles satisfy him, and he sits in a big arm chair while writing.

Mr. Caine does a great deal of walking about the neighborhood and also rides a horse. He is regarded as a great curiosity by his neighbors and is pointed out to all visitors as a real literary person. The only fact he has is the collection of old oak furniture, and he has a number of pieces that date back to the sixteenth century. Many of them were given to him by Rossetti, who also gave him the identical lantern that Eugene Aram carried when he murdered Daniel Clarke.





## HENRY ZIEGENHEIN'S JOLLIEST CHRISTMAS.

Rode Ten Miles on Horseback With His Girl to a Party and She Never Complained of the Cold.

By the Mayor of St. Louis.

I HAVE a pretty vivid recollection of fifty Christmases; most of them have been joyous, a few of them bleak, and for days before all of them I could feel within myself the thrill of the Great Day whose approach has warmed human hearts with gladness for so many centuries. As I look back over the Christmas tides that have come to me—a farmer's boy, a soldier on the field, a struggling builder and contractor, as an officeholder—the jolliest Christmas of them all was the one when I was about 15 years old, a big, stout fellow and a regular "hand" on my father's farm in Barnum township, St. Louis County.

It was what we call a "white Christmas," for the ground was inches deep in snow, and had been for several days. As usual after the harvest it fell to my lot to haul cordwood to St. Louis with an ox team and make me 75 cents a load. I had several dollars saved up for Christmas, mother had made me a new jeans suit, woven by the uncle, and I had the trimmest coon-skin cap of any boy in the neighborhood. I was to be easy on my feet for dancing, for if there was neighborhood cobbler, had been greased and laid aside for days to be easy on my feet for dancing, for if there was one thing I enjoyed more than a corn husking it was dancing, and I like a plain, old-fashioned reel yet. Christmas night there was to be a big dance at a neighbor's ten miles away. The country was sparsely settled then and ten miles was not considered a long way to go to a dance or to church.

I thought then, and still believe, that I had the prettiest girl in the neighborhood to take to that party. She lived about four miles from our house. The snow was too deep to think about going in a buggy, even if I had had one, but she expected to go in the usual way, which was on horseback, and we didn't have but one horse, either. She, all bundled up in good, home-made clothes, got on the horse behind me. Of course she held on by putting her arms around me.

Ah! it was a glorious ride as the horse loped along over the snow, and that girl with her wool-knit gloves held on to me. And she said so many jolly things into my ears that they didn't get cold. Once in a while I would ask her if she was cold and she would give me a dig in the sides and say: "Ach nein, Henry."

The party was attended by people for twenty miles around, boys and girls filled the big, old country house, where everybody was expected to enjoy themselves, and they did. The neighborhood fiddler with two strings on his bow played lively tunes and everybody danced.

Our host had big buckets and bowls of eggnog. Whisky was only 12-15 cents a gallon and eggs 1 cent a dozen. Eggnog and pumpkin pie were served for midnight lunch, in fact they were as free as water all night. On account of the scarcity of plates the pies were piled on each other two feet high and every one helped himself. We danced till broad daylight, took several more steins of eggnog—or rather in cups, for our host had no chinaware, and then we started home. My girl slept awfully sound during the ten miles ride home and I pulled her arm close around under mine for fear that she might fall off, but she didn't.

I believe I had more fun that Christmas night than I have ever been able to crowd in any single one since.

HENRY ZIEGENHEIN.

## COL. ED BUTLER'S HAPPIEST HOUR.

Yellow Jumping Jack Filled Him With Pride and Joy.

ED BUTLER: "It would be difficult for me to pick out my happiest Christmas. A man can be happy under any circumstances, if he tries to look at the bright side of things and isn't a dyspeptic or a 'rolled' political leader."

"I believe I have not yet seen my happiest Christmas. Though I have had ups and downs, I have always tried to make up out of the downs, and each succeeding Christmas has found me happier than the one before it. I never let politics figure as a producer of Christmas happiness. On the great feast day I try to get as far from politics and as close to my family as possible."

"The happiest Christmas I can now recall was so many years ago I can't remember how old I was. I was a small boy, though. I had asked Santa Claus to bring me a jumping-jack. When I woke up Christmas morning the toy was on the tree. I learned to pull the string and make the little figure do just what I wanted it to. Small things impress themselves on a man's life. I have never forgotten the little jumping-jack."

"I believe my happiest Christmas will be Christmas, 1897. I have had a daughter married since last Christmas. She married a good man. They will spend the day with me. Then my son, Jim, has a new fourteen-pound boy. I'm going to blow myself out on that boy. I'll be doubly happy because I have no whippersnappers for a boy to pull."

JAMES L. CARLISLE.

## JAMES L. CARLISLE'S HAPPIEST DAY.

By the Postmaster of St. Louis.

THE happiest Christmas that I can now recall was five years ago. Then my only child, Mary, was two years old. My happiness then was derived from the knowledge that I had made her supremely happy. It was the first Christmas that she was able to appreciate and she was delighted with everything. To be sure, my Christmases since have been happy, but the enthusiasm of my little daughter then made that Yuletide one that I shall never forget.

My mother was a guest in my house at the time, and she was rendered almost as happy and was almost as enthusiastic as was Mary. The child had heard so much about Christmas and Santa Claus that she could hardly wait their coming. She was up bright and early Christmas morning and was anxious to get downstairs and see the nice things she knew awaited her. Her grandmother carried her downstairs where, in the parlor, we had a Christmas tree standing. It was laden with pretty gifts and the child was more delighted with everything than I could have anticipated. I do not recall any of the presents we made her. But the happy remembrances of Christmas, 1892, will never fade.

I appreciated then the saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive and was convinced that true happiness comes from giving to a fellow happiness on others.

JAMES L. CARLISLE.

been able to celebrate it with them, so it makes the task of deciding doubly arduous. But I think that perhaps the happiest was the Christmas on which I attended my first ball—the year that I was 18."

MRS. OTTO FORSTER: "It would naturally be difficult to decide which Christmas of my childhood I consider the happiest. They were all so delightful, with the mysterious, beloved Santa Claus, the beautiful Christmas trees, the delightful toys and the countless little details which endear Dec. 25 to the hearts of the little folks. After the Christmas of my childhood I think the happiest were those I have enjoyed with my children about me in later years."

"There is one instance, however, that I recall as being the very brightest and most joyful Christmas of my life. I was quite a young girl at the time and my mother, a young girl's favorite child, was away from home. He was just 20 years of age and for seven years had been traveling and studying in Europe with one of our uncles. We received letters from him at tolerably regular intervals and were always kept informed of his movements. But suddenly the letters ceased coming and for many weeks we heard no word from him."

"In those days the Atlantic cable had not been completed, and we were compelled to use the mails as our only means of communication. Of course this caused great delay in receiving news of importance, and as time wore on my mother became frantic with grief. She was convinced, as all mothers are on similar occasions, that her boy had been killed or had died from some dreadful death in a far-off country. Special letters were sent almost daily to various of my brothers' homes, but no word came."

"And in the evening my uncle had a big pine tree brought in and set up in the parlor. We had each brought boxes of little packages from town to present on Christmas morning, and these were suspended from the branches of the tree. My mother was everywhere, and so were the girls. The consequence was I was understood—the men were not of the variety known as shy. And yet the young lawyer from New York had not succeeded in clinching his argument of the previous night."

"It was long past midnight when we trooped off to our rooms, and 7 o'clock struck before the last good-night rang down the darkened hallway. As soon as all was quiet, I stole from my room, and tip-toed down the corridor to my cousin Stella's door. It was locked, but I tapped gently, and was soon admitted."

"We two girls slipped down stairs, where I had told the butler (an old servant of my uncle's) to wait for us. And then we put our three heads together and concocted a grand scheme for the undoing of everybody in the house. We tugged and hauled that big over-loaded Christmas tree from the parlor, through the hall, into the library, and then we exchanged the names on all the presents. It was almost daylight before we finished but we were amply repaid for our trouble next morning."

"By 9 o'clock everybody was dressed and downstairs, exchanging greetings and gifts. Stella and I were the last to arrive, and our entrance was the signal for a grand rush to the parlor. And lo! the big Christmas tree had flown. My uncle was enraged, the guests much excited, and the young lawyer from New York looked very much amused. A search was promptly instituted, as of course the tree was found in the library, standing in its native solitude."

"Who on earth could have put it there? No one knew—and no one could guess—Stella and I were particularly obtuse. And after awhile the presents were distributed. The young married woman's card was inclosed in a bundle of embroidered handkerchiefs to my darling husband, the 'darling husband' presented his 'little love' with a volume of Mother Goose tales, and a red bathing suit; my old maid cousin received a Dutch pipe and a pair of hunting trousers; my uncle got a half dozen tulle veils and a pair of gold garter clips, and I was presented with a spring of mistletoe tied to a handsome shell hairpin. Attached to the mistletoe was a small card inscribed R. S. V. P. I tried to guess at the donor and wondered how the package had escaped my notice the night before. I could not think it out alone. I crept into the dining-room and tried the pin in my hair, before a mirror. And then some one cried 'caught!' and—well I was indisputably and fairly caught. I was under the mistletoe, and in the arms of the young lawyer from New York. Did I tell you his name was Charlie Hopkins?"

## POLICE OFFICIALS' HOURS OF JOY.

Chiefs Harrigan, Desmond and Others Discuss Christmas.

LAURENCE HARRIGAN, Chief of Police: "I cannot now recall the date of my happiest Christmas. In fact, several of them have been about equal in point of happiness. But I can very readily tell you what constitutes a happy Christmas for me, and that is to see poor people have good, warm clothing and plenty to eat."

"Since I have been connected with the St. Louis Police Department—and that is many years—I have seen much woe and misery arising from poverty. I have seen women and children actually starving on the day we celebrate in feasting. I have seen women and children chilled through and through with the bitter cold. I have seen them walk the streets Christmas Eve almost shoeless, peering wistfully into shop windows. To me the greatest Christmas happiness is to see these poor unfortunate remembered substantially."

"I wish the Sunday Post-Dispatch would say for me that starving women and children on the Police Department for assistance every day. The only help I can offer is my individual contributions, which I regret are by far inadequate. I hope our citizens who have the means to do char-

## CHEF RUDLOFF DEVISES A NOVEL MENU FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

M R. RUDLOFF considers his menu possible in St. Louis. "I live for my art," he said, "for I consider the preparation of dishes and cooking as much of an art as painting pictures. I believe that a menu of the character which I have prepared for the Sunday Post-Dispatch will please the most fastidious eaters."

Florent Rudloff was born in Saverne, a province of France, and is 37 years old. He came to St. Louis as an apprentice to a restaurateur in Saverne and afterwards became head cook and chef of the famous Maitland Hotel. His departure for America he was assistant chef of the Hotel Bristol, the greatest hotel of New York. He accepted a position as second chef of Belmont's and went from there to the St. Louis. His reputation obtained for him the position as chef of the "Noon-day Club" of St. Louis, and St. Louis was opened he became chef of that hostelry.



CHEF FLORENT RUDLOFF.

His Christmas menu rendered into English follows:

Blue Points on the Shell.	Radishes.
Caviar.	Olives.
Anchovies on Toast.	Salted Almonds.
Cream of Crawfish, a la Nelson.	Consomme Diplomat.
Filet of Sole, a la Maitland.	Darnes of Pompano a la Patricienne.
New Potatoes in Cream.	French Potatoes.
Apple of Goose Liver, Princess.	Filet of Beef, Larded Cambray.
Brussels Sprouts.	Veal Chop a la Saverne, Hunter Sauce.
Punch.	English Pheasant, Stuffed with Truffles.
Canard Back Duck, au Cresson.	Mosses Salad.
Asparagus Sauce, Mouseline.	Souffle Chantilly.
Cakes.	Glace Mandarin.
	Fruit.

## CHRISTMAS DINNER IN NEW ENGLAND.

ROBERT M. HUBBARD calls himself a New Englander, although he has been a native of this State since 1849, when he came West, with thousands of others, to seek his fortune. He found it—not in El Dorado of California, but in the grain trade in St. Louis. He is President of the New England Society of St. Louis.

"Until about 30 years ago Christmas, as far as eating is concerned, was nothing in New England. It is only since then that Christmas dinners have rivaled those of the Thanksgiving. New England people looked upon Christmas feasting as too much a reminder of Popery and they were against Popery. Typical New England dinners are almost a thing of the past."

"At present about the only typical New England meal is that served in nine families out of ten on Saturday nights. There the people sit down to boiled codfish and baked beans. Turkey and trimmings, or green goose, is what I shall have for my Christmas dinner. New England people are great upon pastry, and the pastry must play a big part in the dinner, if they are to be pleased. Here is what I would call a typical New England dinner:

Celery.	Brown Sugar Ham.	Olives.
Irish Potatoes.	Boston Brown Baked Beans.	Cabbage.
Sweet Potatoes.	Lettuce Salad.	Turnips.
Brown Bread.	Cream Tart.	Pumpkin Pie.
Mince Pie.	Plum Pudding.	A Good Book.

## A BASE BALL MAN'S IDEAL MENU.

CHRIS VON DER AHE, the baseball magnate, is a good liver, but his tastes run to simplicity. He says a Christmas dinner like this will suit him:

Roast Turkey.	Chestnut Stuffing.
Roast Pig.	Fried Oysters.
Browned Potatoes.	Sweet Potatoes.
Cold Slaw.	Plum Pudding.
	Celery.

## AN AMATEUR BILLIARDIST'S CHOICE.

GEORGE SCHAEFER of the House of Delegates plays billiards more often than any other expert in town. It is his business. Such things as dyspepsia and indigestion are unknown to him, yet he is a high liver. His choice is:

Crab and Chicken Gumbo.	Celery.
Roast Turkey.	Oyster Dressing.
Mashed Irish Potatoes.	Sliced Sweet Potatoes.
Browned Potatoes.	Roast Pig.
Brown Sweet Potatoes.	Baked Possum.
Asparagus.	Fried Oysters.
Salad of Bell Peppers and Cucumbers.	Green Peas.
Plum Pudding.	Egg Nogg.
Fourteen-inch balk line for 100 points.	

table work will look after these distressed people and see that they all have something to eat Christmas. If that is accomplished Christmas, 1897, will be for me the happiest of my life. For I have never yet seen the city entirely free from misery and want on this the greatest holiday of the year."

WILLIAM DESMOND, Chief of Detectives: "I can not remember of ever being unhappy on Christmas. It is a holiday that I always enjoy. I believe, however, that Christmas, 1896, was the happiest of all. I probably felt so, because it is fresh in my memory. Why was I happy last Christmas? Because I had a respite from work and worry long enough to have a little time and a pleasant dinner with my relatives at home. To me that pleasure alone is cause for happiness. I expect to be happy this coming Christmas, too. A man who is devoted to home and who is able to supply that home with the comforts of life, with a luxury now and then, has no reason to be unhappy at any season of the year."

ANTON STEUVER, Police Commissioner: "I believe that last Christmas was as happy as any within my recollection. To me the greatest Christmas happiness is to see these poor unfortunate remembered substantially."

"I wish the Sunday Post-Dispatch would say for me that starving women and children on the Police Department for assistance every day. The only help I can offer is my individual contributions, which I regret are by far inadequate. I hope our citizens who have the means to do char-

## MENU DI NOEL.

Huitres Sur Co.ille.	Canape d'Anchois.
Blinis du Cesar.	Olives farci.
Celery en Branche.	Amandes Salie.
	Radis.
	Consomme Diplomat.
	Filets de Sole a la Mongolier.
	Darnes de Pompano a la Patricienne.
	Pommes Nouvelles a l'Anglaise.
	Medallion de Fois gras a la Princesse.

Coeur de Filet de Boeuf a la Cambacere.
Cotelette de Chevreuil a la Sevigne, Sauce Grand Veneur.
Choux de Bruxelles Sautes au Beurre.
Petits Pots de Clamart a la Francalle.

Sorbet Dams Blanches.
Fahan Anglais aux Truffes au Perigord.
Chesapeake Bay Canvas Duck au Cresson.
Salade Mousique.
Asperges Francaises, Sauce Mouseline.
Souffle a la Chantilly.
Gateau Historique a la St. Silvestre.

Mandarine Glace.
Fruits.
Vins.

Royal Amontillado.
Steinberger Cabinet 1874.
Pommery Extra sec 1884.
Clos de Vougeot 1875.
Rodez Grand vin sec.
Grand Liqueur.
Cafe Turk.

## IDEAL DINNER OF A FRENCHMAN.

HIL HAQUETTE is a Frenchman with a big body and big heart. He thinks the heart of the average man can best be reached through his stomach. He has been thinking about his Christmas dinner for a long time. "If I sit down to a dinner like this," he says, "Christmas will indeed be a day of days for me. Here is what I want, translated into English:"

Oysters on Half Shell.	Olives.
Salted Almonds.	Celery.
Consomme.	Claret.
Broiled Spanish Mackerel.	Small Potatoes.
Roast Turkey, Mushroom Stuffing.	Sweet Potatoes.
Artichokes.	Champagne.
Venison, Indian Curry.	Asparagus.
Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing.	Cigarettes.
Brandy.	Conversation. Subject: "Old Theatrical Stars."

## A RACE-TRACK MAN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

ROBERT AULL is a racehorse man whose membership in clubs with French chefs has given him a pampered appetite. His ideal Christmas dinner should be flanked by claret, Rhine wine, Burgundy and champagne, with a liqueur to top off with. He votes for this rather elaborate menu:

Blue Points on Half Shell.
Green Turtle Soup.
Claret.
Broiled Pompano, Drawn Butter.
Pickles.
Salted Almonds.
Olives.
Roast Wild Turkey, Plum Sauce.
Sweet Potatoes.
Stuffed Green Peppers.
Saddle of Venison, Currant Jelly.
Stuffed Tomatoes.
Rudishheimer.
Lettuce with Peeled Almonds.
Champagne.
Mince Pie.
Truff Fruit Ice Cream.
Green Chartreuse.
A mile spin behind a fast rooster.

## A GERMAN'S GOOD CHRISTMAS FEAST.

AUGUST FROEBEL is a rational German-American whose shaking middle parts testify to his good living. His ideal of a Christmas dinner is plenty to eat and plenty to drink. He doesn't care very much for variety. This is his bill:

Oyster Soup.
Roasted Young Turkey.
Sweet Potatoes.
Sauerkraut.
Hasenpfeffer.
Young Onions.
Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Plum Pudding.
Pleanty to Drink.
A four-handed game of pinochle.

And cooks there are on Cook, but Not all of them have mates. There's brilliance on Cote Brillante, But less on Moore in sight. There's weeping out on Willow, But many girls on Fair; They all wear vests on Vest street, But waistcoats down on Ware.

In Maiden Lane are maidens, And Goode is full of boys; On Deer street there are dear ones, And noise on Illinois. There are no games on Gamble, But many girls on Fair; They all wear vests on Vest street, But waistcoats down on Ware.

They've bathubs out on Wash street, And schools there are on School; There's marryin' on Marion; On Blow street all is cool. On Garrison there is not A garrioon at all, But wise ones live on Wise street, And calls they make on Call.

The cars go east on Easton; On Bell are scores of belles; There's lots of bir on Bismark, And such they sell on Sells. And there are many others Whose names a bard could match, Which you may find by reading The newey Post-Dispatch. J. GETCHER GUNN.

## SOCIAL LEADERS' HAPPIEST TIME.

Mrs. Forster and Mrs. Clubb Recount Joyful Experiences.

MRS. ELEANORE CLUBB: "One always thinks of one's childhood in connection with the brightest holiday celebrations, for then we have the jolly Santa Claus, and the mystery about all the gifts. But when I was a very young girl I lived in West Virginia, where they celebrate Christmas-tide very different from the way it is commemorated here. The great day was heralded by all the servants on the place, with the firing of guns and fireworks and the singing of Christmas carols. Then, when the family

(or the 'folks' as they are called in Virginia) were aroused, the servants would all troop into the library and wait for the 'master' to pronounce the Christmas benediction. There was always a huge tree, loaded with presents for every individual on the place, and beside the big, blazing fire-place, there were shaped great pyramids of oranges, nuts and 'goodies' of all descriptions. After the morning prayer the gifts were distributed, and oh, what fun it was to see the eagerness with which the servants would receive and open each package! After the darkness was all provided for the children received our Christmas presents, which we were never allowed to open until this time. Then we all would march off to the dining-room for the merriest, jolliest breakfast of the year. Later in the day there were always visitors to enjoy that good old Virginia eggnog, and in the evening there was invariably a dance. Yes, it was a very, very happy period in my life, and it would be hard to tell which Christmas I enjoyed most. Of course, after I married, and my children were old enough to appreciate this season of the year, I again experienced the delights of my girlhood. And I have always

## MRS. HOPKINS TELLS OF A CHRISTMAS THAT BROUGHT HER GREAT JOY.

A ROMANCE OF A HOLIDAY.

MRS. CHARLES HOPKINS, formerly of Cambridge, Mass., who has recently become a valued addition to St. Louis society, says that her happiest Christmas was spent at a little town in Cambridge: "That Christmas was without doubt the jolliest of my life. My uncle owned a big place about twenty miles from town, and every year he invited all his relatives to spend the Christmas holidays with him. He was a widower with two grown children—a son 26 years old and a daughter 17. This girl, my cousin, Stella Burroughs, was and is one of the brightest and most fun-loving girls I have ever known. I was just two years her senior, and between us we managed to stir up that house party to a degree nothing short of startling. Twenty people beside our family were invited, there being altogether about thirty guests in the house. Among them were a young lawyer from New York (for whom I immediately conceived a violent admiration) a naval officer, three Yale men from New Haven, my two brothers, an antique female cousin of ours (age unknown), some girls from New York and a young married couple from St. Louis. Before the end of a week Stella Burroughs and I had almost originated a divorce case, where the young St. Louis couple were concerned. Of course, there were some other people, but they were sort of chaperones, old folks who didn't count much. Well, that year the 25th of December fell on Wednesday, and the guests were invited from December 23 to January 2, and I can tell you we made Rome howl. My brothers and I, with our parents, arrived at 'Maple Circle,' our uncle's, late Monday morning. The late had been falling steadily for thirty-six hours, and was many inches deep. We drove from the little rickety station three miles 'cross country to the farm. We were the first arrivals, and we made good use of the advantage over the other invited guests. The next train, at 4 o'clock, brought them all, and at 5 they came shouting and singing up to the house, in high glee, with carriages, borrowed from farmers all over that part of the country. Well, the first evening was passed in the big dining-room, all of us crowded about the roaring log-fire. That is, all of us, excepting the young lawyer from New York and myself. We were seated on a chintz-covered soap-box, off in a dim corner of the room, discussing—the possibilities of effect of mistletoe on ab—ankling. Before the candles were brought in to announce the 'time for disappearing,' we two had begun to understand each other. It was our first meeting, but in the country, and at Christmas-tide, people become acquainted very quickly."

"The next morning we all arose at 8 o'clock, and after the jolliest kind of a breakfast, we hauled in great branches of evergreen, reeds of crow-foot moss, and pile after pile of holly and mistletoe. We spent most of the day on step-ladders or tables, hammering and tacking the Christmas decorations in place.











# RECOLLECTIONS of CAPTAIN WILKIE

By CONAN DOYLE, Author of "The White Company," "Micah Clarke," Etc.  
Published in America Only in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

"WHO CAN he be?" thought I, as I watched my companion in the second-class carriage of the London & Dover Railway.

I had been so full of the fact that my long-expected holiday had come at last, and that for a few days at least the gayeties of Paris were about to suspend the dull routine of the hospital wards that we were well out of London before I observed that I was not alone in the compartment. In these days we have all pretty well agreed that "three is company and two is none" upon the railway.

At the time I write of, however, people were not so morbidly sensitive about their traveling companions. It was rather an agreeable surprise to me to find that there was some chance of willing away the hours of a tedious journey. I therefore gazed at my cap down over my eyes, took a good look at my vis-a-vis and repeated to myself: "Who can he be?"

I used rather to pride myself on being able to spot a man's trade or profession by a good look at his exterior. I had the advantage of studying under a master of the art, who used to electrify both his patients and his clinical classes by long shots, sometimes at the most unlikely of pursuits, and never very far from the mark. "Well, my man," I have heard him say, "I can see by your fingers that you play some musical instrument for your livelihood, but it is rather a curious one—something quite out of my line." The man afterwards informed us that he earned a few coppers by blowing "Rule Britannia" on a coffee pot, the spout of which was pierced to form a rough flute. Though a novice in the art I was still able to astonish my ward companions on occasions and I never lost an opportunity of practicing. It was not mere curiosity, then, which led me to lean back on the cushions and analyze the quiet man in front of me.

I used to do the thing systematically, and my train of reflections ran somewhat in this wise: "General appearance, vulgar, fairly opulent and extremely self-possessed; looks like a man who would outclass a baronet, and yet be at his ease in middle-class society. Eyes well set together and nose rather prominent; would be a good long-range marksman. Cheeks flabby, but the softness of expression redeemed by a square-cut jaw and a well-set lower lip. On the whole, a powerful type. Now for the hand. Rather disappointed there. Thought he was a well-made man by the look of him, but there is no callous in the palm and no thickness at the joints. Has never engaged in any real physical work, I should think. No tanning on the back of his hands. On the contrary, they are very white, with blue projecting veins and long, delicate fingers. Couldn't be an artist with that face, and yet he has the hands of a man engaged in delicate manipulations. No red acid spots upon his clothes, no ink stains, no nitrate of silver upon his hands (this helps to negative my half-formed opinion that he was a photographer). Clothes not worn in any particular part. Coat made of tweed, and fairly old; but the left elbow, as far as I can see, has as much of the fluff left on as the right, which is seldom the case with men who do much writing. Might be a commercial traveler, but the little pocketbook in the waistcoat is wanting, nor has he any of those handy valises suggestive of samples."

I give these brief headings of my ideas merely to demonstrate my method of arriving at a conclusion. As yet I have obtained nothing but negative results; but now, to use a chemical metaphor, I am in a position to examine the residue. I found myself reduced to a very limited number of occupations. He was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman, in spite of a soft felt hat and a somewhat clerical cut about the neck. I was wavering now between peddler and horse dealer; but there was too much character about his face for the former, and he lacked that extraordinary equine atmosphere which hangs about the latter, even in the hours of relaxation, so that I formed a provisional diagnosis of betting man of methodical persuasion, the latter clause being inserted in deference to his hat and necktie.

Pray do not think I reasoned it out like this in my own mind. It is only now, sitting down with pen and paper, that I can see the successive steps. As it was, I had formed my conclusion within sixty seconds of the time when I drew my hat down over my eyes and uttered the mental ejaculation with which my narrative begins.

I did not feel quite satisfied even then with my deduction. However, as a leading question would pursue my chemical analogy—act as my litmus paper, I determined to try one. There was a Times lying by my companion, and I thought the opportunity too good to be neglected.

"Do you mind me looking at your paper?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said he, most urbanely handing it across.

I glanced down its columns with my eyes rested upon the list of the latest betting. "Hullo!" I said, "they are laying odds upon the favorite for the Cambridgehire. But perhaps," I added, looking up, "you are not interested in these matters?"

"Shure, sir!" said he violently; "wiles of the enemy! Mortals are given but a few years to live; how can they squander them? They have not even an eye to their poor, worldly interests," he added in a quiet tone, "or they would never back a single horse at such short odds with a field of thirty."

There was something in this speech of his which tickled me immensely. I suppose it was the odd way in which he blended

religious intolerance with worldly wisdom. I laid the Times aside with the conviction that I should be able to spend the next two hours to better purpose than its perusal.

"You speak as if you understood the matter, at any rate," I remarked.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "few men in England understand these things better in the old days before I changed my profession. But that is all over now."

"Changed your profession?" said I interrogatively.

"Yes, I changed my name, too."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Yes; you see a man wants a real fresh start when his eyes become opened, so he has a new deal all around, so to speak. Then he gets a fair chance."

There was a short pause here, as I seemed to be on delicate ground in touching on my companion's antecedents, and he did not volunteer any information. I broke the silence by offering him a cheroot.

"No, thanks," said he; "I have given up tobacco. It was the hardest wrench of all was that. It does me good to smell the whiff of your weed. Tell me," he added suddenly, looking hard at me with his shrewd gray eyes, "why did you take stock of me so carefully before you spoke?"

"It is a habit of mine," said I. "I am a medical man, and observation is everything in my profession. I had no idea that you were looking."

"I can see without looking," he answered. "If I thought you were a detective at first, but I couldn't recall your face at the time I know the force."

"Were you a detective then?" said I.

"No," he answered with a laugh; "I was the other thing—the detected, you know. Old scores are wiped out now and the law cannot touch me, so I don't mind confessing to a gentleman like yourself what a scoundrel I have been in my time."

"We are none of us perfect," said I.

"No; but I was real out and out. A 'fake' you know, to start with and after, a 'cracksman.' It is easy to talk of these things now, for I've changed my spirit. It's as if I were talking of some other man, you see."

"Exactly so," said I. Being a medical man I had none of that shrinking from crime and criminals which many men possess. I could make all allowances for congenial influence and the force of circumstances. No company, therefore, could have been more acceptable to me than that of the old malfactor, and as I sat puffing at my cigar I was delighted to observe that my air of interest was gradually loosening his tongue.

"Yes, I'm converted now," he continued, "and, of course, I am a happier man for that. And yet," he added wistfully, "there are times when I long for the old trade again and fancy myself strolling out on a cloudy night with my Jimmy in my pocket. I left a name behind me in my profession, sir. I was one of the old school, you know. It was very seldom that we bungled a job. We used to begin at the foot of the ladder, the rope ladder, if I may say so, in my younger days, and then work our way up, step by step, so that we were what you might call good men all through."

"I see," said I.

"I was always reckoned a hard-working, conscientious man, and had talent, too; the very cleverest of them allowed that. I began as a blacksmith, and then did a little engineering and carpentering, and then I took to straight-of-hand tricks, and then to picking pockets. I remember when I was at home on a visit how my poor old father used to wonder why I was always hovering around him. He little knew that I used to clear everything out of his pockets a dozen times a day and then replace them, just to keep my hand in. He believes to this day that I am in an office in the city. There are few of them who could touch me in that particular line of business, though."

"I suppose it is a matter of practice," I remarked.

"To a great extent. Still, a man never loses it if he has once been an adept—excuse me; you have dropped some cigar ashes on your coat," and he waved his hand politely in front of my breast, as if to brush it off. "There," he said, handing me my cigar, "you see I have not forgotten my old cunning yet."

He had done it so quickly that I hardly saw the hand which over my bosom; nor did I feel his fingers touch me, and yet there was the pin glittering in his hand. "It is incredible," I said as I fixed it again in its place.

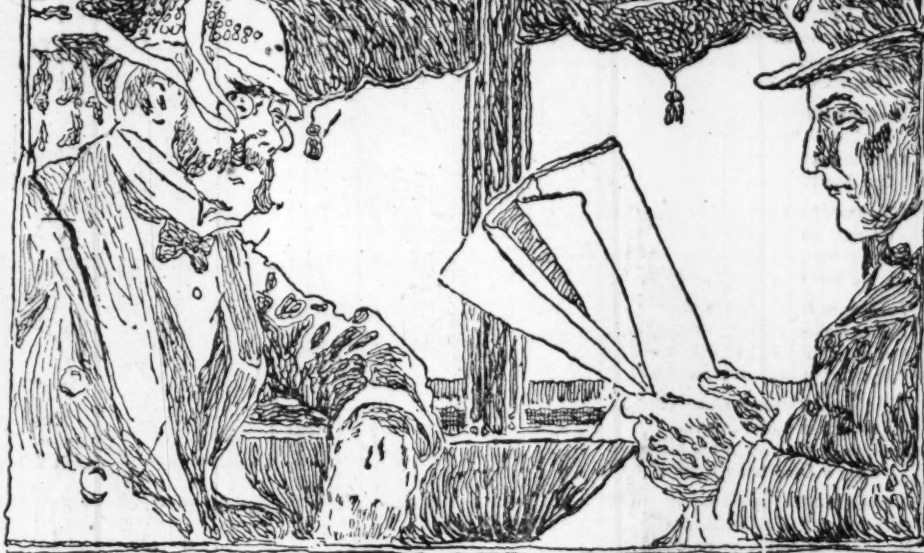
"Oh, that's nothing. But I have been in some really smart jobs. I was in the gang that picked the new patent safe. You remember the case. It was guaranteed to open the first time it was issued within a year of its appearance. It was done with graduated wedges, sir—the first so small that you could hardly see it against the light, and the last strong enough to pry it open. It was a cleverly managed affair."

"Oh, that's nothing. But I have been in some really smart jobs. I was in the gang that picked the new patent safe. You remember the case. It was guaranteed to open the first time it was issued within a year of its appearance. It was done with graduated wedges, sir—the first so small that you could hardly see it against the light, and the last strong enough to pry it open. It was a cleverly managed affair."

"I like to get a listener I can trust. It's a sort of blow-off, you know, and I feel lighter after it. When I am among my brethren I don't hardly think of what has gone before. Now, I'll tell you about another job I was in. To this day I cannot think about it without laughing."

I lit another cigar and prepared myself to listen.

"It was when I was a youngster," said he. "There was a big city man in those days who was known to have a very valuable gold watch. I followed him about for several days before I could get a chance, but when I did get one may be sure I did not throw it away. He found to his disgust when he got home that day that there was nothing in his fob. He hurried off with my prize and got it stowed away in safety, intending to have it melted down next day. Now, it happened that this watch possessed a special value in the owner's eyes, because it was a sort of ancestral possession—presented by his father on his coming of age, or something of that sort. I remember there was a long inscription on the back. He was determined not to lose it if he could help it and accordingly he put an advertisement in an evening paper offering £100 reward for its return and promising that no questions should be asked. He gave the address of house, 11 Caroline square, at the end of



"I TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT MY VIS-A-VIS"

the advertisement. The thing sounded good enough, so I set off for Caroline square, leaving the watch in a parcel at a public house which I passed on the way. When I got there the gentleman was at dinner, but he came out quick enough when he heard that a young man wanted to see him. I suppose he guessed who the young man would prove to be. He was a genial-looking old fellow and he led me away with him to his study.

"Well, my lad," said he, "what is it?"

"I've come about that watch of yours," said I. "I think I can lay my hands on it."

"Oh! it was you that took it?" said he.

"No," I answered. "I know nothing whatever about how you lost it. I have been sent by another party to see you about it. Even if you have me arrested, you will not find out anything."

"Well," he said, "I don't want to be hard on you. Hand it over, and here is my check for the amount."

"Checks won't do," said I. "I must have it in gold."

"It would take an hour or so to collect in gold," said he.

"That will just suit," I answered, "for I have not got the watch with me. I'll go back and fetch it, while you raise the money."

"I started off, and got the watch where I had left it. When I came back the old gentleman was sitting behind his study table, with the little heap of gold in front of him."

"Here is your money," he said, and pushed it over.

"Here is your watch," said I.

"He was evidently delighted to get it back, and after examining it carefully, and assuring himself that it was the same, the worse, he put it into the watch pocket of his coat with a grunt of satisfaction."

"I see," said I.

"Now, my lad," said he, "I know it was you that took the watch. Tell me how you did it, and I don't mind giving you an extra five-pound note."

"I wouldn't tell you in any case," said I. "But especially I wouldn't tell you when you have a witness hid behind that curtain. You see, I had all my wits about me, and it didn't escape me that the curtain was drawn tighter than it had been before."

"You are too sharp for me," he said. "You're the higher game which is best worth aiming at. Talk about sport, sir, talk about fishing or hunting, why, it is tame in comparison! Think of the great country house, with its manservants and its dogs and its firearms, and you with only your Jimmy and your centre bit and your up and over! It is the best of all. It is the triumph of intellect over brute force, sir, as represented by bolts and bars."

"People generally look upon it as quite the reverse," I remarked.

"I was never one of those blundering life-preserver fellows," said my companion. "I did try my hand at garroting once, but it was against my principles and I gave it up. I have tried everything. I have been a bed-ridden widow, with three children, but I do object to physical force."

"You have been what?" said I.

"A bed-ridden widow. Advertising, you know, and getting subscriptions. I have tried them all. You seem interested in these experiences," he continued, "so I will tell you another anecdote. It was the narrowest escape from penal servitude that I ever had in my life. A pal and I had gone on a country beat—it doesn't signify where it was—and taken up our headquarters in the little provincial town. Somehow it got into the papers that we were there, and noised about that we were there, and householders were warned to be careful, as suspicious characters had been seen in the neighborhood. We should have changed our plans when we saw the game was up, but my chum was a plucky fellow and wouldn't consent to back down. Poor little Jim! He was only thirty-four around the chest and about twelve at the biceps, but there is not a measuring tape in England could give the size of his heart. He said we were in for it and we must stick to it, so I agreed to stay, and we chose Morley Hall, the country house of a certain Col. Morley, to begin with."

"Now this Col. Morley was about the last man in the world that we should have meddled with. He was a shrewd, cool-headed fellow, who had knocked about and seen the world, and it seems that he took pride in the detection of criminals. However, we knew nothing of all this, so we set forth hopefully to have a try at the house."

"The reason that made us pick him out among the rest was that he had a good-for-nothing groom, who was a tool in our hands. This fellow had drawn up a rough plan of the premises for us. The place was pretty well locked up and guarded, and the only weak point we could see was a trap-door, the padlock of which was broken and which opened from the roof into one of the lumber rooms. If we could find any method of reaching the roof we might force our way from above. We had the plan, rather a good one, and it had the spice of originality about it that pleased us. It is not the mere jewels or plate, you know, that a good cracksman thinks about. The neatness of the job and his reputation for smartness are almost as important in his eyes."

"We had been very quiet for a day or two, just to let suspicion die away. Then we set out one dark night, Jim and I, and got over the avenue railing and up to the house without meeting a soul. It was blow-



"I WOULDN'T TELL YOU WHEN YOU HAVE A WITNESS BEHIND A CURTAIN"

ing hard, I remember, and the clouds hurrying across the sky. We had a good look at the front of the house and then Jim went around to the garden side. He came running back in a minute or two in great delight. "Why, Bill," he said, gripping me by the arm, "there never was such a bit of luck! They've been repairing the roof or something, and they've left the ladder standing. We went around together, and there, sure enough, was the ladder towering above our heads, and one or two hooks lying about, which showed that some work had been going on during the day. We had a good look around, to see that everything was quiet, and then we climbed up, Jim first and I after him. We got to the top and were sitting on the slats having a bit of a breather before beginning business, when you can fancy our feelings to see the ladder that we came up by suddenly stand straight up in the air, and then slowly descend until it rested in the garden below! At first we hoped it might have slipped, though that was bad enough, but we soon had that idea out of our heads."

"Hullo, up there!" cried a voice from below.

"We craned our heads far over the edge and there was a man dressed, as far as we could make out, in evening dress and standing in the middle of the grass plot. We kept quiet."

"Hullo!" he shouted again. "How do you feel yourself? Pretty comfortable, eh? Hal! hal! You London rogues thought we were green in the country; what's your opinion now?"

"We both lay still, though feeling pretty considerably small, as you may imagine. 'It's all right; I see you,' he continued. 'Why, I have been waiting behind that lilac bush every night for the last week, expecting to see you. I knew you couldn't resist going up that ladder when you found the windows were too much for you—Jee! Jee! You're a pair of rogues, and another man came from among the bushes. 'Just you keep your eyes on the roof, will you, while I ride down to the station and fetch up a couple of constables! Au revoir, gentlemen! You don't mind waiting, I suppose?'"

And Col. Morley—for it was the owner of the house himself—strode off, and in a few minutes we heard the rattle of his horse's hoofs going down the avenue.

"Well, sir, we felt precious silly, as you may imagine. It wasn't so much having been nabbed that bothered us as the feeling of being caught in such a simple trap. We looked at each other in blank disgust, and then, to save our lives, we couldn't help laughing at our own fix. However, it was no laughing matter, so we set to work going around the roof and seeing if there was a likely water pipe or anything that might give us a chance of escape. We had to give it up as a bad job, so we sat down again and made up our minds to the head and I groped my way over the roof until I felt woe under my feet. I bent down and found that the Colonel had been foolishly forgotten to secure the padlock! You will often notice as you go through life that it is the shrewdest and most cunning man who falls into the most absurd mistakes, and this was an example of it. You may guess that we did not lose much time, for we expected to hear the constables every moment. We wopped through into the

lumber room, slipped down stairs, tore open the library shutters and were out and away before the astonished groom could make out what happened. There wasn't time enough to take any little souvenir with us, worse luck. I should like to have seen the Colonel's face when he came back with the constables and found that the birds had flown."

"Did you ever come across the Colonel again?" I asked.

"Yes; we skinned him of every bit of the plate he had, down to the salt spoons, a few years later. It was partly out of revenge, you see, that we did it. It was a very well-managed and daring thing, one of the best I ever saw, and all done in open daylight, too."

"How in the world did you do it?" I asked.

"Well, there were three of us in it—Jim was one; and we set about it in this way: We wanted to begin by getting the Colonel out of the way, so I wrote him a note purporting to come from 'Squire Brothwick, who lived about ten miles away, and was not always on the best of terms with the master of Morley Hall. I dressed myself up as a groom and delivered the note myself. It was to the effect that the 'Squire thought he was able to lay his hands on the scoundrels who had escaped the Colonel a couple of years before, and that if the Colonel would ride over they would have a little difficulty in securing them. I was sure that this would have the desired effect, so after handing it in and remarking that I was the Squire's groom I walked off again, as if on the way back to my master's."

"After getting out of sight of the house I crouched down behind a hedge and as I expected in less than a quarter of an hour the Colonel came swinging past me on his chestnut mare. Now there is another accomplishment I possess which I have not mentioned to you yet, and that is that I am a very easy trick to pick up if you only give your mind to it. I happened to have come across one of Col. Morley's letters some days before, and I can write so that even now I defy an expert to detect a difference between the hands. This was a great assistance to me now, for I tore a leaf out of my pocketbook and wrote something to this effect:

"'As Squire Brothwick had seen some suspicious characters about, and the house may be attempted again, I have sent down to the bank and ordered them to send up their bank cart to convey the whole of the plate to a place of safety. It will save us a good deal of anxiety to know that it is in absolute security. Have it packed up and ready, and give the bearer a glass of beer.'"

"I addressed it to the butler and carried it back to the hall, saying that their master had overtaken me on the way and asked me to deliver it. I was taken in and made much of downstairs, while a great packing-case was dragged into the hall and the plate stowed away among cotton, wool and stuff. It was nearly ready, when I heard the sound of wheels upon the gravel, and sauntered round just in time to see a business-like closed car drive up to the door. One of my pals was sitting very demurely on the box, while Jim, with an official-look-

ing hat, sprang out and bustled into the hall.

"Now, then," I heard him say, "look sharp! What's for the bank? One on!"

"Wait a minute, sir," said the butler.

"Can't wait. There's a panic all over the country, and they are clamoring for everywhere. Must drive on to Lord Blackbury's place, unless you are ready."

"Don't go, sir," pleaded the butler. "There's only this one rope to tie. There; it's ready now. You'll look after it, won't you?"

"That we will. You'll never have any more trouble with it now," said Jim, helping to push the great case into the car.

"I think I had better go with you and see it stowed away in the right bank," said the butler.

"All right," said Jim, nothing abashed. "You can't come in the car, though, for Lord Blackbury's box will take up all the spare room. Let's see, it's 12 o'clock now. Well, you be waiting at the bank door at 1.30 and you'll just catch us."

"Good day," cried my chum; and away went the car, while I made a bit of a short cut and caught it around a turn in the road. We drove right off into the north country, got a down town train to London, and before midnight the Colonel's silver was fused into a solid lump.

I could not help laughing at the versatility of the old scoundrel. "It was a daring game to play," I said.

"It is always the daring game that succeeds best," he answered.

"At this point the train began to show symptoms of slowing down, and my companion gave other signs of being near the end of his journey. 'You are going on to Dover?' he said.

"Yes."

"For the Continent?"

"How long do you intend to travel?"

"Only for a week or so."

"Well, I must leave you here. You will remember my name, won't you? John Wilkie. I am pleased to have met you. Is my umbrella behind you?" he added, stretching across. "No; I beg your pardon. Here it is in the corner," and with an affable smile the ex-cracksman stepped out, bowed and disappeared among the crowd upon the platform.

I lit another cigar, laughed as I thought of my late companion, and lifted up the Times, which he had left behind him. The bell had rung, the wheels were already revolving, when, to my astonishment, a pallid face looked in at me through the window. It was so contorted and agitated that I hardly recognized the features which I had been gazing upon during the last couple of hours. "Here, take it," he said, "take it. It's hardly worth my while to rob you of seven pounds, for I shall be in a worse case than I was when I started, but I couldn't resist once more trying my hand," and he flung something into the carriage and disappeared.

It was my old leather purse, with my return ticket and the whole of my traveling expenses. His newly awakened conscience had driven him to instant restitution.

There was something in this speech of his which tickled me immensely. I suppose it was the odd way in which he blended

ing hard, I remember, and the clouds hurrying across the sky. We had a good look at the front of the house and then Jim went around to the garden side. He came running back in a minute or two in great delight. "Why, Bill," he said, gripping me by the arm, "there never was such a bit of luck! They've been repairing the roof or something, and they've left the ladder standing. We went around together, and there, sure enough, was the ladder towering above our heads, and one or two hooks lying about, which showed that some work had been going on during the day. We had a good look around, to see that everything was quiet, and then we climbed up, Jim first and I after him. We got to the top and were sitting on the slats having a bit of a breather before beginning business, when you can fancy our feelings to see the ladder that we came up by suddenly stand straight up in the air, and then slowly descend until it rested in the garden below! At first we hoped it might have slipped, though that was bad enough, but we soon had that idea out of our heads."

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# NEW YORK WILL HEAR MUSIC BY A ST. LOUISAN.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ERNEST R. KROEGER.

ERNEST R. KROEGER, a St. Louis composer, is to be honored by the Manuscript Society of New York. Next Wednesday evening one of his compositions, a symphonic overture to Byron's tragic "Sardanapalus," is to be rendered before that exclusive society of composers and musical critics.

No one who is not a musician and a strict amateur can belong to the Manuscript Society. Its doors are closed to mere social standing and wealth, but genius, though it be humble, is welcomed.

Only those who have composed music may become members of the first class. The submission of a composition in manuscript is a prerequisite to membership.

Mr. Kroeger has been a member of the first class two years. It is before such a critical and competent audience that his work is to be played. The rendition will be under the direction of Anton Seidl. Mr. Kroeger will not be present, his duties here making it impossible for him to go to New York. He has written the following interpretation for the Sunday Post-Dispatch:

By Ernest R. Kroeger.

THE music of this work is intended to picture in tone various scenes from Lord Byron's great tragedy, "Sardanapalus." It is divided into five movements, but all are woven into one complete work, without any definite stops.

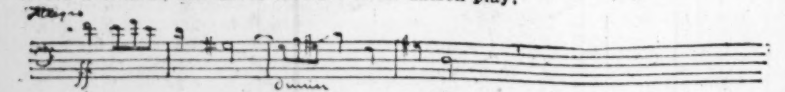
Sardanapalus was the last of the Assyrian Kings, and the voluptuous license of himself and his court led to the fall of the Assyrian Empire. The rigorous Medes, seeing the decay of their enemy's glory, invested Nineveh with such fire and energy that they were finally successful.

Sardanapalus, upon observing the entrance of the Medes into his beloved city, entered his palace and ordered his slaves to make a funeral pyre of his sacred things. He mounted to the summit with his wives and slaves, and set fire to the pyre. All perished in the flames, and the Assyrian Empire was no more.

The music which I have composed to illustrate scenes from the great tragedy, I have endeavored to invest with an Oriental color, both in harmonization and instrumentation. The first movement is intended to depict the luxuriousness of the Assyrian Court. The chief theme is as follows, the melody being given to the violoncellos, and the accompaniment to a clarinet and two bassoons:



As a climax, the three trombones in unison play:



—Illustrating the repulse of the conspirators and the temporary triumph of the Assyrians.

In the third movement, the exquisite love scene between Sardanapalus and his noble Greek slave, Myrrha, forms the subject of the music. The cellos passionately sing the melody, the accompaniment being allotted to the harp, horns and string pizzicato.

Myrrha's response to the pleadings of her lover is indicated by the following melody, which is given to the soft and gentle clarinet:



# SANTACLAUS REVERIE

"Twas Christmas eve, the snow fell fast,  
And all the air was white.  
It was a billowy sheet and vast  
That waved athwart the night.

The door bell rang and with a bang  
That made the dishes spin;  
Amid the rattle and the bang  
Old Santa Claus walked in.

"I'm thankful I am home once more,"  
He said as he appeared,  
And combed the snowflakes, by the score,  
From his long, flowing beard.

Then from his boots he stamped the snow,  
With smiles all rosy ripe,  
And sat before the logs aglow  
And lit his ancient pipe.

"The faithful deer his bed adorns,  
The stable roof beneath,  
And just for fun upon his horns  
I hung a Christmas wreath."

And while his pipe's blue skeins of smoke  
Curled to the ceiling beam,  
He chuckled softly, as he spoke,  
As if lost in a dream.

"Oh, I had a great time on this gray afternoon,  
When my reindeer took fright at a purple baboon.

At a purple baboon—'twas a dream and a joy,  
Though it wasn't alive, and was naught but a toy.

"Oh, I wanted to hitch the reindeer to the sleigh,  
O'er the mountains to fly and the lakes far away,  
To distribute the playthings and gay things, you know,  
In the stockings that swing at the hearth to and fro.

"So I said the kind words that the cute Arab speaks,  
When for labor the shy dromedary he seeks.  
But the reindeer pooped over my head on the fly,  
And he knocked all my sage calculations awry.

"Then I chased him around with a little tin sword,  
But he jumped out of danger and victory scored.  
And I said I will conquer ne'er leave the field, but  
I will experiment now with the luscious peanut.

"In a jiffy I had him hitched up to the sleigh,  
And I carolled untroubled while flitting away.  
You may say what you will, though a clown or a lord,  
But the peanut is mightier far than the sword.

"No matter how much noise I make,  
When down the flue I bound,  
The children never seem to wake  
When I the hearth have found.

"They sleep and sleep and dream away,  
Within their cosy beds,  
Their smiles, like aureoles, at play  
About their curly heads.

"Just what they dream I'd like to know,  
While thus they sweetly smile,  
And in their stockings swift I stow  
The yak and crocodile.

"I wish their dreams of lovely hue  
May all come true some day,  
And those of gnome and bugaboo,  
Like vapor melt away.

"I skim 'em as the broomstick witch  
Across the field and moor,  
And give fine things unto the rich  
And cheap things to the poor.

"Each class is more than satisfied  
With what it has from me.  
The rich folk thank me in their pride,  
The poor folk in their glee.

"And those on whom my gifts ne'er flash  
Imagine I have struck  
The hard times which make corned-beef hash  
Outstrip the mallard duck.

"Oh, how did I come to be Santa Claus,  
Is the thing that I'd like to know,  
Though away past my prime  
I can't tell you the tips.

"I began, 'tis so long ago,  
"Oh, suddenly I became Santa Claus,  
The friend of all good little boys,  
And I've driven the deer,  
Present-laden each year,  
With picture books, candles and toys.

"Oh, this is the thing that befuddles me,  
In my moments of Christmas joy.  
Who was the Santa land and good  
With the whiskers white and the woolly hood?

When I was a little boy?  
"The chimneys will soon ring,  
So to bed I'll vamoose.  
Hurrah for to-morrow  
That brings the roast goose,  
With gravy and giblets  
To sculpture my glee.  
Oh that's the fat stocking  
That's waiting for me.  
Merry Christmas, merry Christmas  
From sea unto sea."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.  
Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

The tones of the cellos and the clarinet blend together in this warm episode:



And again, in a new guise, does the dialogue between Sardanapalus and Myrrha appear:



The love scene is brought to a close by the rude blare of barbaric trumpets in this characteristic phrase:



The clash of arms between the Medes and Assyrians follows, and the music illustrating this is similar to that portraying the conspiracy, but is this time a semi-tone higher in pitch, thus rendering it more exciting.

# THE TRANSFORMATION OF BILL SMITH. A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE

Written for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN.

Bill Smith was just a common, every-day,  
Slow-going wight, who had not much to say.  
Within his bosom never burned the fire  
Of fierce ambition, nor the mad desire  
For wealth or fame. He never felt  
The thrill  
Which comes to those of boundless  
strength and will,  
Who, beating back their friends  
and scornful foes,  
Rush onward, while the serried columns close  
Behind them, leaving in their wake a train  
Of bleeding hearts. The cruel lust of gain  
Had never tinged the being of this poor,  
Inactive mortal. He, content, secure  
In the possession of his daily mite,  
Lived on in careless ease, with heart as light  
As any child's. He envied not the rights  
Of other men  
To book and pen,  
Nor taxed his slow mentality with aught  
That bore the least resemblance to a thought.

Yet high-born energies may be aroused  
In one whose simple brain has never housed  
The stern ambitions that inspire his kind;  
And holy fire may strike the dullest mind,  
And kindle there a bright heroic flame,  
That may atone for years of sloth  
and shame.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and Bill, who ne'er had known  
The tender bliss that comes of love alone,  
Was wretched with the loneliness that creeps  
Into the heart which close communion keeps  
With somber thoughts.

There was no gentle voice  
To bid him welcome. Why  
should he rejoice,  
Though Christ had come,  
though all the world was  
fair,  
Since life to him was but a desert bare,  
In whose vast solitude there was no sound  
Familiar to his ear, no joy profound,  
To hush the echoes of a dying strain  
That beat relentlessly upon his brain?

Alone he walked into the darkness.  
There,  
While whizzing rockets rent the lurid  
air,  
And blinding snow made ghosts of  
giant trees,  
He wandered like a spirit, ill at  
ease,  
And cursed his low condition and the fate  
That urged him on through regions desolate,  
While others smiled, with not a  
care to grieve,  
And praised the Christ who gave  
them Christmas Eve.

Poor, plain Bill Smith, fettered of  
heart and brain,  
Walked onward through the storm,  
which beat again  
Upon his fevered temples.

Once in life  
He felt the sad heart-burning and the  
strife  
The deprivation and the vague unrest  
Which tortures those by love's delights  
unblest;  
And wilder than the tempest was the fire  
That kindled in his being a desire  
For the companionship of noble men  
And for the smiles of women, and the ken  
Of higher thoughts than ever yet had found  
A habitation on the barren ground  
Traversed by his ambition. All his  
soul  
Seemed forging onward to some mystic  
goal,  
Unseen, unrecognized, and yet as fair  
As those inhabited by shapes of air  
Which poets feign, with inspiration  
caught  
From lights and shadows in the realm  
of thought,  
And bound in wreaths of beauty.

Through the snow,  
Gleaming blood-red, now bright, then soft and  
low,  
He saw a light, that struggled through the  
mist,  
Like to a vagrant fairy, while it kissed  
The flying snow to crimson. On he fared,  
With eager feet, while on his vision flared  
That flaming symbol of a nameless joy,  
That harbinger of higher aims—a buoy  
Upon a sea his thoughts had never sailed.

A spire, lost in the clouds of snow that railed  
Around its slender summit, pierced the  
sky;  
And strains of music, with soft energy,  
Crept outward, like the disembodied form  
Of some departed master. With the storm  
They seemed to interweave, like mellow notes  
When, through the gates of Morning, from the  
throats  
Of angel choristers there pours a song.  
The organ paused; then, suddenly, a strong,  
Triumphant chorus swept through all the aisles,  
Like Nature's voice, as graciously she smiles  
Upon her handiwork, when genius rare  
Is born into the world.

The humble soul  
Who, waiting in the outer darkness there,  
Beheld the light and heard the music roll,  
Was blinded by the rush of hidden thought  
Which swept before his vision there and wrought  
In his dull brain a difference that seemed  
now  
Impossible, so little had he dreamed  
Of better things that were in store for him.  
With meek and lowly heart and trembling limb,  
He fell upon his face; and while the snow  
Beat faster, and the music breathed so low  
'Twas heard but faintly, all his soul he poured  
In one loud wail of lamentation.

Roared  
The mighty tempest, like a stricken mind  
Bereft of reason's power, though unconfined  
By bolts and bars. On swept the pitiless wind,  
Like frenzied demon raging. One there was  
Who heeded not the tempest, sought no pause  
Of Nature's violence, nor asked the cause  
Of the wild perturbation of the sky.  
Of the wild perturbation of the sky.  
A single tear was frozen in his eye.  
Through the red window of the chapel streamed  
A softened light, and on his face it beamed,  
Illuming with its crimson rays a brow

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From the fen  
Of stagnant thought which had enwrapped his  
soul,  
The man that was came forth that night a whole  
And sentient being, and he went his way  
Into the world, to master and control  
The latent faculties by thought aroused.

And so Bill Smith, the wight of yesterday,  
Emerging from the tempest's fury, housed  
A new ambition, and from thence became  
An honor and a glory and a name.



# SOCIAL GAIETY IN THE MISSOURI METROPOLIS.

## ACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

The dear, sweet boys are coming  
To make their "debbies" in society.  
For joy the ladies all will shout,  
To view this masculine variety.  
Oh, there'll be pleasure to satisfy,  
With soft curled darlings all about;  
Farwell, decorous, stern sobriety!  
The dear, sweet boys are coming.

DOAN BORUP is coming out. He is one of this season's society bugs, and he made his debut in grandly imposing fashion at the reception given a short time ago by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Deland. There has been such a very great deal said about the pretty girls who are being presented this season, that "the boys" are becoming jealous, and declare that the reason of their non-appearance at so many social functions is that they do not receive enough encouragement. But he is that as it may, Doan Borup has certainly "come out" and distinguished himself on more than one and starting occasion. For instance, he has set the fashion among the "jeunesse dorée" of St. Louis society by appearing at a recent Dutch supper given by a young society matron of the West End, in a suit of solid black, with well-fitting bell-skirted frock coat. The coat was close-buttoned to Mr. Borup's firm, determined chin, so that to the casual observer, he would appear to be in deepest mourning. Mr. Borup has naturally a facial expression of haunting sadness—not to say solemnity—and this, in conjunction with his languid step and somber apparel, immediately impressed his hostess with the conviction that he had very recently lost some near and dear relative. The sympathetic young matron, much concerned, was about to ask for a word of quiet explanation, and proffer her condolences, when young Borup threw open his frock coat, and the condolences were unuttered. With one long, subsiding sigh, Doan's young hostess recoiled and fell to the floor in a dead faint. The waistcoat had proved too much for her. It was an iridescent plaid, in bright green and cardinal, with a single row of green buttons about the size of ordinary marbles down the front.

But Doan is not the only one. There are other debutants of equal social pretensions among the masculine tribe of St. Louis. Vincent Kerens, of Vandeventer place, one of the most charming of this year's society novices, has just returned from Europe, where he attended a fashionable finishing school. There is a tradition about to the effect that "Vincent" can now converse in seven different languages, including Tibetan and Arabic.

Jim Allen Boyle, who is heir to a large amount of money, is consequently an uncommonly interesting member of society. He has large light brown eyes and a kingly carriage.

Clayton Carpenter of Lindell boulevard is a debutant who has already been spoken for. His charms no longer appeal to the ladies, for mortgaged property is always a rather dangerous toy.

Jo Drew, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Drew of 3755 Lindell boulevard, almost made his initial bow to the butterfly world last winter at a famous Welsh rarebit party given by a well-known society woman. But Mr. Drew was seized with stage fright and postponed his advent for a year.

Charles Souder, a fair young debutant of this season, is one of the most fascinating boys in his set. His lovely, delicate head is like a stately lily set upon a long and slender stem.

Charles Hunt is another lily of the field. But he's a tiger lily, minus the polka dots. He possesses a fine baritone voice and a red necktie.

Clairborne Adams made his first bow to society at the Velled Prophet's ball, on which occasion he wore a Frodo costume of handsome broadcloth, the courage cut "en V," and filled in with glass linen. He also wore a sweet smile and a hole in the floor.

Charles Michel, a tall, stately brunette, is beginning to enjoy a gay society life. Mr. Michel has dark, goggle-like eyes, a clear olive complexion and a level head crowned by waves of raven hair.

Benoist Carton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carton, will return from Cornell University in a few days, in order to be present at his debut ball. He is a lovely blonde, whose sun-kissed hair frames a face of haunting sweetness.

Dr. Philip Skralnka, a brilliant young medic, who is reputed to be the most vigorously athletic man in the West End, has promised to give a grand debut ball in the near future. Dr. Skralnka is an indefatigable walker, talker, dancer and skater.

Louise Rumsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, is one of the most patriotic boys in America. His delicate face, with its expression of infantile innocence, is surrounded by a halo of radiant hair. And he is strangely becoming to military apparel.

Dave O'Neill and John Terry are "twin cherries moulded on a single stem." They are alike witty, pretty and popular.

Bliss Ware, son of his father, is of graceful willowy figure, with superb shoulders, and a beautiful, classic head, crested with a thatch of dusty, poster-like hair. He is a great lover of foot ball and flattery.

Lucas Turner is rapidly becoming the belle of the 400. He is, in fact, noted for his disposition to do things—especially. He wears a close-fitting cap of burnished copper hair and paints very prettily in water colors.

Albert Lambert, son of the head of the Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, was presented to St. Louis society this year, at the V. P. ball. He is blonde and clever-blond enough to attract attention and clever enough to maintain a reputation for lofty taciturnity.

Among the other fascinating debutants of 1897-98 are Horace Rumsey, Taylor Stickney, Harry Sprague, Charlie Noel, "Fatsy" Morrison, Jo Kirkbride, Harry Farrar, Trubel Pittman, Lee Benoist, Dave Boyd, Jo Dickson, Eddie Butler, Capt. Corkery, Pierre Clautie, James Birge, Ed Lee, Solen Spencer, Ed Mallinckrodt, Lucien Carr and James Bryson.

**Miss Stickney's Two Receptions.**  
A DELIGHTFUL tea was given by Mrs. William A. Stickney of 335 Morgan street, Friday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock, to her friends in the West End of St. Louis. Only ladies in this part of the city were invited, and Mrs. Stickney was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. John E. Thompson, Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, Mrs. Charles Gauss, Mrs. N. G. Pierce, Mrs. Ed Pierce, Mrs. Arthur Gale, Mrs. O. H. Eckman and Mrs. Lewis Bierman. Misses Julia Moore and Grace Massey poured chocolate and Misses Florence Bierman and Evadne Rumsey served café frappe. The decorations were in pink and green tints, masses of bridesmaid roses, day-break carnations and tropical plants being used in the drawing-rooms and library. The dining-room was illumined by crimson-shaded electric lights and myriads of fairy lamps. Streamers of red satin ribbon with ropes of smilax were festooned from the ceiling

to the corners of the beautifully decorated table. In the center of this table stood a big crystal vase filled with a cluster of American Beauty and snowy Carnot roses. Behind a screen of palms in the reception hall was stationed a violin orchestra. The stair case was bordered with rows of growing plants, and the banisters were wreathed with pretty clinging vines, while on the newel-post was placed a cut glass bowl filled with Catherine Mermet roses and lilies of the valley.

There were several hundred guests at this affair, and among them were:  
Mesdames—  
T. B. Boyd, Henry Morrill,  
Madame Capen, W. C. Orr,  
Wallace Capen, Charles Fourr,  
Moses Rumsey, Albert Terry,  
J. Will Boyd, Geo. Whitteley,  
Crus Clark, Oscar Whitteley,  
Andrew Warren, Fred Bussick,  
James Greene, Joseph Dickson,  
R. F. Horton, Chas. Ellerman,  
M. Houser, L. H. Laidley,  
P. G. Hammer, Clark Sampson,  
Humphreys, Frank Alexander,  
Chas. Scudder, J. C. Van Blarcom,  
Geo. Mason, John Ralston.

This entertainment was followed by a second reception Saturday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock, by Mrs. Stickney, in honor of Miss Evadne Rumsey and Miss Burnardette Kelley. The decorations were white Carnot roses, and snowy carnations mingled with ferns and potted plants. Miss Mary Euston and Miss Tempe Belle Dougherty served punch, and Misses Mary Kennard and Lily Belle Pierce poured the chocolate. Only young, unmarried ladies were invited. Mrs. Stickney will give a third reception Monday afternoon to her friends in South St. Louis society. Mrs. Adolphus Busch will be the guest of honor.

**Miss Rumsey's Debut.**  
AMONG the most fashionable events of the past week was the big reception given Wednesday from 3 to 5 o'clock by Mrs. L. M. Rumsey to introduce her beautiful young daughter, Miss Evadne Rumsey. The handsome Rumsey residence on the southeast corner of Morgan street and Grand avenue was elaborately decorated with pink carnations, roses, ferns and smilax. In the drawing-room masses of fragrant carnations, intermingled with maidenhair ferns, were banded about the fireplace and mantel, while smilax and pink ribbons were festooned in the doorways and about the chandeliers. In the center and at the four corners of the dining-room table were heavy clusters of pink carnations tied with quantities of rose-colored ribbon. In the library, Misses Louise Eschenched and Mimi Smith served punch from a dainty little table garlanded with ribbon and smilax. Misses Louise Filley and Lily Belle Pierce poured chocolate in the music-room.

Some of the guests on this occasion were:  
Mesdames—  
Julia Curry, Goddard,  
Anne Curry, Edith Franciscus,  
Nell Bartlett, Marie Rodman,  
Mimi Berthold, Nettie Greene,  
Clara Bille, Clementine Clark,  
May Lewis, Marie Hayes,  
Josephine Cobb, Adelle Hayes,  
Lizzie Beld, Eugenie Jones,  
Nana Lucas, Irene Kelley.

Mesdames—  
Ed Pierce, George, Reid,  
Dumont Jones, D. Bernard,  
Otto Foster, Ed Norris,  
Andrew Warren, Louise Miltnerberger,  
Lecelle Howard, Charles Green,  
Chas. Eschenched, Geo. Warren Brown,  
John Cartwell, Henry Lewis,  
Conzelmann, Alanzo Church,  
Harry Elliot, Joseph Hayes,  
Chas. Vestine, Joseph Dickson,  
Seth Cobb, and others.

**Miss Cobb's Luncheon.**

Josephine Cobb gave an elaborate luncheon at the West End Hotel to a circle of intimate friends. The table, laid with covers for fourteen guests, was artistically decorated in red and white. In the center stood a cluster of giant American beauty roses, while at each place was laid a fine bouquet of Carnot roses, tied with white ribbon. The guest cards were decorated with Gibson sketches and tied with red and white ribbon. Eleven courses were served. Among the young ladies present were Misses Mimi Berthold, Clara Bille, Irene Bond, Edith Franciscus, Louise Eschenched, Jessie Wright, Irene Kelley, Felicia Judson and Miss Jamison. Mrs. Seth Cobb presided.

**Fun at Mary Institute.**

"NINETEEN-EIGHT'S" class, Mary Institute, is being feted and dined to a tremendous extent this year, and since the first suggestion of winter blew upon us there have been dinners, luncheons and teas galore, in honor of the pretty school girls. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Sears will give an afternoon tea in the near future to them, and the class officers are preparing for a grand spread.

Yesterday (Saturday) afternoon Miss Alice Mary gave a reception to her classmates and a large number of friends. The decorations were in the Mary Institute colors, white and gold, with roses, carnations and ribbon used in carrying out the color scheme. The members of the class all wore knots of yellow and white ribbon, fastened by their class pins.

Among the guests were:  
Mesdames—  
Elizabeth Wyman, Louise Knapp,  
Helen Kien, Susan Thompson,  
Bridie Klein, Olivia Redinger,  
Mira Opel, Florence Miller,  
Adele Hartman, Emma Hoffman,  
Dana Scott, Augusta Wildemar,  
Louise Dyer, Olive Fritz,  
Edith Souther, Mary Rankin,  
Anney Matney, Jeannette Smith,  
George Wright, Mary Harris,  
Edna Smith, Elizabeth Morrison,  
Annie McAllister, Edna Moss,  
Jane Wilkinson, Henrietta Hall,  
Lula Seura, Edith Pratt,  
Woodie Simpson, Jessie Moore,  
Edith Deland, Lila Simpson,  
Estelle Kupfle, Florence Harrison.

**Chart Club Meetings.**  
THE Chart Club "drawing-rooms" will be held this week as follows: Monday morning by Mrs. George D. Barnard at her home, 47 Vandeventer place; Monday afternoon by Mrs. Matthew C. Reynolds, at 424 Delmar boulevard; Tuesday morning by Mrs. Brockbridge Jones, at 409 Lindell boulevard; Tuesday afternoon, by Mrs. Henry Overstolz, at 2803 Dickson street; Wednesday morning, by Mrs. Max Jolley, at 850 Maple avenue; Thursday morning, by Mrs. Adam Hoeck, at 376 Delmar boulevard, and Saturday morning, by Mrs. Maria I. Johnston, at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

**To Discuss Macbeth.**  
THE Greek Ethics Club will hold its next meeting Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 15, at 3:30 o'clock, in Memorial Hall. Membership is not required of those who wish to attend merely an occasional meeting. All Shakespeare students are cordially invited to hear Prof. Sheldon lecture. The subject for next Wednesday's meeting discussion:—  
1. The World Sisters: Why does Shakespeare make them real, instead of introducing them in a dream? What do they stand for in the play?  
2. Which one has the more conscience, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth? What utterances or what actions prove it?



PHOTOGRAPH OF MARGARET WENDELL BAY, SOPRANO SOLOIST ST. MARK'S CHURCH CHoir.

MARGARET WENDELL BAY was 10 years old last August. She is the daughter of Joseph L. Bay, accountant of the School Board. Her grandfather, Gen. Samuel Mansfield Bay, was Missouri Governor under two Governors successively. Her mother's father was Dr. W. A. Cantwell of Little Rock and was a lineal descendant of the Cantwell who, with twelve others, came over in the ship with Capt. John Smith and held his Virginia lands by a colonial grant of Charles I. of England. Margaret's mother is a fine musician and the little girl is growing up in an atmosphere of culture and talent.

- Why does Macbeth see the ghost of Banquo and not the ghost of Duncan?
- How do you explain Macbeth's hesitancy before the murder, and his resolute energy and audacity about everything afterwards? What is the clue to the great change in the will power of Macbeth?
- What is the difference between Lady Macbeth and the two sisters in "King Lear"?
- What breaks Macbeth down at last? Is it the failure of the prophecy or something else? Find the passage illustrating it.
- In what does Macbeth's punishment consist? What one word says it all?
- Is there anything grand about Macbeth himself, which makes you admire him even when he is most in ruins?
- Which is the most real character, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth? Which one has the most spirituality and which one is nearer the brute?
- What is the difference between the spiritual or the physical side of the woman?
- Was Macbeth a coward? If he was a coward, how do you explain his bravery in battle; if he was not a coward, how do you explain his hesitancy and scruples?
- Why does Lady Macbeth walk in her sleep, but not see ghosts, like Macbeth?
- What really broke Lady Macbeth down at the end? Was it the same cause which broke down Macbeth himself?
- What was the punishment meted out to Lady Macbeth? Was it the same that came to Macbeth, the man?
- Banquo: Was he, too, ambitious? What

## EVENTS OF THIS WEEK IN ST. LOUIS SOCIETY.

	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
Dances.....	Dance by the Misses Swift of 3507 Washington avenue.	Ball by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Knapp to their daughter, Miss Genevieve Knapp, at Mahler's on Olive street.	Third dance by the "Stag Club" at Mahler's on Olive street. Dance by Mr. Geo. Stahler.		FRIDAY. First dance by the Frisco Cotton Club at Jacob Mahler's. SATURDAY. Informal dance by Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom.
Receptions and Luncheons.....	Luncheon by Mrs. Dan Catlin to twelve young ladies. Mrs. Chas. Elmers of Kensington avenue, tea, 3 to 5 p. m., to the Misses Chase. Mrs. Wm. A. Stickney, reception to ladies of the South Side.	Informal "at home" by Mrs. Henry Stickney. Luncheon by Mrs. Dan Catlin to twelve young ladies. Luncheon by Mrs. Andie Warren to Misses Evadne Rumsey and Miss Kelley of Minneapolis.	Reception by Mrs. Byron Nugent of Westmoreland place. Luncheon by Mrs. Andie Warren to Misses Evadne Rumsey and Miss Kelley of Minneapolis.		FRIDAY. Tea by Mrs. Philip Carr of 4423 Forest Park boulevard. Informal "at home" by Mrs. N. E. Brownell and Mrs. W. F. Street at 3069 Pine street. SATURDAY. Reception to class of '98, Mary Institute, by Mrs. W. H. McAllister and Miss Annie McAllister.
Clubs.....	Chart Club, at home of Mrs. Geo. D. Barnard, 47 Vandeventer place, 11 a. m. Whist party by members of Macbeths' concert at Music Hall, 8 p. m. Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Miss Mimi Smith, 8 p. m. Klondike Euchre Club at home of Miss Mollie Barry, 8 p. m.	Chart Club, at home of Mrs. Brock Jones, 4010 Lindell boulevard, 11 a. m. Whist party by members of Macbeths' concert at Music Hall, 8 p. m. Meeting of Comus Euchre Club at home of Miss Mimi Smith, 8 p. m. Klondike Euchre Club at home of Miss Mollie Barry, 8 p. m.	Chart Club, at home of Mrs. Max Jolley, 850 Maple avenue, 11 a. m. Greek Ethics Club, 2 p. m., at Memorial Hall. Progressive euchre by "Music, Cards and Dancing Club," at home of Mrs. Edgar Tilton. Meeting of Common Sense Club. Meeting of Wednesday Club, 3 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Building.	Chart Club, at home of Mrs. Adam Hoeck, 376 Delmar boulevard, 11 a. m. Meeting of Trefort Euchre Club, 8 p. m., at residence of Miss Belle State of the North Side. Ladies' Guild of St. George's Episcopal Church give Christmas sale from 1 to 10 p. m.	Meeting of Pioneer Club. Young Ladies' Whist Club entertained by Miss Bertha Baer of Pine street, 8 p. m. Euchre, 2 p. m., at Union Club by Mrs. L. E. Benke, Mrs. W. H. Hill, and Mrs. W. H. Hill. SATURDAY. Chart Club—At St. Nicholas Hotel, 11 a. m. Meeting St. Louis Musical Club, 2 p. m.

saved him from yielding to the temptation of the World Sisters? What one quality did he possess which was not possessed by Macbeth?  
16. Macbeth and Macdonald—were they weak or cowardly in feeling for their lives? Did anything justify Macduff in leaving his family?  
17. What is there essentially grand about the play of "Macbeth" more than the ordinary point that "murder will out"?

**Entertainment at Webster.**  
THE young men of Webster Groves gave a unique entertainment Thursday evening in the parlors of the Congregational Church. The affair was a mock trial with Jo Patrick as the prosecuting attorney and Lee Hartwell for the defense. Mr. Harry Wright was tried for larceny, having stolen a turkey from John Bates on Thanksgiving night.  
The oath was as follows:  
"Do you solemnly swear that, in the evidence you are about not to give, you will never tell the truth, a piece of the truth nor any part of the truth, so help you Jerry Simpson."  
A large number of young people were present, and the affair went off with great eclat.

**GOSSIP.**  
THE Klondike Euchre Club organized last Friday evening with the following members: Misses Margaret Byrne, Mayme Larin, Margaret Barry, Nellie Landrigan, Angela Donahue, Agnes Smith, Margaret Shannon and Mollie Barry, and Messrs. George Miller, Matt Durnin, Frank Gannon, Dan Mullally, Niel Burke, George Chard, Louis Miller and Harry Hirsch. Miss Mollie Barry will entertain the club at its first meeting, Tuesday, Dec. 14.  
The ladies of St. George's Episcopal Church, corner of Pendleton avenue and Olive street, will hold a Christmas sale, Thursday and Friday, from 1 to 10 o'clock p. m., in the parish house, adjoining the church.

Mrs. Moder and her daughter, Miss Ada Moder, have just returned from Mexico for the benefit of Miss Moder's health. Mr. and Mrs. Chester Moder have taken their house for the winter.  
Engraved stationery in new blue or English violet tint, stamped with monogram, is highly proper as Christmas gift. Orders should be placed at once to allow time for the work. A. S. Aloe Co., 517 Olive street.

Miss Helen Douglas is at present located at 254 Olive street, but after January 1 will be at home with her aunt, Mrs. Napier Dyer of Lindell boulevard.

Miss Noye Easton will remain in St. Louis until after the holidays. She will go to Chicago for a short visit before returning to her home in Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. Caspar Kocher has issued invitations for two large progressive euchre parties, to be given Thursday and Friday afternoons at her home, 104 Dillon street.

Mrs. Albert Lawson of 343 Franklin avenue gave a delightful luncheon Saturday to Mrs. Siebert and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Scold of Cincinnati.

Miss Nell C. Caldwell, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles J. Orr, 704 Channing avenue, returned to her home in Kansas City, last week.

Mrs. Cornegys returned, Wednesday, to her home in Rock Island, Ill., after a visit to her mother, Mrs. Thompson, 3204 Morgan street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sheppard and their daughters, Misses Hallie and Helen Sheppard, left Thursday for New York City, to remain a year.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Howard Payne of Webster Groves are entertaining Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. John Winston Coleman of Lexington, Ky.

Miss Irene Sanford will make her initial bow to society at a reception and ball given December 25, by her mother, Mrs. Ben Sanford.

Miss Eugenia Callahan has returned to her home in Cahokia, Mo., after a pleasant visit to Mrs. J. C. Young of Morgan street.

Mrs. William V. Eberly left Tuesday for her home in Salt Lake City, after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kelley.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. May have closed their town house and will winter in the South. Their son, Clarence, will accompany them.

Mrs. Gilbert L. Praul, 374 Page boulevard, expects Miss Elizabeth W. Irwin of Lincoln, Neb., to visit her this week.

Mr. Charles Willis of Shelbyville, Ky., has returned home after a visit to Mrs. George Lynch of 415 Morgan street.

Mrs. Laetle Baxter will give two lectures this week, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Whitteley announce the engagement of their daughter, Grace, to Mr. Mahlon Wallace.

Mr. William Burr Harrison has returned from the South and will leave for the East after the holidays.

Miss Bertha Baer will entertain the Whist Club of which she is a member, Friday evening, December 17.

Mrs. Weir of Saratoga, Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. J. Cumming, at 1201 Grand avenue.

Miss Minnie Ahrens of the South Side will entertain the Comus Euchre Club Tuesday evening.

Miss Hattie Morehead has returned from a visit to Monticello Seminary, her Alma Mater.

Mrs. Messenger has returned to her home in Alton, Ill., after a visit to St. Louis friends.

Mrs. Hoyt Green left Thursday to visit friends in the East. She will be absent two weeks.

The Misses Swift of 3517 Washington avenue will give a large dance Monday evening.

Mrs. Charles Alfred Booth expects to leave soon to visit relatives in Louisville, Ky.

Lieut. Von Urm of San Francisco, Cal., is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Otto Forster.

Mrs. Robert Clinton Armstrong of Carrollton, Ill., has been visiting St. Louis friends.

Mrs. Byron Nugent will give a reception from 3 to 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Emily Harstich will give a big ball December 20 at Mahler's, on Olive street.

The Friday Cotton Club will give its first dance Friday evening at Mahler's.

Mrs. E. Delaney Wickes has gone to San Antonio, Tex., for a two-weeks' visit.

Miss Lucile Overstolz has returned from a three weeks' visit in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hutchinson have returned from a visit out of town.

Miss Claire Ewing is entertaining Miss Bernardette Kelley of Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ward Bright are rejoicing over the advent of a baby girl.

Mrs. Nell McMillan has returned from a visit to relatives in Dallas, Tex.

Mrs. J. D. Baer is visiting in New York and other Eastern cities.

Miss Mayme Wynn of Pike County, Mo., is visiting Mrs. Phil Tompkins.

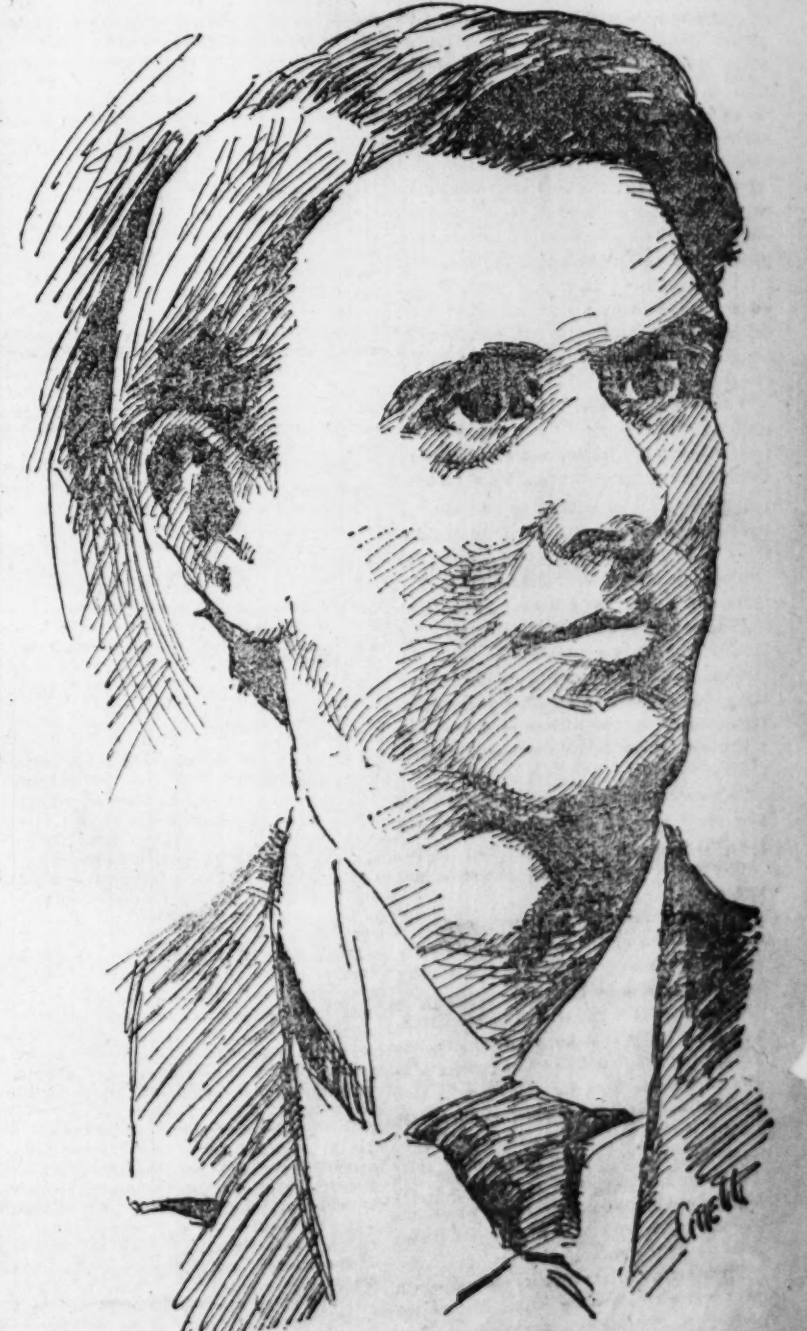
Mrs. Frank A. Lineman has recovered from her recent severe illness.

Misses Marian and Elma Rumsey are visiting in New York City.

Miss Bertha Johnson is recovering from a severely sprained ankle.

Mr. E. Wright Trisler has gone to California to reside.

## J. A. WATERS CLAIMS TO BE THE YOUNGEST MASON IN THE WORLD



ORD, Neb., Dec. 3, 1897.

To the Editor of the Sunday Post-Dispatch:  
I N your issue of last Sunday I saw your account of Mr. Schwartztraube, who claims to be the youngest third-degree Mason in the world. If your dates are right he is entitled to second place, as my own record will show, for, as a Mason, I am twenty-nine days younger than he is. I was 21 years old May 4, 1877. I took my first degree July 4, 1877; my second, Oct. 30, and my third, Nov. 4, 1877. I am a member of Ord Lodge, No. 363, A. F. and A. M., 1 am at present recorder in the office of the Clerk of Valley County, Nebraska. My height is 6 feet 2 inches, without my shoes. For confirmation of my statement concerning my record as a Mason, I refer you to the Worshipful Master and Secretary of Ord Lodge, No. 363, A. F. and A. M., of Ord, Neb.  
J. A. WATERS.



# THE DUE

BY  
Henryk Sienkiewicz.

AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS," ETC.  
(Translated by Special Arrangement for the Sunday Post-Dispatch.)



"I crawled swiftly and silently through the barberry bushes surrounding the summer-house—crawled like a snake. I pushed aside the delicate leaves of the hops, and then I listened."

AMONG numerous qualities of that fantastically bold, that Henryk Sienkiewicz, there is an ability for describing dueling scenes. Those who are familiar and remember duels and fights described by the two foremost romantic writers—Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas—will agree that there is nothing like the duels described by Sienkiewicz in "The Deluge," "By Fire and Sword" and "Tom Michael."

To-day we give to our readers a story taken from his volume entitled "An Old Servant and Other Stories," and we assure that the pages selected for our readers are absolutely the most beautiful ever written by Sienkiewicz. They are full of sublime beauty, of somber and vigorous pathos and admirable intensity of coloring.

It will add to the interest if we tell that this story is taken from Sienkiewicz's own life. Sienkiewicz was born, not as erroneously is reported in Lithuania, but in the part of Poland called Podlaskie, where are many Tartars settled as far back as the sixteenth century. They preserved their Mohammedan religion. There are some very wealthy among them—previously they were Tartarian "mirzas" or noblemen—peasants. Among those Tartars in Podlaskie there was one very wealthy one called Mirza Davidowicz. His estate was situated near Sienkiewicz's father's estate. Selim, one of the heroes of the novel, is the son of that old Mirza Davidowicz. The other hero, Henryk, is Sienkiewicz himself.

I CRAWLED swiftly and silently through the barberry bushes surrounding the summer-house—crawled like a snake—and approached the wall. Then I could see and hear everything. I pushed aside the delicate leaves of the hops, and then I listened.

"Somebody is here," I heard in Hania's quiet voice.

"No! It is the rustling of the leaves," answered Selim. I looked at them through the green foliage. Selim sat beside her on a low bench. She was pale as a sheet and her eyes were closed; her head rested on his shoulder. He clasped his arms about her waist and tenderly embraced her.

"I love, Hania! I love! I love!" he repeated in a whisper, striving to kiss her. She retreated, but nevertheless their mouths met and remained thus joined, pressed together, for a long time; ah! it seemed to me a century. And then it seemed to me that they told each other everything by those kisses. A kind of bashfulness closed their lips. They had courage enough to kiss, but not to converse.

I leaned against the wall of the summer-house—darkness covered my eyes, my head swam and the earth seemed slipping from beneath my feet into an infinite depth. But I wished to listen further, though it cost me my life, and by a supreme effort I regained command over myself, and, breathing in the air through fever-parched lips, I remained.

"I believe you, I believe you, Selim, but I am afraid of Henryk. I don't understand him. They want to send me away—they think he is in love with me. I don't know, but I feel that he will be an obstacle between you and me, and I—" And she finished in a whisper.

"I love you very, very dearly!"

"Listen, Hania," said Selim, "there is no human power which could separate us. If Henryk forbids me to come here, I will write to you. I will come in the direction of the pond. Come to the garden every evening at dusk. If they wish to send you away I will not allow it, as there is a God in Heaven!"

He seized her hands and pressed them passionately to his lips. She sprang from the bench.

"I hear somebody coming!" she exclaimed in fear.

They went out, though nobody was coming. The rays of the setting sun threw a golden glare over them, and this glare seemed to me to be blood-red.

Before I could believe that I had lost Hania's heart I felt that I must have absolute proof, and now that I had this proof a burden seemed to drop from my heart; now misfortune raised its helmet and I gazed on its icy face—into its stony eyes—and I saw, in place of the feeling of uncertainty regarding my happiness, there arose in my heart a feeling a hundred times worse—the feeling of impotency, and of not knowing how to fight him.

My heart was full of bitterness and wrath. The voice of sacrifice which before had cried: "Give up Hania for the sake of her happiness!" was now silent. Some new actuating power, whose name was vengeance, awakened in my heart. I hated them both. I will stake my life—I thought—I will stake everything in this world that one can value, but I will not permit them to be happy. I found a mission in life; the horizon grew brighter, and when I returned home I was almost entirely quiet and collected. In the drawing-room Hania and Selim were sitting with the rest of the company.

It was not true! I had not hated her! I

"Where is Panienka?" I asked impatiently.

"Panienka went to the garden." I rushed into the garden.

"Hania! Hania! We must be going," Silence.

"Hania! Hania!"

The only answer was the uneasy rustling of the leaves under the first breath of the storm. A few big drops of rain fell, and then silence again.

"Hania! Hania!"

For a moment it seemed to me that I heard an answer at the other end of the garden. I breathed again. "What an ass I am!" I thought, as I ran in the direction from which the voice came. I did not find anything or anybody.

On this side the garden was surrounded by a high fence, separating it from the field in which the shepherd watched the sheep. I called to him.

Ignac doffed his cap and came to the fence.

"Have you seen Panienka?"

"I have seen her. Only a while ago Panienka went riding."

"What? Where did she ride?"

"Toward the forest, with the Panics of Chorzol. Oh! they were driving as fast as the horses would go."

"Jesus! Mary! Hania has eloped with Selim!"

Everything grew black before my eyes, and suddenly a lightning flash seemed to dart through my brain. I remembered Hania's uneasiness—the letter I had seen

carriage. I could not see the faces of the occupants, but I was sure it was the fugitives. About half a mile separated me from them, but they were not driving fast, for in the darkness and the flood caused by the rain Selim was obliged to drive carefully.

I shouted with mingled wrath and joy—they could not escape.

Selim turned, shouting also, and began to whip the horses. By the glare of the lightning Hania recognized me also, and I saw her grasp Selim's arm, while he said something to her. In a few seconds I was so near that I could hear Selim's voice.

"I have a pistol with me!" he shouted through the darkness. "Don't come any nearer, or I fire!"

I paid no attention to the threat, but drew nearer and nearer.

"Stop!" cried Selim, "stop!"

I was not more than fifteen steps away from them, but the road was now better and Selim started the horses off on a gallop.

The distance between us increased for awhile, but still I was near enough to reach them. At that moment Selim turned and took aim. One moment more and he could seize the carriage. At that instant Selim fired; my horse jumped to one side, made several more leaps and then knelt on his forefeet. I raised him, but he sank back on his haunches, and, snorting deeply, he fell with me to the ground.

I sprang to my feet and started to run after the carriage, but it was a vain effort. The carriage left me further and further behind, and at last it disappeared in the darkness and the distance. I tried to shout,

"Well, for a nobleman, whether he is old or young, the best remedy for any wrong is to fight. You are right; sit down and write your letter!"

I sat down and wrote as follows: "You are a villain. With this letter I slap your face. If you do not come to the forest, near Wach's house, to-morrow, with pistols and swords, you will show that you are also a coward."

An hour later I reached home. It was very late, but there were lights in every window. When the rattling of my carriage wheels was heard in front of the house, Ksiorzidzki appeared in the doorway.

"Don't make a noise!" he cautioned.

"Hania!" I asked feverishly.

"Yes, she is back. Old Mirza brought her back. Come in and I will tell you all about it."

When we entered I asked him: "Is father home?"

"Yes. He returned soon after old Mirza's departure. The doctor is with him; we fear he will have a stroke of apoplexy. To-morrow you must ask him not to challenge old Mirza; he is innocent of any guilt; he has flogged Selim and brought Hania here and told the servant to be silent."

"How is Hania?"

"She was wet to the bones. She has fever; your father scolded her dreadfully, poor child!"

When the priest left me alone in my room I took from its hooks the old sword which was famous in our family, and inspected my pistols, in order to be ready for the fight. I had no time to think about the



"I attacked him immediately and with such impetuosity that he was obliged to retreat several steps, and in the meanwhile he could hardly stay the blow of my sword, but for every blow he answered with such rapidity that the attacks and riposts sounded almost simultaneously."

In her hand. Everything had been planned out. Mirza had written to her and had seen her. They had chosen the moment before departure, because they knew that every one would be busy. Jesus! Mary! The cold perspiration bathed my whole body. I do not remember how I reached the piazza.

"A horse! a horse!" I shouted with a tremendous voice.

"What is the matter?" asked Ksiorzidzki, our mentor. But only the thunder answered him. The wind whistled in my ears as I rushed along on my horse like a madman. I turned in the direction they had taken. I jumped over a fence, another, and rushed further on. Their tracks were plain. But in the meanwhile the storm burst and it grew dark.

The zig-zag lightning traced fiery lines on the black clouds, and sometimes the whole sky was in flames. Then again there was a great quiet. The rain poured in one stream. The trees bent and swayed convulsively. My horse, urged on by the whip and spurs, began to snort and moan, and I snorted also, with rage. Bent over the horse's neck, I watched the traces in the road, seeing and thinking of nothing else. In that way I rushed into the forest.

At that moment the storm increased. A paroxysm of wrath seized the earth and heavens. The trees bowed like a field of wheat, an echo of the thunder resounded in the darkness. The noise of the thunderbolts, the crash of the falling branches, the hissing of the rain, the hissing of the wind, all making a hellish music. I could see no more traces, but still rushed onward like the wind. Only when I got beyond the forest I could see them again by the glare of the lightning. But in the meantime I noticed that the snorting of my horse had increased and his gait had diminished. I doubled the blows of the whip. Here, beyond the forest, a sea of sand commenced. I could pass around the side of it, but Selim was obliged to pass right through it, so his flight was slackened. I raised my eyes.

"Oh, Lord!" I cried in despair, "permit me to reach them, and then kill me if need be." And my prayer was heard. A glare of red lightning rode asunder the darkness, and by its bloody light I saw the rapidly driven

meeting and did not wish to think about it. I only wished to fight for life and death—that was all.

When I had finished these preparations it was 3 o'clock in the morning. I threw myself in an arm-chair and began to think over the whole affair, and came to the conclusion that there was no other way to settle the whole matter than by the shedding of blood.

In the meantime the day began to break more and more clearly. I blew out the candles; the dining-room clock struck half-past four. "Well, it is time!" I thought, and throwing a mantle over my shoulders to hide the arms, I went out.

I was already near the bridge when I stopped, rooted to the ground by what I saw. My father was standing on the bridge, looking at the pond. Evidently he could not sleep and had gone out to breathe the fresh air.

"What are you doing here?" he asked me. I blushed like a school girl. I did not wish to lie, so I said:

"I am going to fight Mirza."

I thought my father would be angry, but I was mistaken. He asked quietly:

"Who challenged?"

"I challenged him."

"Without consulting your father—without telling him a word about it?"

"I challenged him yesterday before I could see you and then I was afraid you would prevent me."

"You were right. Return home and leave this matter to me."

My heart ached worse than ever before.

"Father," I said, "I entreat you, in the name of everything that is holy to you, by the memory of your father, do not stop me from fighting the Tartar. I remember that you have called me a coward, and were angry with me on that account. Now I remember that grandfather's and your blood is in my veins. Father, he wronged Hania! Can I forgive him for that? People must not say that our family permitted an orphan to be wronged and did not avenge her. I am very guilty; I was in love with her and I did not declare it to my father, but I swear to you that even were I not in love with her, I would still act in this same way to avenge the honor of our own house, our



"The distance between us increased for awhile, but still I was near enough to reach them. At that moment Selim turned and took aim. He looked threatening, but aimed quietly. One moment more and I could seize the carriage. At that instant Selim fired."

family, our blood. My conscience tells me that it is a noble deed; and you, father, you must not tell me that it is not. And if it is a noble deed, you, father, will not prevent me from accomplishing it. Remember, father, that Hania is wronged, and I challenged—I gave my word. I know I am not yet of age, but is not my honor the same as though I were? I have challenged and have given my word, and you have always taught me that a nobleman's honor is his supreme law. Father, I have given my word. Hania is wronged and there is a blot on our house. Father! Father!"

I clung to his arm, I cried, and as I spoke his stern face grew milder and became more and more kind. He lifted his eyes and a heavy tear—the tear of a true father—rolled down his cheek. He was fighting with himself, for he loved me better than everything in the world, and therefore he feared for me. But he finally beat his gray head and said in a voice so low as to hardly be heard:

"May the God of your ancestors help you. Go and fight the Tartar."

We fell into each other's arms. Father pressed me to his breast and so held me for a long time. Finally he controlled his emotion and said to me gently:

"Fight, then, my dear boy, until it is heard in the heavens." I kissed his hand and he asked: "Sabres or pistols?"

"He will choose."

"And witnesses?"

"Without witnesses. I trust him; he trusts me. We need no witnesses, father."

I threw myself on his neck; it was a kiss for me to be going. When I had gone about a furling I turned back. My father still stood on the bridge and made the sign of the holy cross over me. The first rays of the rising sun fell upon his erect figure and surrounded him with a kind of halo.

And standing thus in the sunlight, with raised hands, that old veteran seemed to me like an eagle blessing his chickling, wishing him a wide and free life, such as he himself had formerly enjoyed.

Ah! my heart throbbed with such joy and confidence, such faith and enthusiasm, that if there had been ten Selims waiting for me at Wach's house I would have challenged them all.

Finally I reached the house. Selim was waiting for me at the edge of the forest. I must be frank and say that when I saw him standing there I felt in my heart something that a wolf must feel when he looks at his prey. We looked inquiringly into each other's eyes. Selim had changed during the last couple of days. He had grown thin and homely—or perhaps it only seemed so to me—that is, that he had grown homely. His eyes shone feverishly, the corners of his mouth quivered.

We at once went into the forest, but on the way neither spoke a word. Finally, having found a small open space among the pine trees, I stopped and said:

"Here, if you wish."

He nodded and began to unbutton his coat.

"Choose!" said I, pointing to the sword and pistols.

He pointed to his sword. It was a Turkish weapon, with a much-curved Damascus blade.

Meanwhile I took off my coat. He followed my example, but before doing so he handed me a letter.

"If I am killed, kindly hand that to Pan-Hania."

"I refuse."

"It is an explanation."

"Very well, then."

While thus we rolled up our shirtsleeves. Only now my heart began to beat more quickly. Finally Selim seized the hilt of his weapon. He stretched himself, took a fighting, challenging, proud position, and, holding the sword above his head, he said briskly:

"I am ready."

I took the same position and we crossed swords.

"Ready."

"Yes."

"Let us begin."

I attacked him immediately and with such impetuosity that he was obliged to retreat several steps, and in the meanwhile he could hardly stay the blow of my sword, but for every blow he answered with such rapidity that the attacks and riposts sounded almost simultaneously.

His face flushed and his nostrils dilated. His eyes grew cross in the Tartar way, and began to throw out sparks. For a while there was heard only the clashing of the blades, the dry sound of the steel and our heavy breathing.

Selim soon understood that if the fight was prolonged he would be defeated, for his strength and breath could not hold out. But in the meantime he was seized by a kind of madness—a fighting frenzy. His hand, disheveled by the motion, fell over his forehead, and through his parted lips showed his tightly clenched teeth.

The Tartar nature in him was wide awake, and with the feeling of a sword in his hand and the smell of blood. But I was his superior, in that I was possessed of an equal fury and greater strength!

Once he did not parry my thrust and the blood spurted from his shoulder. After a few seconds the end of my sword touched his forehead, and he was a dreadful sight with the red ribbon of blood, mingled with perspiration, flowing down his face, into his mouth and over his beard. This seemed to excite him to still greater fury. He sprang around me like a wounded tiger. The point of his sword whirled about my

head, breast and shoulders. I parried these mad blows with difficulty—the more so because I was thinking of how to attack him.

There were moments when we drew so near each other that breast touched breast. At once Selim made a spring and the sword whistled about my temples, but I parried it, and with such force that Selim's head remained unshaken for a time. I aimed a blow calculated to split his skull and—it was as though a flash of lightning struck my head. I exclaimed: "Jesus! Mary!"

The sword flew from my hand and I fell forward on my face.

I knew nothing more. I do not know what became of me, and remember nothing for a long time. When I awakened I was lying in my father's bed, and my father sat near by in an armchair. I tried to move, but could not. A dreadful pain in my head reminded me of what had happened, and I said in a weak voice:

"Father."

Father shivered—joy, mingled with tenderness, shone in his pale face, and he said: "O Lord, I thank Thee. He is saved. What, my dear boy?"

"Father, I fought with Selim."

"Yes, dear boy, but you must not talk of that now."

There was silence for a while, and then I asked:

"Father, who brought me here from the forest?"

"I brought you home in my arms."

"And what became of Selim?"

"He fainted almost from loss of blood. I ordered him carried to Chorzol."

I wished to speak to Hania, but I fainted again.

Two weeks afterward I was on my feet, and in three weeks I saw Hania. Ah! I will not even try to describe what a change had been wrought in that beautiful, ideal face. The small-pox, which was then working havoc in the village, had ruined her beauty to such an extent that we could hardly recognize her. When the poor girl entered the drawing-room where I sat and when I perceived her for the first time after her illness, although I had sworn to myself that I would not betray the slightest emotion, I at once grew so weak that I fainted. How dreadfully ugly she had become!

When I regained my senses Hania was weeping with self-pity and sympathy with me, for I looked like a ghost.

"I am the cause of everything!" she sobbed.

"Hania! my dear sister, do not weep. 'I shall always love you!' I exclaimed, and I seized her hand, for those hands which had been so white and delicate were dreadful to me now, covered as they were with black spots—rough and almost repulsive.

"I shall always love you!" I repeated with an effort.

I was lying. In my heart was a great pity, and the love of a brother, but the old sentiment was gone, as a bird which flies away and leaves no trace of its presence.

I went into the garden and sat in the same summer-house where Selim had told her of his love, and I wept there, as over some dear dead one.

My father entered the summer house. "Poor boy!" he exclaimed. "God tried you severely, but trust in him! He always knows what he is doing."

I leaned my head on his breast and for a while we were silent. Then father said: "You loved her very much. Tell me—'If I should say to you 'I give her to you—give her your hand for your whole life—what would you answer?'"

"Father," I answered, "my love can desert me, but not my honor. 'I am ready.'"

Father kissed me tenderly. "God will bless you. That is my own son. But it is not your duty, it is Selim's."

"Will he come here?"

"He will be here with his father. He knows all about it."

Toward evening Selim and his father arrived. When he saw Hania he flushed and grew very white. For a while his face showed the fight going on between his heart and his conscience. It was evident that his bird called love had also flown from him. But he conquered himself—noble boy that he was—and rose, stretched out his hands to her and then fell on his knees before her, saying:

"Hania, dearest, I am always the same. I will never leave you!"

The tears flowed down her cheeks as she softly pushed him aside.

"I don't believe that anyone could love me now," said she, and then, covering her face with her hands she exclaimed: "Oh, how good, how noble you all are! I am the least noble and the most sinful. But everything is ended now. I am changed!"

And notwithstanding Selim's prayers, she once, notwithstanding Selim's prayers, she was firm and would not consent to marry him. The first storm of life had broken him. This beautiful newly opened flower, poor girl! After this storm she needed some peaceful harbor, where her wounded heart should be lulled to rest.

She found such a tranquil and holy harbor—she became a Sister of Charity.



## PART THREE.

THE DIVORCE  
WAS A NULLITY.Mrs. Alberta Thatcher's Law-  
yer Convinced of It.

ROSAMOND THE REAL WIDOW.

ACQUIESCED IN THE SECOND  
MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE TILL  
ALLOWANCE WAS STOPPED.

SECOND WIFE WAS DECEIVED.

Strange Career of Don C. Thatcher,  
Who Left Two Widows and Had  
Various Adventures, Told  
Of by a Lawyer.

Mrs. Rosamond M. Thatcher is conceded by counsel for Mrs. Alberta Thatcher to be the legal widow of Don C. Thatcher.

While admitting the legality of Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher's widowhood, Mrs. Alberta Thatcher's counsel urges that there is no shadow on his client; that she certainly, and her late husband possibly, believed he was divorced from Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher.

The admission was brought out by a letter written to the Post-Dispatch by Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher. It stated that the writer's counsel, Charles B. Stark, had a letter from the Swiss authorities certifying that the decree of divorce exhibited by Mrs. Alberta Thatcher was fraudulent.

Mr. Stark was questioned about the certificate and showed it to a reporter.

It is from Dr. R. Eberle, Clerk of the Civil Court at St. Gallen, Switzerland, and states that the records do not show that a divorce was ever issued to Don C. Thatcher, and that the names signed to the supposed decree as judge and clerk are not known in St. Gallen.

Mrs. Alberta Thatcher declined to discuss the case, suggesting that the reporter see her lawyer, Marshall McDonald.

Mr. McDonald said: "I have known all along that this matter would ultimately be made public, so I am willing to make a full statement. Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher is, so far as we can learn, the legal widow of Don C. Thatcher. My client is making no contention in the matter and simply asks to be let alone. That Mrs. Alberta Thatcher believed herself the legal wife and widow of Don C. Thatcher until his supposed divorce was investigated there is not a shadow of doubt. That Mr. Thatcher was deceived as to his wife is absolutely certain; that he thought he was legally divorced from Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher is possible. Mrs. Alberta Thatcher is confident that he did. That Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher was the widow of Don C. Thatcher is a fact. She was a noble Austrian family. He became a favorite with her family and visited frequently at their London home. He was attentive to Alberta and paid court to her for several years in 1884 she came to America. In New York she heard for the first time that Thatcher was married. She went to the woman known as his wife and asked if the statement was true. Mrs. Rosamond denied it at first. She then told her that Miss Caspar was engaged to Thatcher, said he was her husband.

"Mrs. Caspar was the mother of Thatcher's mother in Chicago, remaining with her as a guest for several weeks.

"Thatcher decided to see him and returned to London. Thatcher followed her there. He was not admitted to her home, but he saw her father and represented that it was his purpose to get a divorce at once. He came back to America and got his civil and military papers and returned to Europe. He lived in Belgium and Switzerland long enough to establish a residence and procure a divorce. It will probably never be definitely known what steps he took to procure the divorce. The only point to which we have been able to trace him is St. Gall, in Switzerland—not St. Gallen. At any rate he returned to London in the spring of 1888 and submitted to Miss Caspar's father documentary proof that he was a free man. It consisted of a decree of divorce issued by the Church Council of St. Gall, duly sealed and signed by all appearances authentic and binding. It was dated Dec. 17, 1888.

"Rosamond having thus been disposed of Miss Caspar accepted Thatcher and they were married May 15, 1888, in Middlesex.

"Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher knew of this marriage. She corresponded with Thatcher until his death, asking him for money and receiving it.

"She discussed the propriety of her marrying again and asked his advice about it. We have numerous letters from her to establish this.

"Thatcher was a man of sentiment and he always had a kindly feeling for Rosamond, because she had borne him a child. That is why he contributed to her support. He never regarded himself as legally bound to do this, and from Rosamond's letters it does not appear that she thought he was. Her conduct prior to his death indicated an absolute acquiescence in the divorce and subsequent marriage to Miss Caspar.

"After Thatcher's death Rosamond's allowance was stopped. She then began to make trouble. She asserted that the divorce was fraudulent and that she was Thatcher's legal widow. We investigated and were convinced that the decree of divorce was a nullity.

"It purports to have been issued Dec. 17, 1888, by the Church Council of St. Gall. Fifteen months prior to that date the Swiss Congress abrogated the right of the Church Council to grant divorces. The names of the officials signed to the document are the same as would have signed it if it had been legal. Whether Thatcher was imposed on himself we cannot tell. His wife certainly was.

"As soon as I was convinced that the divorce was void I notified Mrs. Rosamond's lawyer, Mr. McGlinch, that we waived all claims, and that Mrs. Rosamond might sue for damages as the widow of Mr. Alberta Thatcher said all along that she would not sue for damages, as nothing could repay her for the loss of her husband and that she could not touch money that came as a remuneration for his death.

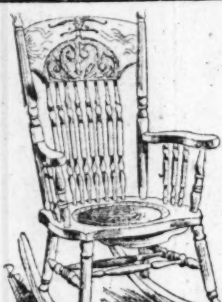
"Mrs. Rosamond was not satisfied. She fancied that the restaurant was Mr. Thatcher's property and she demanded a certain sum of money from my client. In point of fact Thatcher did not have a cent invested in the restaurant, and he

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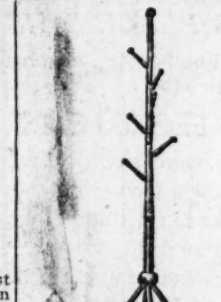
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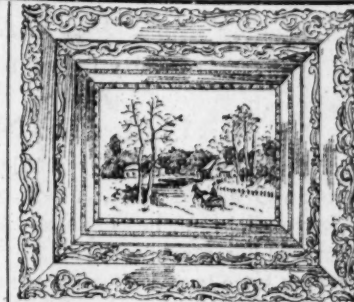
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left no estate. He was hopelessly insolvent and was employed as manager of the restaurant, getting a percentage of the profits for his services.

"Mrs. Alberta Thatcher's relatives in London are wealthy, and it has been suggested that they would satisfy Mrs. Rosamond's demands. They will not. My client is not fighting anybody and merely wants to be let alone in her efforts to make a living for herself and little Don."

## BARCLAY WILL RETIRE.

William M. Williams of Boonville  
Slated to Receive Appointment.

The proposed resignation of Judge Shepard Barclay from the bench of the Supreme Court of Missouri is not a surprise, it seems, to leading members of the bar in this city, who say they have known for several weeks that Judge Barclay contemplated a law

partnership here, and an early return to St. Louis. The judge's family is already domiciled in the city, and he may hand his resignation to the Governor in a few days.

Not in thirty years has a judge of the Supreme Court resigned, and hence the coming retirement of Judge Barclay attracts uncommon interest.

But there appears to be a common understanding that if there is a vacancy it will be promptly filled by the appointment of William M. Williams of Boonville, who has for years been Gov. Stephens' attorney, and was his legal adviser during his receivership of the Fifth National Bank. Mr. Williams is not an office-seeker, but a year

on the Supreme Bench would add to his dignity and practice.

The proposed vacancy precipitates the question of a nominee for Supreme Judge by the next Democratic State Convention in 1898. Mr. Williams is a native of St. Louis and may have had something to do with Judge Barclay's proposal to retire. A contest is already impending between the friends of City Counselor William C. Marshall and Judge Leroy B. Valliant for the delegation from this city.

The country democracy, however, is paying no attention just now to what St. Louis may want when the State Democratic Convention meets, for already there are two pronounced candidates from the State for nomination as Supreme Judge. One of them is Judge Noah M. Givan of Harrisonville, Cass County, prominent in Masonic and Baptist circles. He is at present a curator of the State University at Columbia. The other is Henry G. Thurman of Lamar, Barton County, who was formerly a State Senator and a member of the Revising Commission of 1888.

There are also in the "prominently mentioned" list Judge Andrew Ellison of Kirksville, and Judge Ebbetts J. Broadbent of Chillicothe, both of whom have served long and with considerable distinction on the Supreme Bench.

## MORGAN IS HOODOOED.

Was Husky, but the Spell Came and Only a Charm Will Save Him.

Henry Morgan is firmly convinced that he is "hoodooed" and that unless he can raise \$7 to pay a voodoo doctress to dispel the evil influence he will die. Doctors of the regular school say Morgan's liver is affected, but he will have none of their medicine. He is in a critical condition in squalid quarters upstairs in the rear of 288 Papin street.

Until the first of last October Morgan was one of the huskiest negroes that drove a garbage wagon, from Ed Butler's sanitary stables at Vandeventer avenue and Forest Park boulevard. Then he was taken sick.

Supt. Jeff Prendergast had a physician call on Morgan and prescribe for him. In a week or two Morgan tottered into the stables. He was so weak he could scarcely stand. He told Mr. Prendergast it was no use to take the doctor's medicines. It would do him no good. There was a hoodoo on him and it could only be dispelled by a voodoo doctress, who had been recommended to him.

Morgan would not discuss the matter with a reporter. He said the woman could cure him, he believed, but he did not have the price. He is nothing but skin and bones, and said the woman told him the doctor's medicine would kill him. He refused to tell the name of the voodoo doctress or to give her address.

## TO HOLD SHEETS DOWN.

An Invention Which Is Said to Fill a "Long-Felt Want."

In Joe Miller's Book of Jokes is a story of an Irish boy, who, fearful of ghosts, pulled the sheet up over his head every night, and so uncovered his feet. He complained to his master that the sheets were too small, saying that although he had



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Rogers & Galt's, Pinauds', Lubin's, Crown Perfumery Co.'s Extracts, Soaps and Toilet Waters at low prices.

LAVALLIER'S PERSIAN PINK, a delightful odor, fragrant and lasting, price 50c per bottle.

ALEXANDER'S NEROLI COLOGNE has won its reputation by its intrinsic merits. Its odor is refreshing, fragrant and lasting—an acceptable present for either lady or gentleman. Price 50c per bottle.

ALEXANDER'S BALSAMIC CREAM, a benzoin quince seed preparation that is unsurpassed for preventing and curing chapped face and hands and rendering skin smooth and white. Should be used every night. Price 25c per bottle.

ALEXANDER'S PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT is unequalled for accuracy of preparation. Quality of medicine furnished, prices lower than any other house whose medicine you would care to take.

HUTLER'S CANDY, in one, two, three and five-pound boxes, at New York prices. PATENT MEDICINES sold at from 25 to 50 per cent discount.

Goods delivered in the city. Country orders promptly attended to.

M. W. ALEXANDER, Graduate in Pharmacy.

## BUCK'S STEEL RANGES

Have Received HIGHEST AWARD, Silver Medal and Diploma of Excellence

By a Committee of Special Judges, with the approval of the Committee of Award at the

NASHVILLE EXPOSITION.

This is a special honor conferred to no other stove and range company in the world. BUCK'S STOVES AND RANGES ARE

MADE IN ST. LOUIS.

THE PEACE MARK

THREE LITTLE

"Gold Cracker's"

CURE ACID IN ONE NIGHT.

ALL DRUGGISTS OR FROM MOFFITT WEST DRUG CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THEY PREVENT 10¢-25¢ ALL DRUGGISTS OR FROM MOFFITT WEST DRUG CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Mrs. Rosamond Thatcher, Don Thatcher, and Little Don Jr.



## ROSES AND FAIRY LAMPS.

Beautiful Decorations at the Reception to Miss Josephine Lee.

HAT AND NECKTIE PARTY.

Young Men Decorated With Head-gear and Young Women Made the Ties—Weddings and Dances.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 19.

DELIGHTFUL society event of the past week was the reception given Thursday from 3 to 5 o'clock by Mrs. William H. Lee of West Pine boulevard to her daughter, Miss Josephine Lee. Misses Maude Simpson and Mamie Hayes presided at the punch bowl, Miss Eleanor O'Neil, Florence Plavon and Frankie Stevens poured chocolate, and Misses Myrtle McGraw and Lillian Holmes served cafe frappe.

The drawing-room and library were artistically adorned with palms and evergreens, while American beauty lamps were the decorations in the handsome dining-room. Mrs. Lee received in a costume of pale grey cloth, effectively trimmed with cut steel passementerie and point lace. Miss Josephine Lee's dress was of white organdy combined with lace ruffles and bands of white ribbon.

Among the guests were:

Medames—Will Munk, Charles E. Schuch, Joseph Hayes, John E. Thompson, James Ford, J. F. Vanhook, John Cantwell.

Misses—Anna Spencer, Della Newman, Virginia Sanford, Irene Sanford, Miss Shibley, Mildred Bell, Nell Battie, Clyde Rhodes, Roscoe Vanhook, Horace Vanhook, Nellie Vanhook, Genevieve Robert, Eugenia Jones, Eda Jones, Julia Salinger.

Mrs. John A. Lee of 4222 Cook avenue gave a tea Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Josephine Lee and Miss Maude Simpson. The house was prettily decorated in smilax and palms, mingled with clusters of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Lee was assisted in receiving, and Misses Lillian Overstreet, Anna Spencer, Valance and Rena Dula served punch and cafe frappe.

Miss McGraw wore a becoming gown of white satin, the bodice cut low and made with long sleeves of shirred chiffon. About the neck was a graceful ruche of white chiffon, caught at the left shoulder by a spray of narcissus. Miss Simpson's gown was of pale blue tulle, trimmed with lace and mousseline de soie. Mrs. Lee was dressed in a gown of black mousseline de soie, over satin, the skirt made entirely of narrow satin-edged ruffles, and the bodice finished with unlined yoke and sleeves of shirred mousseline. A few of the guests present were:

Medames—Gallen Battie, Ross Roberts, A. C. Cassidy, Ross Vanhook, F. H. Siegrist.

Misses—Dora Undermark, Ida Winkler, Nellie Winkler, Annie McLoughlin.

Meas—E. Borgmann, W. Steidl, Jesse Overstreet, W. Roby.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Ustick of 5506 Hartman avenue gave a dance Wednesday evening at their beautiful suburban home in honor of Miss Myrtle McGraw. The decorations for the occasion consisted in great quantities of tropical plants, ribbon and American Beauty roses.

The programme included fourteen dances, and at midnight a supper was served. Some of the guests on this occasion were:

Misses—Mildred Bell, Alice Bender, Nell Battie, Lillian Holmes, Genevieve Wilson.

Meas—George McGraw, Horace Rumsby, Hackett Humphrey, Billy Price, Thomas Murphy, Ben May.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Mitchell celebrated their first wedding anniversary Wednesday evening by entertaining a few friends at their home, 421 Castlemans avenue. The evening's programme included music and dancing, followed by an elaborate supper. A number of elegant gifts were received.

The "Mikado" Gilbert & Sullivan's beautiful little opera, will be presented Thursday evening, Dec. 16, at the Pickwick Theatre by a company of well-known St. Louis artists.

## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## Beauty Sways the World.

OUR FALL OPENING SPECIAL SALE ON

## Mme. Vale's Great Remedies

TAKES PLACE THIS WEEK.

The Yale Beauty Department has become a permanent feature of our store.

## OUR CONFESSION.

Like a great many other people, we were skeptical when we first began to handle Mme. Vale's remedies, for we did not believe it possible for remedies to do all the wonderful things that Mme. Vale claimed her remedies would do—but we confess we were mistaken, for we have had the most absolute proofs that Mme. Vale's remedies will do all she claims and more. It is no exaggeration to say that we meet ladies every day whom we have known for years who have changed so in the past year of the use of these remedies that we are astonished. Faces that were wrinkled and sallow are now fresh, smooth and plump, and others whose complexions were a sight to behold, with Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads and all manner of Skin Eruptions and discolorations are now as fair as the "Lily" and as sweet as the "Rose." Mme. Vale is a wonder and her remedies are the marvel of the age. We advise women to neglect almost anything else rather than do without these remedies. Their action is scientific and not artificial, therefore they create Natural Beauty that is lasting. Mme. Vale says there is no limit to beautifying with this aid, and we believe her, when they are applied intelligently and sufficient patience exercised. We have built up a wonderful trade on Mme. Vale's remedies wholly on the strength of their great merit.

## YALE BEAUTY BARGAINS.

Our Fall Opening Cut Price Sale on Mme. Vale's Remedies takes place this week. Commencing tomorrow morning and continuing one week we will sell Mme. Vale's Remedies at the lowest prices they have ever been sold at. We want to impress it on your mind that these goods are fresh and have just been received direct from Mme. Vale's great laboratories. We are Mme. Vale's special agents in this city and receive our fresh supplies from her every week.

## SPECIAL CUT PRICES.

HER PRICE.	OUR PRICE.	HER PRICE.	OUR PRICE.
Hair Tonic.....	\$1.00 .69	Complexion Special Lotion.....	\$1.00 .75
Hair Cleanser.....	1.00 .75	Complexion Special Ointment.....	1.00 .75
Fruitener.....	1.00 .75	Blond Tonic.....	1.00 .75
La Freckle.....	1.00 .75	Hand Whitener.....	1.00 .75
Skin Food (small).....	1.19 .75	1 Lixir of Beauty.....	1.00 .75
Skin Food (large).....	1.50 .75	Magical Secret.....	1.50 .75
Bust Food (small).....	1.50 .75	Great Scott.....	5.00 4.25
Bust Food (large).....	2.00 .75	Jack Rose Leaves.....	1.00 .75
Complexion Face Powder, three shades, Pink, White, Brunette.....	.50 .35	Jack Rose Buds.....	1.00 .75
Complexion Soap.....	.25 .17	Face Enamel.....	1.50 1.25
Complexion Bleach.....	2.00 1.00	Eye Brow Pencils.....	.25 .17
Almond Blossom Complexion Cream.....	1.00 .75	Fertilizer.....	1.50 1.25
Eye-lash Grower.....	1.00 .75	Mole and Wart Extractor.....	3.00 2.25
		Yale's Tooth Powder.....	.50 .35

All mail orders are promptly shipped same day received, provided allowance is made for mailing or express.

## Bar's

vocalists under the direction of George A. Bluthardt, the organ virtuoso. The principal characters will be taken by the best singers in the city, with a number of prominent society girls and men in the chorus. The names of the parties have not been divulged, but it is assured that society has a great treat in store. The rehearsals were begun two months ago, and the costumes are said to be the most gorgeous ever seen in an amateur theatrical performance. The proceeds will be devoted to some worthy charitable institution.

A delightful musicale was given Tuesday evening by Miss Loyola of Nicholson place. The programme included the names of a number of South St. Louis musicians. A few guests on this occasion were Misses Anna Thomas, Emma Behle, Laura Kilcullen, Mildred Decker, Pauline Fyre and Messrs. Brown, Caffrey, Thomas, Kilcullen and Loyola.

Mrs. Mary Holloway of Delmar boulevard gave an elegant luncheon Wednesday at 1 o'clock. The guests were Messames Riddle of Oakdale, Adkins of Washington, D. C.; Van Hook, Emma Riddle, Maschmeyer, Brainerd and Miss Tichnor.

A pretty, though quiet, wedding was celebrated Tuesday evening in Kirkwood, at the beautiful Bown residence, when Miss Bown was married to Mr. Guy Trulock. Rev. Dr. Evans performed the ceremony. Miss Grace Bown, as maid of honor, wore a gown of rose-pink organdy over silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Trulock of Chicago acted as his bridegroom's best man.

The bride, who is a pretty girl of the perfect brunette type, wore a gown of white Paris muslin over satin, with trimmings of lace and ribbon. The house was elaborately decorated with roses, carnations and evergreens. After a small reception Mr. Trulock and his bride went immediately to reside with their aunt, Mrs. Brener, until their own home is completed.

## Gossip.

Miss Carrie Lester will give a euchar party Christmas night.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil Ryan are at home at the West End Hotel.

Mrs. George Stahl will give a dance Wednesday evening, Dec. 15.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Pritch returned Thursday night from a visit to Chicago.

The Bohemia Euchre Club met Friday night at the residence of Miss L. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Corbin of Decatur, Ill., are in the city and are stopping at Hotel Biers.

Miss Grace Waldron of Kansas City is the guest of Mrs. E. G. Werriman of 575 Eitel avenue.

Misses Shephard and Hoxie of Chicago will visit Miss Hobart, 27 Vandewater place, Jan. 1.

Mrs. Ernest Mitchell of Columbia, Mo., and Miss Wilson of Carrollton, Mo., are stopping at Hotel Biers.

Mr. J. G. Brandt and daughter, Miss Mabel Brandt of Clifton Springs, N. Y., are guests at Hotel Biers.

The General Madison Miller W. R. C. will give a progressive euchre Friday afternoon at 3800 Cook avenue.

The Young Ladies' Chrysanthemum Club of the West End will give a pink domino party next Wednesday evening.

The Missouri Woman's Press Association will meet Monday afternoon at 3 p. m. in the parlors of the Lindell Hotel.

Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLeure, President of the Missouri Association, is critically ill at her home at 24 Vandewater place.

Miss Julia Clements of Westminster place is visiting Miss Kenyon of Kansas City. She will remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. Nanette Conking gives an art reception at her studio, room B and C, Studio Building, Wednesday, from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Mrs. Mary O. Burt of Columbus, O., and Miss Myra Brown of Cincinnati, O., are the

guests of Mrs. Albert Lawson of 5433 Franklin avenue.

Miss Rossmann entertained the Mistletoe Euchre Club Thursday evening. Prizes were won by Misses Stock and Rossmann and Messrs. E. Stock and John Cantwell.

Mrs. William Newton gave a tea Saturday afternoon to her daughter, Miss Glenn Newton. Miss Josephine Block assisted in receiving, and Misses Olive Hamilton and Julia Grunpre served punch.

Little Miss Barbara Piper, who participated in the Emergency Home Cantata last week, was the recipient of a quantity of beautiful flowers. The little lassie is as lovely as a fairy, and as graceful as the goddess of the dance.

Mrs. Julia Gould Siebert, the distinguished violinist, is entertaining a series of entertainments here in St. Louis. Several entertainments have been given in Miss Gould's home, 1812 Olive street, since she gave a luncheon Wednesday to Miss Gould. Covers were laid for eight guests.

The Royal Crown Euchre Club was entertained by Miss May Cassidy at her home, 1365 Burd avenue, Thursday evening. The prizes were won as follows: Miss Anna Shuman, first; Miss May Cassidy, second; Miss Alice Cassidy, third; Mr. Al Nelsch, first; Mr. Julius Hamann, second, and Mr. Joseph Goldsmith, third.

Love's young dream is one that fills the heart with intensest joy. Sometimes it is realized. Frequently it is not. In many cases love is a cruel dream, a cruel dream that falls short of true married happiness because of the health of the young wife. A woman who is tormented by nervousness, weakness and disease of the organs that are distinctly feminine, cannot be an amiable and helpful wife. Troubles of this nature rack the nerves with pain and sap the strength.

Their malign influence the most amiable and helpful disposition will become soured. The wife that promises to be a cheerful, capable and willing helpmate to her husband, by proving a sickly, nervous, fretful and helpless invalid. This unfortunate outcome of "Love's young dream" may be prevented by resorting to the right medicine for troubles of this nature.

The right medicine is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is one that has been used for over 30 years by thousands of women who have been cured of all the troubles of the female system. It is a medicine that makes the weak strong and the healthy healthy. It relieves the strain upon the nerves. It prepares for motherhood and insures the health of the child. All medicine dealers sell it. "I take pleasure," writes Mrs. Fuller of Bulky, Roque Co., Texas, "in writing you again. I am in better health than I have been in six years. I think your medicine is the best in the world. I hope every woman who is afflicted as I was will take it to get her health back. I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me. You can use my statement as you like."

Constipation is the all-embracing cause of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe.

## BIG RECEIPTS OF RABBITS.

Estimated That 97,915 Were Received in St. Louis in One Day.

The receipts of rabbits last week broke all records and prices dropped from \$1.25 to 50 cents a dozen—a decline that made big losses for many distant shippers. Over half of the offerings came from Kansas. One firm declares that its total receipts for Tuesday were 5,861 rabbits. With this as an average it would not be unreasonable to estimate the total receipts for that day at 5,815. This would be nearly sufficient to allow a rabbit to each family in the city. The peddlers were the great distributors.

## AFTER ONE AND GOT TWO MEN.

Policeman Lally Has a Hard Tussle With the Meyer Brothers.

Mrs. Margaret Rabebeck of 502 Geyer avenue told Policeman Lally in Soudard Market yesterday morning that her purse containing \$5 had been stolen. The description she gave of the robber struck Lally as fitting John Meyer, a police chaser, who lives at 137 South Seventh street.

Lally went after Meyer, and when he knocked at the door John's brother William responded. William had a knife in his hand and defied the officer to enter. Lally drew his gun and pushed against the door. He pressed it open and William Meyer struck at him, but missed. A blow from Lally's pistol sent William to the floor and went into his brother John's back. Then Lally arrested both of them.

William Meyer had a severe scalp wound which was dressed by Dr. Vincent at the City Dispensary and he was taken back to the Third District Station.

MUST PAY \$2,018.708.

Debt of the United States Car Company to the Central Trust.

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—Judge Swan of the United States Circuit Court to-day ordered the United States Car Co. to pay the Central Trust Co. of New York, within ten days, \$2,018.708, for principal and interest upon mortgages and bonds. In case of default the company's plant at Hegewisch, a suburb of Chicago, is to be sold at auction.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Pureilk wedding rings. Our prices the lowest. E. Jacard Jewelry Co., Olive and Sixth streets.

Miles Grindel.....2132 John St.  
Mary C. Bierman.....4230 Blair St.  
Daniel Williams.....2331 Dodder St.  
Mrs. J. Severa.....1410 S. 11th St.  
Elizabeth M. Monkenmoller.....3001 Caroline St.  
Rosa Schlegel.....4320 St. Louis St.  
George Marzer.....1018 Cass St.  
John W. Brubaker.....1445 N. 12th St.  
Fannie E. Moore.....Clarksville, Tenn.  
James Branner.....2771 Chouteau St.  
Chris Goodman.....2704 Locust St.  
Joel B. Maps.....1000 Morgan St.  
Mary A. L. Taylor.....2004 Morgan St.  
Samuel Watson.....712 N. 16th St.  
Ruth Wilson.....712 N. 16th St.  
John A. Wilhelm.....7300 S. 6th St.  
Charles Leckwood.....6109 S. 8th St.  
Nellie Lockwood.....7102 Winona St.  
Alfred E. Ray.....Madison, Mo.  
Alice Dutcher.....4711 Page St.

## Ingalls' XMAS OFFER.



My entire building is overflowing with beautiful new goods suitable for holiday presents. Remember, I have a first-class JEWELRY STOCK and a splendid assortment of ELGIN AND WALTHAM Watches, in solid gold or best gold-filled cases. Solid Gold Chains, \$5 to \$55. Bracelets, \$1 to \$20. Best Rolled Plate Chains, \$2 to \$5. 300 styles Solid Gold Rings from \$1 up to \$95 each. Watches from \$4 up to \$50. Cuff Buttons, \$6 to \$10. Large variety of beautiful Lamps, Clocks, Tables, Dining Sets, Opera Glasses, Albums, Silk Umbrellas, Knives and Forks, Tea Spoons, etc., etc.

A SMALL PAYMENT DOWN and the Balance WEEKLY OR MONTHLY will get any of my goods, and, REMEMBER, I have BEEN RIGHT HERE ON OLIVE STREET FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS, and you can depend on what I say.

In Furniture Department I have large variety of beautiful new China Closets, Rockers, Desks, Bookcases, Couches, Brass and Iron Beds, Tables, Parlor Suits, etc., etc. Please come early and make selections while we have big stock and time to wait on you carefully. Open every night till Xmas. Prices are always the lowest and all goods marked in plain one-price figures.

F. H. INCALLS, 1103 Olive Street.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

## GUERIN

Is now occupying magnificent quarters in the building S. W. Cor. Broadway and Olive.

Entrance 506 Olive St. Take Elevator.

Our facilities for high-class Photography are unequalled, and the reputation of GUERIN is well known for excellence and art in his line.

St. Louis' Most Popular Prices

## PHOTOGRAPHER

Guerin's Best Cabinet \$3.00 Per Photographs, - - \$3.00 Per Doz.

GUERIN'S RECORD FOR PAST YEAR:

4—Gold Medals—4

For high-class work, ingenuity and artistic skill.

ENTRANCE 506 OLIVE ST.—Take Elevator.

## A STORE CROWDED WITH CHRISTMAS BEAUTY!

Everything and anything your heart may desire or your taste select in Furniture and Household Goods. That tells briefly the story of our big Holiday purchases, and remember, what you buy at Mulvihill's you buy at absolutely the lowest prices always.

CASH OR CREDIT.

## A HEARTY WELCOME TO ALL, WHETHER YOU BUY OR NOT.

Stoves. Our stock of STOVES and STEEL RANGES is the most complete in St. Louis, and the LOWEST PRICES.

Christmas China Closet—Solid Oak and highly finished China Closets, worth \$10, Our Price.....	\$8.50	Christmas Couches—Handsome Corduroy Couches, worth \$10.00, Our Price.....	\$6.50
Christmas Oak Rockers—Solid Oak Canoe Rockers, worth \$2.00, Our Price.....	99c	Christmas Ladies' Desks—Ladies' Writing Desks, worth \$1.50, Our Price.....	\$1.25
Christmas Gift Chairs—Beautiful Gift Chairs, finished in gold leaf, worth \$1.50, Our Price.....	\$1.75	Christmas Curtains—Lace Curtains and Portieres, regular \$2.00 values, for.....	\$1.25
Christmas Willow Rockers—Willow Arm Rockers, worth \$2.50, Our Price.....	\$1.25	Christmas Banquet Lamps—Solid Brass Banquet Lamps, with handsome shades, worth \$1.50, Our Price.....	\$1.75

Carpets. We guarantee our Prices to be the LOWEST in St. Louis. Two dollars down and \$1.00 per week buys any Carpet in our house.

## Mulvihill's

112-114 N. TWELFTH ST.

## WILL SING FOR THE WAIFS.

Missouri Home Society Concert May Aid the Orphans.

The Children's Home Society of Missouri has provided 688 little waifs with parents by adoption since Jan. 1, 1897. They come from every section of the State, through the Home's six District Superintendents. There is one each in St. Louis, Moberly, St. Joseph, Kansas City, Springfield and Jefferson City. Childless couples are more numerous in Missouri than parentless children. The Home authorities have found money for Home work is scarce. So a concert will be given by the St. Louis ladies of the society at Memorial Hall, St. Louis, Friday evening, Dec. 17, at 8 p. m.

The Home is at 236 Olive street. The lady manager of the concert are Mrs. M. C. Marshall, President; Mrs. L. F. Campbell, Vice-President; Mrs. J. D. Vincil, Treasurer; Mrs. C. A. M. Schlerholz, Secretary; Mrs. C. Snedden, Mrs. J. A. Hoffer.

This is the concert programme:

Piano Solo—"Impromptu," Schubert—Mr. Ottmar Noll.

Bass Solo—"Young Mountain," Handel—Mr. Osgood.

Recitation—"A Wife's Remorse," Willford—Miss Mae Adelaide Youngblood.

Soprano Solo—"Springtime," A. Becker—Mrs. A. K. Kirschtner.

Violin—"Legende," Weinsteiner—Mr. Charles A. Rauh.

Recitation—"How Girls Fish," "Stop Mocking Me," Miss Mae Adelaide Youngblood.

Soprano Solo—"The Flower Girl," E. Bevin—Mrs. A. Terry Kirschtner, in costume.

Violin—"Rhapsody," Hanser—Charles Rauh.

Bass Solo—"Fafelce," Ernst—Mr. Ottmar Noll.

Piano—"Scherzo," Chopin—Mr. Ottmar Noll.

Tickets for the concert are \$1 each. The Home expects to be benefited to a considerable extent.

## Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tatt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

## A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure TATT'S LIVER PILLS

CURE A COLD IN ONE NIGHT.

Try Parker's Cascara Quinine Tablets; cure constipation and malaria; pleasant to take.

## DEATH OF H. J. JUNG.

Former Clerk in the City Dispensary Succumbs to a Wasting Disease.

H. J. Jung, who, until two months ago, had been a clerk in the City Dispensary of St. Louis for two years or more, died yesterday at his home, 720 Pennsylvania avenue, from consumption. Jung was compelled to give up his posi-

## A SIMPLE CATARRH CURE

I have spent nearly fifty years in the treatment of Catarrh of the Bladder, and after he left there he became editor of the Carondelet Progress, a weekly paper. He was 52 years old and leaves a widow and two small children.

The Rothschilds have made it a rule to internment, and have defied the doctrine of the scientists who have forbidden the marriage of relations on the ground that it debilitates a race. A Rothschild always looks among his relatives for a wife; unless he has married a niece, nephew has married a niece.

## DYSPEPSIA

Indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sour stomach, loss of appetite, and all the troubles that attend this disease, can be cured by Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 114 West 22d St., New York.



Realizing that the immense crush that always precedes the Christmas holiday will be greatly augmented this year at Barr's on account of the Remarkably Beautiful Goods and Remarkably Low Prices, we have made every effort to facilitate prompt service. To-day we give you a summary of attractions, floor by floor. No one Sunday newspaper could contain more than a suggestion of the thousands of useful and ornamental articles in this big store.

For Price Details of Our Great Cloak Purchase and Sale See Globe-Democrat.

## THIRD FLOOR.

All large Toys, such as Patrol Wagons, all steel, with gong, \$4.69. Boys' Steel Velocipedes, first size, 99c; second size, \$1.25; third size, \$1.50. Express Wagons, all steel, nicely painted:

size No. 1, 86; size No. 2, 99c; size No. 3, \$1.25; size No. 4, \$1.50; size No. 5, \$1.65. Misses' Select Steel Tricycles, with adjustable seat: Size A, \$2.75; size B, \$3.95.

Doll Buggies, a thousand to select from, with prices 25% less than those asked elsewhere. A popular and a great bargain, Continuous Gear Carriage, nicely upholstered, for 95c.

Misses' or Boys' Solid Oak Roll Top Desks, \$5.00. Solid Oak Children's Desks, double lid, 79c. Sewing Machines, Rocking Chairs, Parlor Sets, odd pretty pieces of many kinds.

Chiffoniers, Book Cases, Elegant Inlaid Cabinet Writing Desks—Hall Furniture, Brass Beds, Iron Beds, Music Cabinets, Wicker Chairs, Upholstered Chairs, Handsome Tables for Parlor or Library, Screens, etc.

**RUGS.** Oriental Rugs make an elegant Christmas gift. We have them in sizes 12x18, 12x20, 12x24, 12x30, 12x36, 12x42, 12x48, 12x54, 12x60, 12x66, 12x72, 12x78, 12x84, 12x90, 12x96, 12x102, 12x108, 12x114, 12x120, 12x126, 12x132, 12x138, 12x144, 12x150, 12x156, 12x162, 12x168, 12x174, 12x180, 12x186, 12x192, 12x198, 12x204, 12x210, 12x216, 12x222, 12x228, 12x234, 12x240, 12x246, 12x252, 12x258, 12x264, 12x270, 12x276, 12x282, 12x288, 12x294, 12x300, 12x306, 12x312, 12x318, 12x324, 12x330, 12x336, 12x342, 12x348, 12x354, 12x360, 12x366, 12x372, 12x378, 12x384, 12x390, 12x396, 12x402, 12x408, 12x414, 12x420, 12x426, 12x432, 12x438, 12x444, 12x450, 12x456, 12x462, 12x468, 12x474, 12x480, 12x486, 12x492, 12x498, 12x504, 12x510, 12x516, 12x522, 12x528, 12x534, 12x540, 12x546, 12x552, 12x558, 12x564, 12x570, 12x576, 12x582, 12x588, 12x594, 12x600, 12x606, 12x612, 12x618, 12x624, 12x630, 12x636, 12x642, 12x648, 12x654, 12x660, 12x666, 12x672, 12x678, 12x684, 12x690, 12x696, 12x702, 12x708, 12x714, 12x720, 12x726, 12x732, 12x738, 12x744, 12x750, 12x756, 12x762, 12x768, 12x774, 12x780, 12x786, 12x792, 12x798, 12x804, 12x810, 12x816, 12x822, 12x828, 12x834, 12x840, 12x846, 12x852, 12x858, 12x864, 12x870, 12x876, 12x882, 12x888, 12x894, 12x900, 12x906, 12x912, 12x918, 12x924, 12x930, 12x936, 12x942, 12x948, 12x954, 12x960, 12x966, 12x972, 12x978, 12x984, 12x990, 12x996, 12x1002, 12x1008, 12x1014, 12x1020, 12x1026, 12x1032, 12x1038, 12x1044, 12x1050, 12x1056, 12x1062, 12x1068, 12x1074, 12x1080, 12x1086, 12x1092, 12x1098, 12x1104, 12x1110, 12x1116, 12x1122, 12x1128, 12x1134, 12x1140, 12x1146, 12x1152, 12x1158, 12x1164, 12x1170, 12x1176, 12x1182, 12x1188, 12x1194, 12x1200, 12x1206, 12x1212, 12x1218, 12x1224, 12x1230, 12x1236, 12x1242, 12x1248, 12x1254, 12x1260, 12x1266, 12x1272, 12x1278, 12x1284, 12x1290, 12x1296, 12x1302, 12x1308, 12x1314, 12x1320, 12x1326, 12x1332, 12x1338, 12x1344, 12x1350, 12x1356, 12x1362, 12x1368, 12x1374, 12x1380, 12x1386, 12x1392, 12x1398, 12x1404, 12x1410, 12x1416, 12x1422, 12x1428, 12x1434, 12x1440, 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## MISSING FOR SEVEN YEARS.

Court Asked to Declare Evan B. Day Dead.

LIVED AT BONNE TERRE, MO.

HE WAS ONCE PROMINENT IN THE SOUTHEAST AS A CATTLE BUYER.

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Left \$7,000 Life Insurance Which His Family Now Desires to Collect From Benefit Societies.

Mrs. Lucy Covington of 907 Wyoming street, this city, will go into court, represented by Attorney James M. Rollins, and ask that her father, Evan B. Day, be declared dead. Dependent upon this legal declaration is life insurance to the amount of \$7,000.

Evan B. Day may be dead, or he may be living in some distant State or foreign country. His relatives believe him dead, but they have no positive proof. His case is a mystery.

For many years the strangely missing man was a wealthy resident of Bonne Terre, Mo. He bought live stock all over that country and was an extensive shipper to the St. Louis market. Around the hotels and among commission men he was as well known in the city as at his home.

In the fall of 1880 Mr. Day had some unusually large stock deals pending. He made a shipment to St. Louis and carried away several thousand dollars. This fact was generally known throughout the country surrounding Bonne Terre. The day following his return from St. Louis he left his home early in the morning to travel across the country on horseback, carrying a large sum of money. His purpose was to buy stock en route, and he was not expected to complete his mission for three or four days. A week elapsed and still the stockman was away. The ordinary uneasiness of his family developed into frantic anxiety. They feared he had been a victim of violence.

Search was instituted. The neighborhood was aroused. Parties were formed and the country for miles and miles around was carefully combed over. At last the searchers found a farm house where Day had got his dinner the first day he was out from home. He left there early in the afternoon, the farmer said, without giving any information as to his next stopping place. Several miles further the horse ridden by the missing stockman was found grazing in the woods. The saddle and bridle had been removed. In another part of the woods the saddle was found.

This much of a discovery led the searchers to believe that the dead body was not far distant. Organized parties were made. A thousand men and boys, and even women, traversed every foot of ground within a radius of several miles. The hunt continued nearly a month.

But Evan Day, dead or alive, was never found.

Elizabeth Day, his wife, and his children, at last gave up hope. They mourned the mis-

## FAUST'S 1897 CHRISTMAS MENUS.

...MENU... \$30.00 PER PLATE	...MENU... 30 CENTS PER PLATE
Schreewsbury's Oysters, \$2.00 per hundred.	Baltimore Select Oysters, 40c per doz, 60c per quart, \$2.25 per gallon.
Oyster Crab, a la Newburg, \$2.00 per quart.	Soups.
Russian Caviar, \$5.00 per pound.	Tomato, Ox Tail, Consomme, 85c per can—enough for 6 persons.
English Sole, a la Marguery, \$2.00 per pound.	Haddock, Red Snapper, Croppie, 12½c per pound.
Brook Trout, \$1.00 per pound.	Great American Turkey, 12c to 15c per pound.
Pompano, 25c per pound.	American Cheese, 12½c per pound.
Cucumbers, \$1.00 per dozen.	Swiss Cheese, 85c per pound.
Fresh Mushrooms, \$1.00 per pound.	Sapsago Cheese, 10c per pound.
Fillet of Beef, Larded, 60c per pound.	Faust Bottled Beer, \$1.50 per case 2 dozen pints.
Wisconsin Stuffed Geese, with Livers, \$4.00 to \$5.00 each.	Bananas, Oranges, Grapes, Nuts, etc.
German Asparagus, 60c per can.	Faust Blend Coffee, 28 1-3c per pound.
California Tomatoes, 50c to 75c dozen.	Niersteiner Rhine Wine, 60c per quart.
Chesapeake Canvas Back Ducks, \$5 each.	Lettuce—Chicoree—Celery, etc.
Woodcock, \$5.00 per dozen.	Maraschino Cherries—Strawberries, 60c and \$1.25 per bottle. 40c to 60c per box.
Individual Salads, "en Aspic," \$1.50 per dozen.	Camembert Cheese—Gorgonzola Cheese, 40c per box. 60c per pound.
Faust Blend Coffee, 38 1-3c per pound.	1820 Fine Champagne Cognac, \$20.00 per gallon.
Wines, Sherries and Champagnes to match.	

**Faust's Fulton Markets,**

Telephone 303-4206-4207.

610 Olive and Broadway and Elm.

ing one as dead. He had left insurance in the A. C. U. W. and other orders, amounting in the aggregate to \$7,000. But the officers at the head of the insurance department of these orders wanted proof of death. A few years ago a rumor became current that the mysteriously absent man had been seen in Texas. He had amassed a big fortune there in the cattle business, the rumor said.

Mrs. Day, Mrs. Covington, her married daughter, John I. Day, a son, and other relatives traced the rumor far enough to find that there was no foundation for it, so Attorney Rollins claims.

It is now a little more than seven years since Day rode away from his home down the Bonhomme river, and he has not been seen since. Seven years of mysterious absence is equivalent to death, so far as legal purposes are concerned, and it is on this plea that Attorney Rollins expects to collect the \$7,000 for Mrs. Covington and the other heirs of Evan Day. The attorney is now in communication with the will executors and may be that the claim will be adjusted without entering suit.

The general belief in and around Bonne Terre is that Day was murdered for his money. But after all the searching for the facts relating to his mysterious disappearance not enough evidence was found to warrant arrests.

### Free Organ Recital.

Under the direction of Frank J. Benedict a free organ recital will be given at Pilgrim Congregational Church, Twenty-ninth and Washington avenue, Monday evening, Dec. 20.

## THE HOLIDAY GIFT

IT'S EASY TO BUY AT ZERWECK'S.

Perplexes the mind of everyone. Not so when you come to our cozy "Jewel House." Our stock is tastefully spread out, and at a glance you can make your selections easily and quickly—and such a beautiful array of exquisiteness your eyes never beheld.

### Myriads of Exquisite Gems

Dazzle you when you enter here, and all are at EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES. That is the secret of our success—BIG VALUES—LOW PRICES. We cannot describe all here—space forbids—but a few items will suggest to you the advisability of seeing our stock before purchasing.



Children's Silver Cups, only \$1.00



Ladies' Silver Watches, 14 kt. solid gold, cases hand-somely engraved, with Elgin or Waltham movement, only \$18

Ladies' Silver Garter Buckles, many designs, mounted on best silk elastic... \$1.50 TO \$5.00

We feel sure you can find just what you want here. OUR SILVER NOVELTIES ARE IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

**Diamond Jewelry** In every conceivable shape and setting. LOW PRICES PREVAIL throughout.

**Watches.** All Styles. All Kinds. **Lowest Prices.**



A large assortment of these Bonnet Brushes... \$1.50

You will find you can save money by doing your Christmas shopping with us. Our Catalogue tells you more than we can here. If you are unable to call send for it. Mail orders given careful attention.

OPEN EVENINGS FOR CONVENIENCE OF HOLIDAY BUYERS.

SEE OUR GOODS BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE. YOU'LL NOT REGRET IT.

## ZERWECK BROS.,

In the Equitable Building, Near Corner Locust.

407—NORTH SIXTH STREET—407

DIAMOND SETTERS, JEWELERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

### BIG WEEK FOR THE MACCABEES

Three High Officials of the Order Are Coming to St. Louis.

The Maccabees of St. Louis will receive three distinguished guests this week. They are Maj. U. S. Boynton, Mayor of Port Huron, Mich., and founder of the order; Ed S. Young, Great Record-Keeper of the Great Camp of Ohio, and Miss Bina M. West, the Supreme Record-Keeper of the Supreme Hive of Ladies of the Maccabees. The presence of these dignitaries of the order will mean a grand rally of the Knights and the successful completion of an elaborate programme of entertainment.

Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock Miss West will receive the ladies of the order at Frat-

### Woman's Humane Society.

The Woman's Humane Society will meet in regular session at the Lindell Hotel, parlor 2, Tuesday.

### GREAT MUSICAL TREAT.

Choral Symphony Society Will Give Handel's "Messiah" on Dec. 22.

The yearly holiday performance of Handel's greatest oratorio, "The Messiah," will be given by the Choral Symphony Society on Wednesday, Dec. 22. This rendition promises in many ways to surpass those of former years. The chorus will be especially large and efficient.

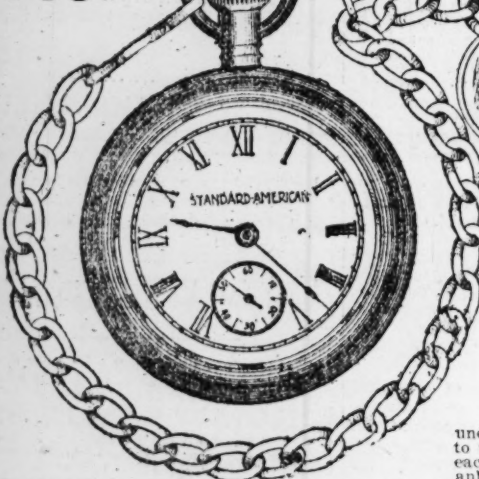
A large number of ex-members of the society have responded to the invitation for volunteers for the performance, and their familiarity with the score and their en-

thusiasm have already shown in the rehearsal.

Many members of the Morning Choral, the Apollo Club and the Christ Church Cathedral Choir have accepted the invitation. The soloists are Miss Adelaide Kalk, soprano; Mrs. Oscar H. Rollman, alto; Mr. W. Theodore Van Vort of New York, tenor, and Mr. David Bishop of the Damrosch Opera Company, baritone. Seats will be on sale on Monday after next Thursday at Bollman's 1100 Olive street, and as usual with this concert all places in the parquet and dress circle not taken by subscribers will be open to the public at \$1 a seat. Balcony seats are at the usual rates. If the public response is as usually does this will be in every way the greatest musical concert of the season.

The finest place in the city—The Bohemian Garden, 413 North Sixth street.

FREE TO YOU!



You are to take these words, namely, THE WOMAN'S WORLD, and find as many words as you can that are made from the letters. You are to select your words ONLY found in this advertisement. For example, you would be allowed to cut the word "home" in your list because it appears in this advertisement, but you would not use that word if it wasn't printed in this great advertisement. For further simple conditions read on.

The person who finds the largest number of words in this advertisement which can be fitted to any letters in THE WOMAN'S WORLD will receive a prize of \$100. If more than one person sends the largest possible correct list, then the \$100 will be divided by a fair and honorable committee in accordance with the appearance of the lists, etc. Every one who sends twenty or more correct words will receive a splendid American made Watch. Cash prizes will be awarded by a distinguished committee Friday, Dec. 24, the day before Christmas, and the watches will be awarded as fast as answers are received.

### A WEALTH OF COSTLY PRIZES.

How can we afford it? Our answer is that we have already built the regular paid subscription list of Woman's World to nearly 80,000, and that we receive the high sum of \$35 per inch, or \$100 per page, for advertising in Woman's World. This, therefore, as soon as we reach the enormous sum of one million we shall raise our advertising rates to \$70 per inch (column width), or \$3,200 per page. As we have often sold as many as eighty columns (equal to twenty pages) of advertising space, and as our vastly increasing circulation has created quite a war among shrewd advertisers to secure all space possible, we anticipate deriving at least \$200,000 from our advertising patronage alone during 1898. These prices for advertising, which may seem high to you, are really facts. For example, the Ladies' Home Journal charges \$5 a line (\$20 per inch) for 70,000 circulation, while magazines that have only about 100,000 subscribers, or even less, often charge as high as \$14 per inch. Any large advertiser who gets to see that our statements are correct. Furthermore, we shall derive even a beautiful magazine ever offered—better than any you have ever yet seen—is it not reasonable to suppose that our subscribers will renew from year to year? Surely they will, and for the small percentage that drops out, our old subscribers enable us to maintain our grand total of over one million. Therefore, with our estimated income of \$1,000,000 from advertising, with expenses not exceeding two-thirds of the total, we expect to make a profit of \$300,000 a year after we have placed Woman's World on a solid footing.

The Woman's World is backed by money, brains and reputation. We have paid out thousands of dollars for prizes this year, but we are now prepared to spend any amount of money that may be required in providing every contestant with a "home" who will gladly pay the \$100 to the person or persons who become entitled to the money. Can anything be greater?

### RULE FOR CONTESTANTS.

Take this advertisement and analyze it word by word, extracting every word that you can find which can be made from the 14 letters in THE WOMAN'S WORLD. If the same word appears twice or oftener, such as "has," then appears in this advertisement, then it is just as often as it is allowed if you find them in this offer. For example, "has" would be allowed as two different words. There are no "catch" schemes in this offer; it is a simple matter.

You must mail your letter on or before Monday, Dec. 20, and money will be paid Dec. 24. Watches will be sent even sooner. Don't delay, but send to-day, and we will make you happy.

Distance from New York makes no difference. All will be treated with equal fairness.

WOMAN'S WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, 22-24 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

## Grand Christmas Gift Prize Contest

\$1,000 IN MONEY AND THOUSANDS OF WATCHES GIVEN AWAY.

No Missing Letters. No Lottery. No Blanks. No Delays. Immediate Satisfaction.

Read every word of this advertisement carefully and learn how you can positively win money or a watch. All the conditions are clearly printed here. You can have the prize you win without delay or further correspondence. No Dictionary needed. This is a strictly straightforward, honest contest. Read and see for yourself.

PRIZES AWARDED SAME DAY WE RECEIVE YOUR ANSWER.

WE INTEND TO END THE YEAR 1897 WITH ONE MILLION SUBSCRIPTIONS. We have nearly that number now. No magazine ever had such strides into public favor as WOMAN'S WORLD. Our remarkable, yet easily understood contest is to give \$100 to the correct solvers and a Watch to all other genuine contestants.

You are to take these words, namely, THE WOMAN'S WORLD, and find as many words as you can that are made from the letters. You are to select your words ONLY found in this advertisement. For example, you would be allowed to cut the word "home" in your list because it appears in this advertisement, but you would not use that word if it wasn't printed in this great advertisement. For further simple conditions read on.

The person who finds the largest number of words in this advertisement which can be fitted to any letters in THE WOMAN'S WORLD will receive a prize of \$100. If more than one person sends the largest possible correct list, then the \$100 will be divided by a fair and honorable committee in accordance with the appearance of the lists, etc. Every one who sends twenty or more correct words will receive a splendid American made Watch. Cash prizes will be awarded by a distinguished committee Friday, Dec. 24, the day before Christmas, and the watches will be awarded as fast as answers are received.

money, which will be telegraphed you a day before Christmas, on Friday, Dec. 24th, our distinguished committee, consisting of Mr. John Habington, Mr. Horatio Alger and Rev. Joseph Sanderson, to D. L. D., with several well-known newspaper men, who will act as witnesses, will meet for the purpose of drawing the prize. This will give our committee ample time to award the \$100 on Christmas Eve. If nobody sends a complete list of words, the \$100 will go to the one who sends the largest. If, however, more than one person sends largest possible list, we will positively pay out the money in the following manner: To the person who sends the list that is nearest and most attractive in appearance we will pay \$50; to the four who send the next nearest lists we will give each \$10; to the fifth for neatness, \$5; to the sixth for neatness, \$5; and we will pay \$10 to all others (if there are any) who send correct lists; therefore, by sending a full correct list you are absolutely sure of a prize of money in addition to a watch. Winners of prizes of \$100 or more will be notified by telegraph on Christmas Eve. In applying a word that appears in this advertisement to the letters that appear in THE WOMAN'S WORLD, you must not use a letter twice in the same word if it is duplicated in the prize words. For example, "there" would be allowed, because the letter "e" only appears once; but "honour" can be used, because the letter "o" appears twice in the prize words. In order to show absolute fairness, our committee will not discard any list if you send some extra words, but will simply cross out such as are sent by mistake. Therefore, if an error creeps into your list you must not worry.

HOW THIS CONTEST WILL BE CONDUCTED.

This advertisement will appear but this one time in the Post-Dispatch, and as it will go in only a few newspapers, your winning opportunity is excellent. Now, for example, in our advertisement of missing letters which is published many times in newspapers and magazines throughout the country, your opportunity of winning a prize is small compared with this, where only a few papers publish this contest one time only. We really want to pay immense prizes in order to boom our business. Now is your chance. When you send your list of words you must include 25 cents in payment for three months' trial subscription to Woman's World. As soon as your list reaches us we will examine it and if you have sent at least 20 correct words we will notify you that you have won a watch, and that it will be sent to you provided you send \$1 more for a year's subscription, or if you desire, the watch by express C. O. D. at \$1. If you do not want to delay for either the watch or the year's subscription, you may send us \$1.25 with your list of words the same day we receive your remittance and we will send you the watch and also include, as an extra gift, free of cost, a nice chain and charm. If your list should be found to not contain the watch, then we will refund the \$1.25 and we will send you the watch and chain and charm, so you cannot possibly take any chances. Now, remember, the watch will be sent by express at least 20 correct words, and you will be entitled to a watch. Also, if you have sent a complete list of words you will positively win a prize of \$100.

WHAT THE WATCH REALLY IS.

We have actually made a larger purchase of watches than was ever made by any jeweler from a manufacturer. We have bought, paid for and have ready for immediate delivery 16,000 American made watches, and we have arranged with the manufacturer to furnish us with a number more before Christmas, yet if our supply gives out and we are unable to send you a watch, we will promptly send you our check for \$10.50 as a special reward instead of the watch; therefore, satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed to you. The watch is a first-class time-keeper of standard American make containing a Swiss movement, has a beautiful gold case, handsome dial, and is in fact a remarkable production. It will keep accurate time and trustworthy timepiece. All first-class American made watches are. You can easily tell this by the way it is made.

WE ASK YOU TO TAKE TIME TO READ THE FOLLOWING VERY CAREFULLY.

This is to certify that we have received from the Woman's World Publishing Co. the sum of one thousand (\$1,000.00) to be paid as prizes to such persons as may send the winning list of words in the Woman's World Grand Christmas Prize Contest.

The above will prove to you that we have the money all ready to pay out; now read the following affidavit of our Christmas Supervisors:

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1897.

To Whom It May Concern:

That I, William H. Alexander, being appointed special supervisor of the distribution of watches offered as prizes in the Christmas Prize Contest of Woman's World Publishing Co., and I give my solemn assurance that every person who sends a list of 20 or more words in accordance with the conditions of the advertisement will receive a genuine American made watch which will be bought back by the Woman's World Publishing Co. at \$10.50 if not as represented and warranted.

SE. JOHN ALEXANDER.

Persons appearing before me, S. J. Alexander, supervisor of the above mentioned Christmas Prize Contest of the Woman's World Publishing Co., who, being duly sworn, states upon oath that the foregoing statement is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

J. CANFIELD, Notary Public, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1897.

HOW CASH PRIZES WILL BE SENT.

If the prize of \$1,000.00 is won by one person, or if it is divided among several, then those to whom we have awarded \$100 or more will be notified by telegraph between 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Friday, Dec. 24. The money due these and all others will be mailed to winners the next day, so that they will be notified by mail of their prize. As previously stated, we will let you know on the day we receive your letter and you may then order it, pay for it and your friends for the liberal subscription to the Woman's World Publishing Co. for the year 1898, and we will send you the watch by express immediately. This is a contest in which you can become a winner to a national or alphabetical reality, yet it is indeed surprising to note that people are prone to be so careless in making their entries that they overlook numerous words that are applicable. If you study every word in this advertisement carefully you will find many words that you can use to win a watch. As Christmas is sure to prevail throughout the land on Dec. 25th, in conclusion, we wish to thank you and your friends for the liberal subscription to the Woman's World Publishing Co. for the year 1898, and we will send you the watch by express immediately. This is a contest in which you can become a winner to a national or alphabetical reality, yet it is indeed surprising to note that people are prone to be so careless in making their entries that they overlook numerous words that are applicable. If you study every word in this advertisement carefully you will find many words that you can use to win a watch. As Christmas is sure to prevail throughout the land on Dec. 25th, in conclusion, we wish to thank you and your friends for the liberal subscription to the Woman's World Publishing Co. for the year 1898, and we will send you the watch by express immediately.

You will get your money back by asking for it if you are not satisfied.

Good only unless used on or before Dec. 20, 1897.

Prize Coupon

THIS COUPON MUST BE CLIPPED OUT and sent with your list of words, whether you send \$1.25 or 25 cents. Don't forget to send this as we need it in our PRIZE FORWARDING DEPARTMENT. Bear in mind, if you send at least 20 correct words which appear in this advertisement and which can be made from the letters in THE WOMAN'S WORLD, you are positively guaranteed a WATCH (\$10.50 guarantee), and if you succeed in making a full correct list, it will insure you a CASH PRIZE probably WORTH MANY DOLLARS. PERHAPS A FORTUNE TO YOU.

WOMAN'S WORLD PUB. COMPANY, 22-24 North William St., New York City.











## DOCTOR COPELAND TO THE PUBLIC.

He Announces the Absolute Withdrawal of  
the \$5 Rate Jan. 1.

And Gives General Notice That It Will Not Be Given Again in This  
Practice—The Necessity That Compelled the Extensions Given  
and the Reasons for Giving This Notice Unusual Prominence  
and Emphasis.

The necessity for the extensions that Doctor Copeland has made of the opportunity under the \$5 Rate can only be appreciated by those who have seen the throngs of people crowding his offices during the concluding days of the two periods given. Only those who have witnessed with their own eyes the anxiety and the eagerness of these applicants to obtain the benefits of the offer, who have perhaps themselves shared in this eagerness, who have seen rich and poor alike, who have already given small fortunes for medical care, and those whose doctors' fees have been sadly parted with from their humble earnings; dwellers in the city and dwellers out of the city, thronging the waiting rooms until it was plainly impossible for twenty physicians to care for even a small proportion of them; only those who have witnessed these things can at all appreciate the pressure brought to bear upon Doctor Copeland to make the extensions he has made.

This final extension to the end of the year was the result of such a pressure as this—only that the pressure was intensified tenfold by the crowds of people over anything that had preceded in the history of the practice. In making this final extension Doctor Copeland therefore insisted upon giving tenfold emphasis to its condition, namely, that it is absolutely the final extension of the opportunity; that it carries with it a distinct notice that on the 1st of January the \$5 opportunity ceases; that under no circumstances or by no inducement would the rate be offered or held out to any patients after that date.

All new patients applying for treatment after that date will have no just reason to be disappointed or no just ground for criticism on the score of partiality, for the notice and the warning has been abundant and emphatic. Doctor Copeland has insisted that this notice of the final opportunity be made to stand as a permanent feature of these announcements during this entire period; he has explained again and again that those who take advantage of the rate during that period will receive treatment until cured without any raise in price; has intimated his willingness to have all take advantage of the opportunity that wished, but has urged with all the directness of which he is capable that he does not want a repetition of the scenes of the last days of October.

In view of repeated extensions, Doctor Copeland desires that this notice be given unusual prominence and emphasis. The month of December is absolutely the last opportunity under the \$5 Rate. It will never be given again in this practice. It cannot be indefinitely extended without actual loss and it will be withdrawn except to those patients already under treatment on January 1st.

All patients applying for treatment and all patients renewing treatment before Jan. 1, 1898, will be treated UNTIL CURED at the uniform rate of \$5 a month, medicines included. This applies to all patients and all diseases.

## THE RINGING WORDS OF CURED PATIENTS.

### "Whenever I Meet Any One Who Is Deaf."

A. A. Simpson, 2101 S. Jefferson  
avenue, "Doctor Copeland cured me of deafness four years ago and since then my hearing has been absolutely perfect. When I went to him I was suffering from deafness in both ears, which had been gradually getting worse for some time. I was bothered also with ringing noises in the head which were very annoying. In my business as a carpenter deafness



Mrs. Jennie Wilson, 525 N. Spring Av.,  
Cured of Deafness and Ringing  
Noises by Doctor Copeland.

### A Lesson on the Time It Takes to Cure.

Miss Emma Fleming, 3505 Lindell  
avenue: "For eight years I suffered with deafness, which gradually became worse and worse until I had to quit teaching school."

"I did not go on the street without some one accompanied me. I faithfully and conscientiously followed the course prescribed for months; and though sometimes I became a little disheartened, yet I never gave up, and now my expectations are fully realized, for the Copeland physicians have treated me with perfect success."

"My restored hearing is a grand reward for the time and small expense I have given to the cure, and reflects the highest credit on the ability and skill of the Copeland physicians."

### Deaf 25 Years, Hearing Restored.

Mrs. Jennie Wilson, 525 N. Spring  
av.: "For twenty-five years I had been deaf in my right ear and for the last twenty years that ear was absolutely stone deaf. Last winter my left ear also began to get deaf and became worse and worse, and I have no doubt the result would ultimately have been total deafness."

"I also suffered from constant noises in the head like the distant pounding of a hammer."

One of Doctor Copeland's Lectures upon the condition of impaired hearing relates solely to head noises (condition known by the doctors as Tinnitus Aurium). This paper will be mailed free to any address.

"I was so deaf that when I talked with people, though I could hear their voices, the sound was confused and I could not catch what was said. I couldn't hear the sermons at church and the music seemed far off in the distance. I was not only very deaf, but my deafness was rapidly getting worse."

"I read in the papers of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Nellie Bosquit, 181 Gay avenue, East St. Louis, Ill., by the Copeland Physicians, and her case was so much like mine that I determined to go to them for treatment. I did so, with the result that my hearing is perfectly restored."

"I attend St. John's Methodist Church, and now I can distinctly hear the sermons. My hearing is really very acute. There is a small clock in my kitchen and before the cure I could not hear it when I was there by it, but now when I am upstairs I can hear the constant ticking of this little clock."

### She Had Catarrh Fifteen Years.

Mrs. C. H. Caster, 4411 Vista av.:  
"For fifteen years I had Catarrh of the Head and Throat, and this was accompanied by other complications which almost ruined my health. I had a headache all the time, and in the mornings my head was all stopped up and I felt tired and worn out. I was so sick that I could

Hardly Drag Myself About,  
And it was almost impossible for me to attend to my household. I also suffered from dizzy spells, and sometimes for days together in moving about I had to hold to chairs or lean against the wall. I was just broken down entirely. I hardly ate anything and did not seem to get any nourishment from what little food I did manage to swallow. Only a woman who has suffered as I have can realize how terribly bad I did feel."

"I was advised to go to the Copeland Institute by

W. H. Randel, 1111 S. Newstead av.,  
On the police force. He took the Copeland treatment for Catarrh two years ago and was much benefited. Besides this I read in the papers of the case of A. G. Lynn, 229 Chouteau avenue, whose cure is certainly most remarkable. These facts decided me to go to Doctor Copeland, and the result has been far beyond my expectations. I feel so well now that it is hard for me to realize that only a few months ago my health was so poor. My sleep is now refreshing and in the morning I feel so well. I am very happy indeed over my cure."

### Feared She Might Have Consumption.

Mrs. R. Lasswell, Campbell, Mo.:  
"I had suffered with Catarrh of the Head and Throat for four or five years and had a continual dull, heavy headache over my right eye. I had to be all the time clearing my throat of mucus. Finally there came a sore spot on my left lung. It seemed to be about the size of a silver dollar. When I became alarmed, for my sister died of consumption, caused from catarrh. I began

The reader may obtain the full text of Doctor Copeland's paper explaining the relation of catarrh to consumption by calling at the office or by writing for it.

taking your treatment the first of last February, took four months' treatment, and now I don't feel any symptoms of Catarrh at all. In fact, I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

### HOME TREATMENT BY MAIL.

Patients who live at a distance can be treated with perfect success by the aid of the Copeland symptom blank and patients' report sheets, sent free on application.



Mrs. Annie Deaton, 309 S. Channing av.,  
Testifies to Doctor Copeland's Skill  
in Curing Catarrh.

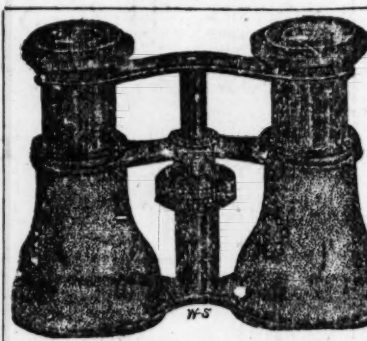
CONSULTATION FREE.  
Copeland Medical Institute  
DR. W. H. COPELAND, Consulting  
DR. J. E. THOMPSON, Physicians.  
Rooms 201, 202 and 203 Odd  
fellows' Building,  
516 Olive Street, Opp. Post-Office.  
Second floor, directly over main entrance. Office  
hours—9 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 8 p. m.;  
9 p. m. to 9 p. m.; Sunday, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

## USEFUL XMAS GIFTS!



Gold Eye Glasses  
And  
Gold Spectacles,  
Lenses Fitted for Those  
Bought for Presents  
**\$5.00**

Free of Charge  
After the Holidays by  
Expert Opticians.



Opera Glasses,  
In Aluminum,  
Pearl and Leather.  
**\$2.50**  
Up.

Triple Plate Mirrors,  
Mounted in Silver.  
Chateleine  
Spectacle Cases,  
50c up, in Leather and  
Silver.  
Graphoscopes,  
\$1.00 up,  
with Photos.

Lorgnettes,  
\$1.50 upwards,  
In Gold, Silver and  
Tortoise Shell.  
Magic Lanterns,  
\$1.50 upwards,  
Just the thing for a win-  
ter evening's enjoyment.  
Bisque Figures,  
75c upwards,  
Perfect copies—Imported  
quaint figures.

Kodak Albums,  
75c upwards, in all bind-  
ings—Just the thing for  
Kodak Pictures.  
Fancy Thermometers,  
85c upwards, Artistic  
and useful in every  
household.  
Paper Weights,  
25c upwards,  
Fancy Novelties.

Picture Frames,  
25c for Mignonette and  
Cabinet Photos.  
Statuettes,  
Imported Figures,  
Exquisite line.  
Toilet Sets,  
Comb, Brush and Mir-  
ror, hand-painted, and  
Silver Hand-painted  
Powder Boxes.

Make your selections early. Commence to-morrow.  
We will cheerfully lay them aside for you until the eventful day.

DON'T FAIL to pay us a visit on your shopping tour. You will find ERKER'S quite the fad for Holiday buyers.

OUR LINE OF  
KODAKS UNSURPASSED.

We have them in all sizes, all styles,  
AT VERY LOWEST PRICES.

A  
Full  
Line  
of  
Photo-  
graphic  
Sup-  
plies.

You  
Can  
Easily  
Find  
a  
Holiday  
Gift  
Here.  
**\$1.50** Up

Kodaks, **\$2.50**  
UP.

Lorgnettes, In Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell, **\$1.50** Up

Triple Plate Mirrors, Mounted in Silver, **\$1.00** Up

Chateleine Spectacle Cases, 50c up, in Leather and Silver, **\$1.00** Up

Graphoscopes, \$1.00 up, with Photos, **\$1.00** Up

Lorgnettes, \$1.50 upwards, In Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell, **\$1.50** Up

Magic Lanterns, \$1.50 upwards, Just the thing for a winter evening's enjoyment, **\$1.50** Up

Bisque Figures, 75c upwards, Perfect copies—Imported quaint figures, **\$1.00** Up

Kodak Albums, 75c upwards, in all bindings—Just the thing for Kodak Pictures, **\$1.00** Up

Fancy Thermometers, 85c upwards, Artistic and useful in every household, **\$1.00** Up

Paper Weights, 25c upwards, Fancy Novelties, **\$1.00** Up

Picture Frames, 25c for Mignonette and Cabinet Photos, **\$1.00** Up

Statuettes, Imported Figures, Exquisite line, **\$1.00** Up

Toilet Sets, Comb, Brush and Mirror, hand-painted, and Silver Hand-painted Powder Boxes, **\$1.00** Up

Make your selections early. Commence to-morrow. We will cheerfully lay them aside for you until the eventful day.

DON'T FAIL to pay us a visit on your shopping tour. You will find ERKER'S quite the fad for Holiday buyers.

OUR LINE OF KODAKS UNSURPASSED. We have them in all sizes, all styles, AT VERY LOWEST PRICES.

YOU will find them in our store. Some are in the ornamental line—and they are exquisite—so much so that they are the observed of all observers in the Holiday line. Talking about Gifts, though—why don't you buy a KODAK for the Boys and Girls? A Kodak is both amusing and instructive—and keeps many a boy in good spirits and out of mischief.

OUR LINE OF KODAKS UNSURPASSED.

We have them in all sizes, all styles, AT VERY LOWEST PRICES.

A Full Line of Photo-graphic Supplies.

You Can Easily Find a Holiday Gift Here.

Kodaks, **\$2.50** UP.

Lorgnettes, In Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell, **\$1.50** Up

Triple Plate Mirrors, Mounted in Silver, **\$1.00** Up

Chateleine Spectacle Cases, 50c up, in Leather and Silver, **\$1.00** Up

Graphoscopes, \$1.00 up, with Photos, **\$1.00** Up

Lorgnettes, \$1.50 upwards, In Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell, **\$1.50** Up

Magic Lanterns, \$1.50 upwards, Just the thing for a winter evening's enjoyment, **\$1.50** Up

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Chateleine Spectacle Cases, 50c up, in Leather and Silver, **\$1.00** Up

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Magic Lanterns, \$1.50 upwards, Just the thing for a winter evening's enjoyment, **\$1.50** Up

Bisque Figures, 75c upwards, Perfect copies—Imported quaint figures, **\$1.00** Up

Kodak Albums, 75c upwards, in all bindings—Just the thing for Kodak Pictures, **\$1.00** Up

Fancy Thermometers, 85c upwards, Artistic and useful in every household, **\$1.00** Up

Paper Weights, 25c upwards, Fancy Novelties, **\$1.00** Up

Picture Frames, 25c for Mignonette and Cabinet Photos, **\$1.00** Up

Statuettes, Imported Figures, Exquisite line, **\$1.00** Up

Toilet Sets, Comb, Brush and Mirror, hand-painted, and Silver Hand-painted Powder Boxes, **\$1.00** Up

Make your selections early. Commence to-morrow. We will cheerfully lay them aside for you until the eventful day.

DON'T FAIL to pay us a visit on your shopping tour. You will find ERKER'S quite the fad for Holiday buyers.

OUR LINE OF KODAKS UNSURPASSED. We have them in all sizes, all styles, AT VERY LOWEST PRICES.

A Full Line of Photo-graphic Supplies.

You Can Easily Find a Holiday Gift Here.

Kodaks, **\$2.50** UP.

Lorgnettes, In Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell, **\$1.50** Up

Triple Plate Mirrors, Mounted in Silver, **\$1.00** Up

Chateleine Spectacle Cases, 50c up, in Leather and Silver, **\$1.00** Up

Graphoscopes, \$1.00 up, with Photos, **\$1.00** Up

Lorgnettes, \$1.50 upwards, In Gold, Silver and Tortoise Shell, **\$1.50** Up

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Chateleine Spectacle Cases, 50c up, in Leather and Silver, **\$1.00** Up

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Chateleine Spectacle Cases, 50c up, in Leather and Silver, **\$1.00** Up

Graphoscopes, \$1.00 up, with Photos, **\$1.00** Up



## MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS.

Men's Silk Plush Caps, worth \$1.00, 50c  
 Men's Fedora Hats, black and brown, all styles, worth \$1.00, 50c  
 Men's Stiff Hats, silk trimmed, latest styles, worth \$1.00, 83c  
 Children's and Boys' Winter Caps, all styles and materials of wool; they are the best goods in this sale only, 15c  
 Boys' and Men's Winter Caps, good serviceable materials; they are worth 25c and 35c; only 7c



## SHOES

Philadelphia Bankrupt Stock.

Infants' Soft Shoes, 9c  
 Ladies' Soft Shoes, 12c  
 Ladies' Overalls, 9c  
 Ladies' warm, lined Felt Slippers, leather soles, 35c  
 Child's patent tip Leather shoe, 25c  
 Misses' and Children's patent tip Lace Shoes, 9 to 13, 79c  
 Child's all solid School Shoes, 75c  
 Ladies' plain-toe Button Shoes, small sizes, worth \$3.44 and \$5, 49c  
 Ladies' cloth top patent tip Button Shoes, all sizes, 99c  
 80 pairs Ladies' line sample Lace Shoes, all the latest small sizes, \$1.49  
 Ladies' hand-welt Lace Shoes, all styles, \$2.00  
 Youth's all solid School Shoes, 89c  
 Boys' and Youth's winter tan Lace Shoes, worth \$2, \$1.19  
 Men's Lace and Congress Shoes, all sizes, 98c  
 Men's Calf Lace and Congress Shoes, \$1.50  
 Men's hand-sewed Calf Lace Shoes, worth \$3, \$1.95  
 Men's patent leather Lace Shoes, all sizes, worth \$3, \$1.98

FREE Life-Size Crayon Portraits. FREE  
 Until WEDNESDAY, December 15th only.

With every purchase, no matter if you only buy one penny's worth, in any of our Departments. Remember, you are not compelled to purchase a frame unless you wish to. If you want one, come quickly and bring your photo. No Crayon with country orders.

## WE CAUGHT THE BULL BY THE HORNS

And as Usual THE GLOBE Knocked Them Out Again.  
 Schloss Bros. & Co.'s \$100,000 Stock of Baltimore Merchant Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats Sale Crowded the Big Store to the Doors.

WE TOLD YOU SO BEFORE

## AN APOLOGY.

Even with 100 extra Salesmen specially engaged, we were unable to handle the crowds. Monday we will be better prepared.

Our Advertisement Is Our Bond, Because We Have What We Advertise.

## OUR PRICES IN THIS SALE ON Men's Suits and Overcoats

Frighten the Life Out of Other Sales.

We offer you the best line of serviceable, wear-resisting suits and overcoats you ever bought at.

A Look is all that is Necessary

You won't overlook the great line of Suits, in Cassimeres, Cheviots and Worsteeds, all the latest styles, all sold at other places at double the price.

40-Wool Beaver and Kersey Overcoats, \$4.95

Do You Want to Save \$5.00?

Then see the handsome line all wool Suits, Cheviots, Cassimeres, Worsteeds, etc., lovely patterns, beautiful effects, we sell at \$7.45

Overcoats—We have a special good line in Kersey, Beaver, Covert Cloth and Cheviots, all in this sale.

Don't Pay a Tailor \$25—Here is a line of Men's Suits and Overcoats that will answer your purpose in every respect, made of the very best imported and domestic materials and made as good as any tailor can make them, and the price phenomenally low. In this sale.

Visit Our Tailoring Department.

Men's Suits to order, \$10 and up

Men's Pants, \$2.50 and up

See Material, Style, Fit and Finish.

Not like little shops about town make, but like first-class tailors produce, with the Globe's guarantee attached.

Ladies' and Gents' Kid Gloves.

French Kid Gloves, every pair perfect, assorted colors, Foster hook or button, 75c

Our Florence—Every pair guaranteed and fitted to the hand, all sizes, including the new and bluet, held and red, in clasp, \$1.00

Our Vienna, none better, made of French Kid, all colors, \$1.50

Adler's celebrated high-grade Dress Kid Gloves, without top, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00, 50c

A choice line of Fur Gauntlets and Gloves, for Men and Boys at lowest possible prices.

## Our Prices on Boys' Suits and Overcoats

Put Other Sales to Sleep.

75c for a Boy's Overcoat.

20 Boys' Overcoats, odds and ends, will go at 75c

Good Strong Double-breasted Cheviot suits, for Boys, up to 15 years, at 79c

Boy's Serviceable Blue Cheviot Overcoat, with brand, 89c

Boys' Blue Cheviot Suits, handsomely trimmed, 1.28

A dandy line of Fine Cheviot Suits, Boys, 8 to 15, 1.69

We have beyond doubt the greatest line of Children's Suits and Overcoats in Cheviots, Cassimeres, Worsteeds and all the best known materials—elegantly trimmed, at

\$2.45, \$2.95 and Up to \$4.95

FOR THIS SALE ONLY—2,000 pairs Good Heavy Knee Pants—just the kind you pay 30c for in other sales—in our sale

former price \$1.00, 19c

Our Sale Killer. Prices You Don't Hear About Every Day.

MEN'S PANTS, EXTRA FOR THIS SALE—1,500

pairs Union Cassimeres Pants, 1,000 pairs extra heavy All-Wool Pants—

you bet they are worth every cent of \$2.00, at 98c

If you're looking for Pants in better grades, see the line we sell from \$2.45 up.

Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas.

Ladies' Full-size Silk Umbrellas, endless variety of handles, such as hand-painted Dresden, Sterling Silver and Mother-of-Pearl, French, Gold and Natural Wood, etc., \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00, \$23.00, \$24.00, \$25.00, \$26.00, \$27.00, \$28.00, \$29.00, \$30.00, \$31.00, \$32.00, \$33.00, \$34.00, \$35.00, \$36.00, \$37.00, \$38.00, \$39.00, \$40.00, \$41.00, \$42.00, \$43.00, \$44.00, \$45.00, \$46.00, \$47.00, \$48.00, \$49.00, \$50.00, \$51.00, \$52.00, \$53.00, \$54.00, \$55.00, \$56.00, \$57.00, \$58.00, \$59.00, \$60.00, \$61.00, \$62.00, \$63.00, \$64.00, \$65.00, \$66.00, \$67.00, \$68.00, \$69.00, \$70.00, \$71.00, \$72.00, \$73.00, \$74.00, \$75.00, \$76.00, \$77.00, \$78.00, \$79.00, \$80.00, \$81.00, \$82.00, \$83.00, \$84.00, \$85.00, \$86.00, \$87.00, \$88.00, \$89.00, \$90.00, \$91.00, \$92.00, \$93.00, \$94.00, \$95.00, \$96.00, \$97.00, \$98.00, \$99.00, \$100.00

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## LADIES' CLOAK DEPT.

Cincinnati Bankrupt Stock.

HURRAH FOR THESE BARGAINS!

Ladies' Flannelette Waists, yoke back, full front, detachable collars, former price \$1.25, go at 25c

Ladies' Flannelette or Indigo Blue Wrappers, full front, Watteau back, inside lining, former price \$1.25, go at 49c

Children's handsome Scotch Plaid Dresses, silesia lined all through, made with fancy braids and braid trimmed, ages 4 to 14, former price \$1, go at 75c

Children's All-Wool Jackets, both plain or solid colors, empire or coat effects, large handsome collars and beautifully trimmed in braid and buttons, former price \$1.40, go at \$2.45

Ladies' box-front Glace Beaver Jackets, storm collar, late sleeve and back, former price \$4, go at \$2.49

Ladies' Jersey Boucle Jackets, knight's curl, box front, storm collar, beautifully trimmed with changeable silk, former price \$5, go at \$4.95

Ladies' Salts Plush Capes, large collar, full sweep and edged with genuine Tibet collar, plain or handsomely embroidered in braid or jet, former price \$5, go at \$2.95

Ladies' Silk Plush Capes, good length, empire or circular style, elaborately embroidered in jet and trimmed in genuine fur, former price \$12, go at \$6.95

FREE—A Ladies' Handsome Feather Box or Fur Muff given away with every purchase of \$5.00 and above in our Ladies' Cloak Department.



N. W. Cor. 7th and Franklin Av.

## Toys, Dolls, Toys, Lower Than Elsewhere. ASTONISHING!

A \$5 Camera 95c.

We have secured a bankrupt stock consisting of a few hundred Dudley Cameras, size 3 1/2 inches, weights only 14 pounds, takes a picture on glass plate, as all photographers do; size of plate 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches; book of instruction with each camera; made originally to retail at \$5.00; we will sell them as long as they last at 95c

\$1.50 Velocipedes, with adjustable seats 95c

Fort Grant, including one Canon, worth \$1.00; Monday 45c

2,000 China Tea sets 3c, 5c and 10c

600 Assorted Games and Story Books, Monday 5c and 10c

1,000 Gilt Trumpets; Monday 3c

Magic Lanterns, large size, will show 30 pictures; Monday 35c

Best Kid Body Dolls, bisque heads and natural hair, open or sleeping eyes, 25c

Dressed Dolls, the prettiest in the European market, 10c

Finest French dolls, jointed throughout, natural hair, bisque heads, sleeping eyes, thousands to select from, as fine as \$10, and as cheap as 25c

Doll Stockings, Doll Shoes, Doll Heads, Doll Bodies, etc., etc.

Cast Iron Fire Engine, worth \$1, with horse and driver, \$2.50

Complete Workshop, 21 inches, 25c

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Complete Workshop, 21 inches,



EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME AT THE LOWEST PRICES EVER KNOWN.

# CHRISTMAS JOY FOR A THOUSAND HOMES

Here's a right royal welcome for Kris Kringle—the King of Hearts. A shower of rich remembrances gathered from the best markets of the world. We will leave it to you—was there ever such a treasure-stocked store in St. Louis? Was there ever such a splendid Yule-tide show? Was there ever a Christmas Carnival equal to this? We've done our best for you, and this week's whirlwind of unprecedented value-giving will stamp this as the Greatest of all Christmas happenings. We are going to exert all our energy and all our power to make you glad that the Broadway is in St. Louis, of St. Louis and for St. Louis. HERE'S A HOST OF HELPFUL HINTS:



This beautiful full size Wicker Rocker, always sold at \$6.00; our Holiday Price.....\$2.85



Handsome Solid Oak Dresser, made and finished in best possible style, by local breeders of this class; worth \$15.00; our Holiday Price.....\$8.68



Children's Elegant Antique Chair, made and finished in best possible style, by local breeders of this class; worth \$1.75; our Holiday Price.....78c



50 First-Class Soft Coal Heating Stoves, sold regular at \$6.00; our Holiday Price.....\$4.25



Beautiful Mahogany-parlor Suite, upholstered in silk brocade, handsome pieces, like cut; worth \$25.00; our Holiday Price.....\$15.75



\$5.00 Iron Beds, best make. Holiday price.....\$2.45



\$8.00 Iron Beds, nicely finished. Holiday price.....\$4.65



\$10.00 Iron Beds, beautiful design, cut for the Holiday Sale to.....\$6.50



This beautiful wrought iron Umbrella Stand, made in first-class style and worth all of \$4.50; our Holiday Price.....\$2.75



Solid oak, handsomely finished. Chiffoniers, with five drawers, always sold at \$5.00; our Holiday Price.....\$2.95



This beautiful all-brass onyx-top Table, finished in first-class style and worth all of \$6.00; our Holiday Price.....\$3.25

Open Every Night Until Christmas!

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**  
THAT HAVE A USE.  
Book Cases.....\$4.88 up  
Sideboards.....\$6.00 up  
Dressing Tables.....\$6.50 up  
Wardrobes.....\$3.75 up  
Couches.....\$5.75 up



Brass Cupid Lamp, complete, with decorated globe; worth \$3.50; Holiday Price.....\$1.49

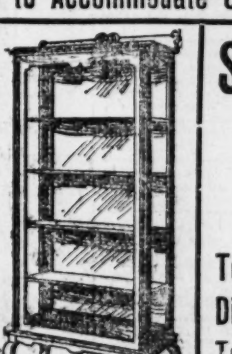
**STEEL RANGES.**  
100 BEST CITY-MADE STEEL RANGES. We guarantee these Ranges as to baking qualities and economy of fuel. They are absolutely the best and most reliable made and sold regularly at \$22.00; our Holiday Price.....\$14.85



This full-size Box Couch, upholstered in French Cretonne, finished in first-class style and guaranteed worth \$8.50. We reduce the price in this sale to.....\$5.15

**CARPETS AND RUGS.**  
Tapestry Carpets.....50c  
Velvet Carpets.....90c  
Moquette Carpets.....90c  
Mottings.....15c  
Brussels Carpets.....65c  
Axminster Carpets.....\$1.00  
Ingrain Carpets.....30c  
Smyrna Rugs.....\$1.50

**Picture.**  
We have a beautiful stock of Oil Paintings and Engravings suitable for Christmas. We'll guarantee to give you the greatest values ever offered in these goods. Buy quick, as the supply will not last long.



Quartered Oak China Closets, lined inside with bird's-eye maple, French plate glass, sold at \$14.00; our Holiday Price.....\$8.38

**SENSIBLE PRESENTS**  
FOR HAPPY HOMES.  
Toilet Sets.....\$1.65 up  
Dinner Sets.....\$5.85 up  
Tea Sets.....\$2.95 up  
Extension Tables.....\$1.85 up  
Center Tables.....50c



Beautiful Oak or Mahogany Morris Chair, padded covering, full size, worth \$10.00; our Holiday Price.....\$5.75



This Oak Combination Carriage and High Chair, like cut, always sold at \$4.00; our Holiday Price.....\$1.98

**OUR BIG WAREHOUSE,**  
CORNER SECOND AND VINE STS.,  
Is at your disposal. We will take pleasure in storing any goods bought of us until Christmas, free of charge, and deliver same Christmas Eve. Don't wait until our stock is picked over.

**Cash or Credit.**

**"The Broadway"**  
FURNITURE & CARPET CO.  
CORNER BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

**Cash or Credit.**

COME TO THE GREAT STORE—THE VISIT WILL REPAY YOU WHETHER YOU BUY OR NOT.

## THE POULTRY SHOW.

A Great Exhibition Will Open Monday and Last a Week.

The great exhibition which commences Monday morning and continues until Saturday evening, will be a "bird." It will be several birds. St. Louis will be treated to an exhibition of fancy poultry, pigeons, turkeys, ducks, geese, pheasants and other classes of ornamental fowls, which bids fair to excel anything in that line ever attempted in the West.

The St. Louis Poultry Association, under whose auspices these shows are held, says so itself. It was incorporated two years ago to advance the interest of high-bred poultry. It is composed of well-known business men and low-breders of the city and country.

Masonic Hall, where the show will be held, is probably the finest show room for this class of exhibition that could be secured. It has high ceilings and extra large windows. The judging of specimens must be done in the daylight.

The couples are all in position, and everything is in readiness for the feathered beauties that will begin to arrive to-day.

Every variety of fowls known to fanciers will be on exhibition. The immense bird cooing and the tiny Pekin bantams will be there. The mammoth light Brahmas, weighing fifteen pounds, and the little show white bantams, weighing less than one pound, will make a great contrast.

Then there will be the handsome Polish with white chrysanthemum top-knots, the stylish Leghorns of all the different colors, and America's favorite, the barred Plymouth Rock, will be seen in large numbers. The Phoenix long-tailed game will be the new thing of the season. This is a very rare bird, and will be shown for the first time.

Those who admire game fowls will stop and wonder, when they come, at the collection of this class. This variety will include some of the finest game in the United States.

Mr. Louis Lemp will exhibit five couples of his celebrated warriors, which have a world-renowned reputation, and W. H. Thompson & Son, of Collinsville, Ill., have entered twenty-five of his crabs. The competition

## HIBERNIA GAINING GROUND.

Martinelli to Visit Ireland With the Vatican's Approval.

ROME, Dec. 11.—The Vatican, it is semi-officially announced, has approved Mgr. Martinelli, the Papal delegate to the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, visiting Ireland for three weeks. It is pointed out that this approval is regarded as a sign that Hibernianism is regaining favor at the Vatican. Other signs of this are said to be the retirement of Mgr. Schneider from the staff of the University at Washington and the moral position gained at Rome by Archbishop Keane, who is considered likely to be made a Cardinal.

## WILL NOT ANTICIPATE.

Gov. Tanner Urged to Pardon Two Men Now in Trouble.

SPECIAL TO THE POST-DISPATCH.  
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 11.—A committee appeared before Gov. Tanner to-day, in behalf of Col. W. R. Brown and William P. Bruner, whose bank at Mount City failed in 1893. The men were convicted of violating the banking laws and are now under sentence for a year each in the Chester Penitentiary. The committee which appeared before the Governor to-day consisted of J. C. Willis, Metropolitan; Capt. Steyer, Golconda; State's Attorney L. M. Bradley, Mount City, and W. B. Miller, Cairo. This is the second committee which has called on the Governor within the past two weeks in behalf of the convicted men, and there seems to be a concerted effort in the southern part of the State to prevent Brown and Bruner from going to the penitentiary.

Tanner listened to the statements of the committee, but gave no indications as to what he would do. It is entirely unlikely that he will take any action while the case is in the courts. Brown and Bruner are out on bail.

## RICHARD MANSFIELD SUE.

Metzger Wants \$2,500 Damages for Assault and Battery.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 11.—A sequel to the troubles between Richard Mansfield, the actor, and John Metzger, who has for the past seven years been Mansfield's dresser for the stage, developed to-day in a civil suit for damages brought by Metzger. Yesterday Mansfield was held by Magistrate Eisenbrow under \$500 bail for a further hearing on a criminal charge of assault and battery upon Metzger. To-day Metzger began civil action to recover \$2,500 damages from Mansfield for alleged assault and battery. The affidavit filed by Metzger alleges that Mansfield struck him with his clenched fist on Tuesday night in consequence of a trivial dispute while Mr. Mansfield was preparing to go on the stage.

## DENOUNCED THE OLD MAN.

Action of the Pike County Republican Committee.

SPECIAL TO THE POST-DISPATCH.  
LOUISIANA, Mo., Dec. 11.—The Pike County Republican Central Committee held a stormy meeting at Bowling Green to-day over resolutions denunciatory of the Hon. Chauncey I. Filley's letter to the Post-Dispatch. The chairman of the County Committee, Ross Kerns, and of course, he wanted to down "Boss" Filley in order to show his gratitude to the G. O. P. It was evident from the start the Kernsites had a majority on the committee and proposed to ride on the St. Louis and Chicago tracks. He was known on the tracks as "Print" Bell.

Copies of to-day's great Christmas number in wrappers ready for mailing can be had at the Post-Dispatch office this week.

## ITALIAN'S NIGHT PILGRIMAGE.

Custom in Vogue in Italy Followed This Morning.

Under a guard of twelve of Capt. Joyce's most stalwart patrolmen 500 Italians began their annual Immaculate Conception pilgrimage at 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

The custom is time-honored in sunny Italy, where it is observed by all good Catholics.

Twelve men supported the jewel-bedecked image of the Holy Virgin, whose adornments this year were more elaborate than heretofore. Gems amounting to \$500 were donated for the occasion by the pilgrims.

The start was made from 1235 Foster alley. St. Patrick's Church was the first where special services were held, and the band then moved on, pausing at St. Joseph's Church, the Franciscan Sisters' Hospital, St. Lawrence O'Toole Church and at St. John's, where communion was administered. The return march was completed at 5 a. m. Sunday.

## A YOUNG SUICIDE.

Prentice Bell, Only 23, Shoots Himself in the Head.

SPECIAL TO THE POST-DISPATCH.  
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 11.—Word was received here of the suicide at Petersburg of George Prentice Bell this afternoon.

Bell was the step-son of James M. Robbins, cashier of the First National Bank, and was 23 years of age. He had been drinking heavily of late and had become despondent. He shot himself through the right temple with a pistol, death resulting instantly. He was found a half hour after he killed himself at the home of John Dowell where he lived. Bell was formerly a jockey and rode on the St. Louis and Chicago tracks. He was known on the tracks as "Print" Bell.

Copies of to-day's great Christmas number in wrappers ready for mailing can be had at the Post-Dispatch office this week.

## MEXICAN MURDERERS SHOT.

Executed According to Law for Their Crime.

MATAMORAS, Mex., Dec. 11.—Pantaleon and Victoriana Guillian, the murderers of Dr. Carpio, were shot this morning. The former confessed to a priest yesterday afternoon. He was badly frightened and had a fit during the night. Two prisoners supported him blindfolded to a chair placed against the rear jail wall. The firing party of police at six paces shot five Winchester bullets into his breast, but as the body moved slightly, Sergeant Hernandez killed him with a shot in the temple. Victoriana was braver and refused to confess. As he was being led to his doom he declared that in shooting Pantaleon the officers had killed an innocent man. At the discharge of the rifles his body writhed and he had to be caught and replaced on the chair. None of the first shots were mortal.

## PEARY'S LONDON LECTURE.

The American Pole-Hunter Succeeded in Pleasing the English.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POST-DISPATCH.  
LONDON, Dec. 11.—Lieut. Peary's lecture last Monday before the London Geographical Society was an event which gave a British audience good occasion to show sympathy with American pluck and scientific achievements. There was most generous applause, particularly when on the screen appeared the American flag, marking the northernmost part of Greenland.

The Peary night will remain proverbial in London as the one when was heard the most interesting lecture ever delivered there within the memory of living man. The President admitted that Peary had broken all previous records, not merely for the most valuable of sledge journeys, but also for having brought back the most complete set of photographs ever taken.

Mr. Peary was asked his opinion about

## CONRAD'S CHRISTMAS SPECIALS.

Never before such complete preparation for Christmas grocery needs. The three always-busy stores stocked to the ceiling with truly tempting delicacies. Double number of Conrad's Weekly ready Tuesday. Free, if you call for it.

Specimen special for these two weeks:

For.....\$1.00  
Crystallized Fruits, all best kinds, per lb. 50  
Genuine Societe Houffort Cheese, per lb. 41  
California Apples, large, white, tender, per doz. 21  
Cook's Imperial Champagne, per doz. 70  
Assorted (choice) "Frog" French Mixed Candy, best selection, per lb. 15c  
And 10 other candy specials.

CONRAD'S, 618 Locust.  
2712 Franklin Av. Duemar, near Taylor.

## WERE NOT FRENCHMEN.

Duel in Which One Man Was Killed.

BUCHAREST, Dec. 11.—A duel with swords has been fought between M. Lahovry, director of the Independence Roumanian, and M. Pilescu, director of the Epoca. M. Lahovary was killed.

## President Byrne Ill.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—Charles H. Byrne, President of the Brooklyn Base Ball Club, is dangerously ill at his home in this city. Mr. Byrne has been in bad health for some time.

# New Verses on Old Sports Written by Rudyard Kipling.

**BOXING.**  
Read here the Moral roundly writ  
For him that into battle goes—  
Each soul that, hitting hard and hit,  
Encounters gross or ghostly foes—  
Prince, blown by many overthows,  
Half blind with shame, half choked with dirt  
Man cannot tell but Allah knows  
How much the other side was hurt!

**RACING.**  
The horse is ridden—the jockey rides—  
The backers back—the owners own  
But there are lots of things besides,  
And I should leave this play alone.

**FISHING.**  
Behold a parable! A fisher for B.  
C took her bait; her heart was set on D.  
Thank Heaven, who cooled your blood  
and cramped your wishes,  
Men and not Gods torment you, little fishes.

**GOLF.**  
Why Golf is Art and Art is Golf  
We have not to seek—  
So much depends upon the lie,  
So much upon the cleft.

**COACHING.**  
The Pious Horse to church may trot.  
A maid may work a man's salvation.  
Four horses and a girl are not;  
However, aids to reformation.

**SKATING.**  
Over the ice she flies  
Perfect and poised and fair—  
Stars in my true-love's eyes  
Teach me to do and to dare!

**SHOOTING.**  
"Peace upon Earth, Good will to men!"  
So greet we Christmas Day.  
Oh, Christian, load your gun, and then,  
O Christian, out and slay!

Now will I fly as she flies—  
Woe for the stars that misled!  
Stars that I saw in her eyes  
Now do I see in my head!

The above verses by Rudyard Kipling have been printed by kind permission of R. H. Russell, who is about to issue an "Almanac of Twelve Sports," with words by Mr. Kipling and pictures by William Nicholson. The striking artistic effects found in Mr. Nicholson's pictures and the charm of Mr. Kipling's make this a volume which is not only seasonable at this time, when the new year is about to begin, but which is full of subtle charm and intrinsic merit.



## SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

20 words or less, 5c.

ACCOUNTANT—A first-class accountant will post up books and make all necessary entries. Address: 1000 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

ADVERTISER—Situations wanted as traveling advertiser; will work for a month and expenses; references: experienced. O. Dunham, Goodland, Ind.

BAKER—Wanted, etc. by a first-class bread and cake baker; city or country. 4418 S. 9th St.

BOY—Of 17, would like work as clerk. Ad. L. 633, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Situations wanted as office boy or grocery boy. Ad. L. 633, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—A good white boy wants a place to work for board while attending business college. Ad. L. 637, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Of 18, wants position in office; good at figures; good references. Ad. L. 637, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Bright boy of 16 desires a position as office boy; understands typewriting and shorthand; good references. Ad. L. 634, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Wanted, situation of any kind by an intelligent boy of 16; writes a good hand. Ad. L. 640, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Situations wanted by a boy of 18; can do most anything; can give good references; will work for reasonable salary. Ad. L. 641, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Wanted, situation by boy of 18 or office or errand boy; will work for \$2.00. Ad. G. 641, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Colored boy wants situation in private family. Ad. L. 642, Post-Dispatch.

BOY—Wanted, a situation of any kind by a strong boy of 17. Ad. L. 641, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—First-class bookkeeper with No. 1 references and commanding good salary at present position; wishes to change by Jan. 1. Ad. L. 640, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, position by expert bookkeeper and accountant; 6 years' experience; all references from prominent employers. Box 848, Bostrop, Tex.

BOOKKEEPER—Expert bookkeeper wants books to write up or balance; also can give instruction; moderate charges. Ad. G. 650, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, by a young man, a position as bookkeeper and stenographer; experienced. Ad. G. 650, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, situation as bookkeeper and city salesman for a good shoe factory; experienced; good hustler in the business. Ad. G. 650, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—With 4 years' experience, desires a position as bookkeeper or collector; good penman; accurate and best of city references. Ad. L. 650, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, position by young man as bookkeeper; experience in wholesale business; all references. Ad. L. 645, Post-Dispatch.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, situation by experienced bookkeeper; would like to connect with some good furniture factory to close or open account. Ad. G. 652, Post-Dispatch.

CANDY MAKER—Wanted, work by experienced candy maker; \$7 a week, wholesale or retail. Ad. A. 650, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER—Good carpenter and engineer wants job with wholesale house or other place; best references; will work cheap. Ad. O. 640, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER—Wanted, by carpenter, situation for \$1.50 a day; or will take work by job; send postal. Joseph, 1020 Carr St.

CARPENTER—Experienced carpenter wants steady position in factory or hotel, in or out of city. Ad. L. 641, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER—Situations wanted by carpenter and millwright; understands all kinds of shoe factory, machine and harness; can give best refs. Ad. L. 641, Post-Dispatch.

CARPENTER—Wanted, situation by experienced grocery clerk; work of any kind in retail or wholesale house; reliable; references; suburb city references. Ad. L. 639, Post-Dispatch.

CLEVER—Wanted, position in grocery store as clerk or cashier; city refs and bond given. Ad. M. 641, Post-Dispatch.

CLEVER—Young man of 28 wants position as clerk in office; best references. Ad. T. 639, Post-Dispatch.

CLEVER—Wanted, situation by an experienced grocery clerk; reliable; references; suburb city references. Ad. A. 631, Post-Dispatch.

COACHMAN—Situations wanted by a colored man as coachman or janitor; ref. 4504 Cottage av.

COACHMAN—Situations wanted by young colored man as coachman; can give references. Ad. G. 648, Post-Dispatch.

COACHMAN—Colored man wants situation as coachman, or houseman or porter. Ad. L. 643, Post-Dispatch.

COLLECTOR—Wanted, position as collector, solicitor or outside man by party having large acquaintance in city and country. Ad. L. 642, Post-Dispatch.

COLLECTOR—Young man of 17 wants situation as city collector; references. Ad. L. 645, Post-Dispatch.

COLLECTOR—Situations wanted by a young man as collector or outside man; references. Ad. L. 645, Post-Dispatch.

COLLECTOR—\$20 reward for collector or other position paying \$20 per month; highest references and bond; aged 40. Ad. L. 640, Post-Dispatch.

COPYHOLDER—An experienced copyholder wants position; 5 years' experience; best references. Ad. M. 631, Post-Dispatch.

COOK—Wanted, situation by a meat and poultry cook; strictly sober; white man; references; suburb city or country. Ad. G. 639, Post-Dispatch.

COOK—Wanted, situation by first-class meat and poultry cook; city or country; 15 years' experience. Ad. H. 630, Post-Dispatch.

COOK—Wanted, situation as first-class French cook. Ad. H. 640, Post-Dispatch.

COOK—Wanted, situation by a cook; one who can take charge of a first-class place. Ad. A. Barrett, 7540 S. 6th St.

COOK—Wanted, situation by German cook; meat and poultry; special on soups, sauces; hotel or restaurant; references; suburb city references. Ad. L. 639, Post-Dispatch.

COOKS—Wanted, situations as first and second cooks by man and wife; will leave city; accept moderate pay. Cook, 1004 Olive St., second door south.

COOK—Wanted, situation by colored man; first-class cook; soup, meat, bread and poultry; all-around cook; best refs. 2832 Adams St.

COOK—Situations wanted by steady first-class cook and baker; city or country. Ad. F. 630, Post-Dispatch.

DETECTIVE—A detective of 20 years' experience in all its branches, a stranger in the city, is ready to render his services; charges reasonable. Ad. G. 627, Post-Dispatch.

DRAFTSMAN—A position as architectural draughtsman wanted in Missouri, Tennessee and 8 years' experience in Connecticut. Ad. Draughtsman, Box 607, City.

DRIVER—Wanted, situation by good, sober young man to drive wagon or car; furnished house and wagon to suit position. Call or address F. Myers, 1418 Washington av.

DRIVER—Wanted, situation by reliable, industrious, sober man as express driver or delivery man for good house; city references. Ad. M. 638, Post-Dispatch.

DRIVER—Situations wanted by sober, honest, industrious man as driver for meat, produce or delivery wagon; good horseman; knows the city; best of city references. Ad. L. 637, Post-Dispatch.

DRIVER—Position wanted by young man as driver; well acquainted in city; best of references. Ad. L. 635, Post-Dispatch.

DRIVER—Married man would like situation as driver; well acquainted in city and depot. Call or address 2234 Biddle St.

DRIVER—Experienced driver, 24, wants delivery wagon to drive; well acquainted in city; understands care of horses and vehicles. Ad. L. 635, Post-Dispatch.

DRIVER—Milk wagon driver wants situation; honest and sober. Ad. L. 635, Post-Dispatch.

DRIVER—Situations wanted by middle-aged German to drive express or delivery wagon; is well posted in city and can furnish references. Ad. B. O. 2007 Olive St.

DRUG CLERK—Position wanted by a drug clerk; 3 years' experience; speaks French and English; 24 and single. Ad. P. O. Box 422, Warrensburg, Mo.

DRUG CLERK—Wanted, situation by drug clerk with 2 years' experience in school of pharmacy. Address F. J. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

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DRUG CLERK—Wanted, situation by drug clerk with 2 years' experience in school of pharmacy. Address F. J. Brady, Springfield, Kan.

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## ROOMS FOR RENT.

14 words or less, 10c.

LUCAS AV. 2705—Connecting rooms, 1st floor, for housekeeping; 3d floor hall room, southern exposure.

LUCAS AV. 2704—Nearly furnished rooms, single or en suite, for housekeeping; all conveniences; cheap.

LUCAS AV. 2711—Nearly furnished front room; gas and hot bath; fire, rent reasonable.

LUCAS AV. 2816—Nearly furnished front room; all modern conveniences; gas, bath, etc.

LUCAS PLACE, 1804—One extra large, pleasant room, suitable for two or three persons.

LUCAS AV. 3038—Several well furnished, comfortable rooms; modern conveniences; reasonable.

LUCAS AV. 3222—Unfurnished rooms for rent. Key at 5203 Olive st.

LUCAS AV. 3409—1 or 2 furnished rooms; all conveniences; good for 2 or 3 guests; references.

LUCAS PL. 1404—Two pretty rooms for housekeeping; cooking and heating stoves; well furnished; cheap to good tenant; also single rooms; \$5 per month.

MADISON ST. 1815—Nearly furnished hall room; private family; bath and conveniences; rent \$1 per week.

MANCHESTER AV. 2811—Two unfurnished basement rooms for washing and ironing, by white woman.

MARKET ST. 2211—Large furnished front room; housekeeping or guests; southern exposure; other rooms.

MARKET ST. 2238—1 nicely furnished front room, with fire, \$2 per month; 2nd floor only.

MARKET ST. 2274 (near Jefferson)—Large front room, furnished, with fire; all conveniences; very reasonable.

MENARD AV. 2704—Nearly furnished front room for young widow, no other rooms.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1210—Furnished front room, \$2.50 per week; also nice room for \$1.50.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1747—5 rooms; gas, bath, etc.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1833—Nearly furnished rooms; furnace heat; all conveniences; opposite Lafayette Park.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1838—Nearly furnished rooms; terms only.

MISSOURI AV. 1208—New, furnished room; hot and cold bath.

MORGAN ST. 3135—One or two desirable unfurnished rooms; furnace, gas, hot bath; rent.

MORGAN ST. 2205—Furnished rooms, 1st and 3d floors, for light housekeeping; also hall room.

MORGAN ST. 1731—Two furnished front rooms; southern exposure; gas only.

MORGAN ST. 2728—3 or 4 rooms, 2d floor, nicely furnished for light housekeeping.

MORGAN ST. 2802A—Unfurnished front and back parlors, no other rooms; reasonable; references exchanged.

MORGAN ST. 1424—Rooms for guests and housekeeping, \$1.50 up; also 3 connecting rooms.

MORGAN ST. 3105—Second-story front and adjoining rooms, for housekeeping; gas and hot bath; private family.

MORGAN ST. 3090—Two large furnished or unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping; good location.

MORGAN ST. 2743—Front and back rooms, nicely furnished; housekeeping or sleeping; reasonable; references.

MORGAN ST. 2806—Nearly furnished rooms, suitable for guests or couples; all conveniences.

MORGAN ST. 2747—Two connecting rooms, furnished complete for housekeeping; reasonable.

MORGAN ST. 2801—Nearly furnished rooms, at reasonable price; 2d fl.

MULLANPHY ST. 2224—Four nice, newly papered rooms, laundry in basement, large yard.

NINETEENTH ST. 305 N.—Connecting front room for housekeeping; one front parlor for 2 guests.

NORTH BROADWAY, 1305—Front parlor; worth \$3 per week; 2 persons, the each.

OHIO AV. 2601—Corner house; furnished and unfurnished rooms for housekeeping and roomers.

OHIO AV. 1307—3 nice rooms, 2d floor; \$8. Key to 1st floor, Key to 1st floor, 1113 Chestnut st.

OLIVE ST. 2223—Newly and beautifully furnished rooms for ladies or couples; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 2733—South front 2d floor room; also back parlor; bath, gas; \$3 per week.

OLIVE ST. 2742—Second-story front and small connecting rooms in refined, pleasant private home.

OLIVE ST. 2700—Furnished front room for housekeeping; single or en suite; hall room.

OLIVE ST. 2832—Large front and back room; gas, hot bath, with fire.

OLIVE ST. 2700—Two connecting rooms, nicely furnished, 1st floor; hot bath; very nice.

OLIVE ST. 1214—Nearly furnished rooms by day, week or month; \$2 up.

OLIVE ST. 2512—Furnished second-story front room, with alcove; also 2 rooms for housekeeping.

OLIVE ST. 3127—Five furnished rooms for housekeeping to small family without children.

OLIVE ST. 2231—2 comfortable, newly decorated rooms; water in kitchen; yard, cellar; \$8 a month.

OLIVE ST. 2537—Nearly furnished front room; single or en suite; reasonable; hot bath.

OLIVE ST. 2531—Nearly furnished front room; also small rooms; hot water bath; fire and gas.

OLIVE ST. 2710—Nearly furnished rooms; southern exposure; housekeeping or roomers; hot bath; reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 2537—Nearly furnished rooms; gentleman of housekeeping; \$8 per month.

OLIVE ST. 2610—Nearly furnished hall room, \$1 per week.

OLIVE ST. 1410—Nearly furnished connecting front rooms, 1st and 2d floor; rent.

OLIVE ST. 2718—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping.

OLIVE ST. 1063—Large front room, furnished for housekeeping; \$2; cook stove; \$3 per week.

OLIVE ST. 3096—Nearly furnished 2d and 3d-story front rooms, every convenience; moderate.

OLIVE ST. 2749—Nearly furnished front room; also other rooms; hot bath; terms reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 2235—4 unfurnished rooms, 1st floor; 1 on 2d; water, yard; other conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 7641—Furnished for housekeeping, 2 front rooms, single rooms, \$5 and \$10.

OLIVE ST. 2809—Handsome furnished rooms; all conveniences; fire, gas and bath; in home of lady; rates \$2.50 up.

OLIVE ST. 2200—Sunny front room furnished complete for housekeeping; hot and cold water.

OLIVE ST. 2525—Nearly furnished room, for two guests or light housekeeping; reasonable; private family; cheap.

OLIVE ST. 3206—Nearly furnished room in private family; cheap.

OLIVE ST. 2533A—A well-furnished room.

OLIVE ST. 1807—Connecting rooms, water and cook stove in kitchen; \$10 per month.

OLIVE ST. 1212—Nearly furnished front and back parlor; single or en suite; cheap.

OLIVE ST. 2601—Nearly furnished front room for light housekeeping; very cheap; hot bath; also 2 connecting rooms, every convenience; moderate.

OLIVE ST. 2804—Furnished or unfurnished rooms, suitable for 2 or more guests; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 2130—2 nicely furnished front rooms, complete for light housekeeping; \$2.50 per week.

OLIVE ST. 2117—Nearly furnished front room; light housekeeping; hot and cold bath; \$2.50 per week.

OLIVE ST. 2024—Furnished front room; light housekeeping; hot and cold bath; \$2.50 per week.

OLIVE ST. 1826—Nearly furnished second and third floor front rooms, very desirable and cheap.

OLIVE ST. 3008—Furnished rooms, fire and light; \$2 second floor.

OLIVE ST. 1720—Unfurnished rooms; nice second-story front; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 2521—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; rates reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 3115—2 rooms, furnished for light housekeeping, single or en suite; reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 2800—Opposite Hotel Biers—Furnished front rooms, terms reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 3533—2 nice unfurnished rooms, 2d story; furnace heat; hot and cold water.

OLIVE ST. 2640—Nearly furnished front parlor, with fire and hot bath; \$3 per week.

## ROOMS FOR RENT.

14 words or less, 10c.

PAPIN ST. 1430—2 front connecting rooms, furnished for housekeeping; \$2.50; single, \$1.50 week.

PAPIN ST. 1415—2 connecting rooms on first floor, furnished complete for housekeeping; \$2.50; also other rooms.

PAPIN ST. 1413—Front room and kitchen for light housekeeping; hot bath.

PARK AV. 1214—Three or four rooms, \$9 and \$12.

PINE ST. 2648—Nearly furnished room for light housekeeping; hot bath.

PINE ST. 2305—2 nice rooms; gentlemen preferred; very nice.

PINE ST. 2017—2d-story front room; private family; all modern conveniences; southern exposure.

PINE ST. 2020—Nearly furnished rooms for rent; also for light housekeeping.

PINE ST. 1019—Nearly furnished rooms, \$5c to \$1 per day; \$1.50 to \$2 per week.

PINE ST. 2002—Cor. house, well furnished 2d-story room for light housekeeping; 2 closets; reasonable.

PINE ST. 7004—Single and double rooms for light housekeeping; very low rates.

PINE ST. 1125—Back rooms; housekeeping; \$1.50; for guests, \$1; front room, 4 cents.

RIDGE AV. 6296—3 handsome rooms, only \$9.

ROOM—Large, sunny, unfurnished room, 2d or 3d floor; private family preferred; reference. Ad. E 640, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nearly furnished room, in private family, on 18th and Butler sts. Ad. L 640, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—By day or week; reasonable. Century Hotel, 9th and Lucas av.

ROOM—Wanted, married couple to occupy room for winter; cheap; 30 minutes south. Ad. A 633, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nearly furnished rooms for light housekeeping or guests; \$2 per week. Ad. E 645, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—A young widow in respectable neighborhood, with front room, cheap to refined gentleman. Ad. K 647, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Two nicely furnished rooms; also kitchen. Ad. P 650, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Elegant front room or suite for guests; no other rooms; 2 in family. Ad. O 654, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—3 well-lighted, unfurnished rooms; bath room and heat; near Grand av. and Olive st.; refs. required. Ad. P 652, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nearly furnished front room, second floor; 2 guests; refs. exchanged. Ad. G. 8336 Cook av.

ROOM—Refined private family has three furnished rooms to rent to man and wife for light housekeeping, in good neighborhood; furnace heat and all conveniences; \$1.50 per week for the winter. Ad. P 644, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Furnished room by a widow; 2 in family; no other rooms. Ad. K 990, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Two rooms for light housekeeping to a couple without children; hot bath. Ad. H 646, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Two rooms and large kitchen, newly furnished; good range and base-burner; complete for housekeeping; large yard; very reasonable. Ad. E 646, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Parties owning their own home, Morgan, Grand, will rent 4 rooms, unfurnished. Ad. K 646, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Widow, living alone, has beautifully furnished rooms for quiet parties. Ad. O 1050, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Elegant front room, suitable for quiet parties; no other rooms. Ad. P 988, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—1 nice, large unfurnished front room. Inquire at 1401 O'Fallon st., 3d floor.

ROOM—Nearly furnished front room, in home of a widow; convenient to Lindell or Citizens' Hotel. Ad. M 971, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Double parlor, dining-room and kitchen, completely furnished, on West Locust. Ad. O 667, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nearly furnished room; convenient to cars; widow; home comforts. Ad. E 640 Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Comfortable furnished room; all conveniences; quiet neighborhood. Ad. N 938, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Furnished, light, pleasant room, with two separate entrances, in private family of two ladies; terms moderate; location good. Ad. R 618, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—2 elegantly furnished rooms, single or en suite; all conveniences; neighborhood of Compton Heights. Ad. P 653, Post-Dispatch.

RITTER ST. 2144A—Unfurnished room; cheap.

RITTER ST. 2222—Four rooms, hall and bath; inquire upstairs.

RITTER ST. 2214—3 nice rooms, 2d floor; \$7.50. Key at 3210, Keeley, 1113 Chestnut st.

RITTER ST. 2224—One room, furnished complete for light housekeeping.

SARAH ST. 311, near Delmar—Two handsome furnished rooms, connected, gas, furnace, etc.

SEVENTH ST. 1520 S.—2 rooms and kitchen; rear.

SHERIDAN ST. 720—Nice furnished room.

SHERIDAN AV. 2845—Two large, unfurnished rooms.

SHERIDAN AV. 3112—Small room, nicely furnished for light housekeeping; \$2.50 week; also a suite of two very large rooms for housekeeping.

SIXTH ST. 412 S.—Light, convenient rooms, with power.

SIXTEENTH ST. 613 N.—Nice, comfortable furnished front room; 2 gentlemen, \$1 per week.

SIXTH ST. 1127 S.—3 nice rooms; gas, cellar and yard.

SOUTH BROADWAY 1037—Nice furnished room, bath, gas; southern exposure; for 1 or 2 guests.

SPRING AV. 352 (cor. Olive)—Nearly furnished room, 2d floor front.

ST. ANGE AV. 1122—Nearly furnished room; suitable for 1 or 2 guests.

STODDARD ST. 2811—2 unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping; bathroom, water in kitchen; \$6 per month.

STODDARD ST. 2741—Nice 3-room house, \$9; nice rooms, 2d floor, \$8.50, 1410 N. 14th st.; 3 very nice rooms for rent, 1520 Morgan st. Key at 1530 Morgan st.

STODDARD ST. 2810—Nearly furnished rooms; all conveniences; private family; light housekeeping.

ST. ANGE AV. 1123—Nearly furnished room; suitable for 1 or 2 guests; reasonable.

TAYLOR AV. 1824—One or two rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with bath; also place for horse and wagon.

TENTH ST. 518 S.—4 nice rooms; water in kitchen; only \$5.50.

THE MANHATTAN HOTEL (European), 1801 Chestnut st., one block from Union Station—steam heat; bath; fire, room 50c, 75c and \$1.

THERESA AV. 224—Comfortable room; fire, gas, hot bath; housekeeping; if desired; references.

THOMAS ST. 2841—Nearly furnished 2d floor front, modern private house, suitable for two guests; \$10 per month.

THOMAS ST. 3013—2 large, bright unfurnished rooms; good location.

TWELFTH ST. 1121 S.—2 connecting rooms, furnished for light housekeeping, \$3 per week.

TWELFTH ST. 1022 S.—2 rooms and kitchen, in private home with large attic and cellar; rent cheap.

TWELFTH ST. 1022 S.—Two rooms and kitchen in rear; new house; attic and cellar; rent cheap.

TWENTYFIFTH ST. 912 N.—Large furnished front room, 2d floor.

TWENTYFIFTH ST. 1013 N.—Well furnished front room, for two guests.

TWENTY-SECOND ST. 11 S.—Nearly furnished rooms for gentlemen, \$1.50 per week.

WALNUT CORNER 1511 ST.—Large unfurnished front room. Ad. H 639, Post-Dispatch.

WASH ST. 1806—2d floor room, furnished complete for 2 persons; bath, hot and cold; reasonable.

WASH ST. 1811—Nearly furnished rooms for light housekeeping; also hall room.

WASH ST. 1801—Rooms for housekeeping; also a large parlor for working lady; reasonable.

WASH ST. 1611—Second-story front room, complete for light housekeeping; also hall room.

## ROOMS FOR RENT.

14 words or less, 10c.

WASHINGTON AV. 5303—Two, nicely furnished rooms; very reasonable; suitable for guests.

WASHINGTON AV. 2633—Cosily furnished, southern front room; alcove; reasonable to steady tenant.

WASHINGTON AV. 1302—Second-story front, \$3; hall room, \$1.50 and \$1 per week.

WASHINGTON AV. 2844—A suite of rooms furnished complete for light housekeeping; every thing moderate.

WASHINGTON AV. 1510—2 connecting rooms or housekeeping.

WASHINGTON AV. 2220—Elegantly furnished room to quiet lady or couple; reasonable.

WASHINGTON AV. 1800—Nearly furnished front and back rooms.

WASHINGTON AV. 2220—Nearly furnished room for light housekeeping; \$2 per week.

WASHINGTON AV. 2220—Pleasant furnished room, with fire; 2 guests, 75c per week each.

WASHINGTON AV. 1613—Nearly furnished front room, for light housekeeping; all conveniences.

WASHINGTON AV. 1013—Nearly furnished 2d-story front, \$3 per week; also other rooms.

WASHINGTON AV. 1013—Clean, comfortable, cheap room, for light housekeeping; respectable.

WASHINGTON AV. 2715—Nearly furnished 2d-story front and connecting rooms; gas, fire and hot water.

WASHINGTON AV. 2601—Second-floor hall room, heated, \$6; refined; rent only.

WASHINGTON AV. 1410—Nearly furnished rooms, suitable for 4, at \$3 week; hot bath.

WASHINGTON AV. 1416—2 nice connecting rooms for light housekeeping; also hall room, with bath; board if desired; hot bath and conveniences; table supplied with choice meats, fruits and vegetables; terms reasonable. Please call at 2915 Pine st.

WASHINGTON AV. 2601—Nearly furnished rooms, with board, at \$15 and \$4 per week; private family.

BELL AV. 8114—Two large, light, nicely furnished rooms; southern exposure; good board.

BELL AV. 3038—Comfortable rooms, with board; furnace heat; all conveniences; reasonable.

## ROOMMATES WANTED.

HICKORY ST. 1112—Nearly furnished front room; also young lady room wanted.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Elegant room, gas and heat; \$1.50 a week. 1807 Wash st.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Young lady, employed during day; stenographer, wishes room-mate. Ad. M 647, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Of sober, quiet disposition; room to locate. Ad. G 640, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Room-mate; must be honest, respectable, working lady. Call at 2000 Olive st., Sunday.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Room-mate for boy, 18; every convenience; \$5, 220 N. Compton av.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Working girl preferred; room rent \$5 per week. 2823 Lucas av.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Young man wants room-mate; pleasant front room; southern exposure; on Flane, between 4000 and 4100; state where working and in what capacity. Ad. E 635, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—Nest, intelligent room-mate; description exchanged; or will call at 457 good hotel. Ad. W 637, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM-MATE WANTED—By a refined gentleman, having room, with board, in pleasant home with modern conveniences; hot and cold bath, furnace heat; house kept scrupulously clean; table supplied with choice meats, fruits and vegetables; \$4 per week. Please call at 2915 Pine st.

ROOMS WITH BOARD.

ARE YOU LOOKING for a permanent, pleasant home in a desirable neighborhood? 2d-story front, also above room; new furniture, Brussels carpet; also back room; hot and cold bath; furnace heat; hot and cold bath; home cooking; \$4 per week. Terms reasonable. Please call at 2915 Pine st.

BEAUMONT ST. \$15 N.—Nearly furnished rooms, with board, at \$15 and \$4 per week; private family.

BELL AV. 8114—Two large, light, nicely furnished rooms; southern exposure; good board.

BELL AV. 3038—Comfortable rooms, with board; furnace heat; all conveniences; reasonable.

## ROOMS WITH BOARD.

BOARDING—Wanted, married couple to occupy room, with board, for winter; cheap; 30 minutes south. Ad. A 633, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDERS WANTED—At \$3.75 and \$4 per week; steam heat, bath; new house; coal to all cars free. Inquire at 2500 N. Spring av.

BOARDING—Fine front room, West End, with elegant board, for guest and wife, in strictly private family; reasonable. Ad. M 636, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDING—Handsome suite of rooms, with modern conveniences and heat of board in small family; for ladies or ladies employed. Ad. M 636, Post-Dispatch.

BOARDING—Private family, West End, will accommodate married couple or one of two gentlemen; highest references required; none need answer; highest references required; none need answer; highest references required; none need answer.

BROADWAY, 4708 R.—Aristocratic board; lovely home, front room, elegantly furnished; reasonable rates; extensive grounds; Southern Electric cars, close the gates.

BROADWAY, 4505 R.—Furnished room for 1 or 2 gentlemen, with or without board.

CABANNE PLACE, 2840—Two connecting and one large single room, furnished, with board.

CABANNE, 5502—Board, room and all conveniences; 2 ladies; on other guests; call about 8 a. m. or 9 p. m.; terms guaranteed to suit; must be select.

CALIFORNIA AV. 1721—Furnished room, with or without board, for guest or ladies; private family.

CARR ST. 2174—Nearly furnished front room, with or without board in a private family.

CHESTNUT ST. 3025 W.—Furnished room; fire, hot bath, good board; terms, \$15 per month.

CHESTNUT ST. 3415—Two very desirable rooms; southern exposure; Mopette carpets; furnace heat; hot and cold bath; home cooking; \$4 per week.

CHOUTEAU AV. 1010—Furnished rooms on 2d floor, with board.

COOK AV. 4281A—Nice front room with board; private family; terms reasonable.

COOK AV. 3088—Nearly furnished rooms; with or without board; first-class; refs.

COOK AV. 4404—Rooms and board for two ladies; private family.

## ROOMS WITH BOARD.

14 words or less, 10c.

ELEVENTH ST. 1117 S.—Nearly furnished front room, 2d floor; steam heat and gas; with use of bath; board if desired; \$2 and \$3 other rooms; no children; references wanted.

FINNEY AV. 3862—Furnished rooms, with or without board, in private family.

FINNEY AV. 3868—Rooms, with board, 2d floor front and connecting rooms to small family; no children; private family; reasonable.

FINNEY AV. 3828—Large, front room for two all conveniences; with or without board.

FINNEY AV. 4110—Nearly furnished rooms, with gas, hot and cold bath, with breakfast and supper if desired; private family; terms reasonable.

FOREST PARK BL. 3034—Pleasant furnished room, 2d-story connecting room; furnace; excel; best table.

FRANKLIN AV. 3137—Nearly furnished front room; all conveniences; good board; convenient to cars.

FRANKLIN AV. 2607A—Second-story front room, newly furnished for 2 guests; board if desired.

FRANKLIN AV. 3310—Rooms and best of table; house thoroughly furnished; all conveniences.

FRANKLIN AV. 1110—Front room; southern exposure; with good board; for 2 guests; cheap.

GARRISON AV. 916—Nearly furnished room; furnace heat, hot bath; all conveniences; good board.

GARRISON AV. 807 N.—Young man can secure first-class accommodations in small family; reasonable rates.

GARRISON AV. 912 and 900 N.—Excellent accommodations and splendid board for a few good people; reasonable rates.

GRATTAN ST. 1412—Room and board for young lady; first-class table; \$2.50 a week.

KENNETT PL. 1518—East of Lafayette Park—Elegantly furnished room; all conveniences; first-class board.

KENNETT PL. 1825—Large front room, well furnished; good light and heat; gas, bath and fire; excellent board; three cars line.

LACADE AV. 3095—Nearly furnished room, with all conveniences; breakfast and supper if desired. Terms reasonable.

LACADE AV. 8243—Nearly furnished suite of rooms, with board, for guests or couples.

LACADE AV. 3008—Nearly furnished front room, good board, hot bath; \$15 per month.

LAFAYETTE AV. 2618—Nearly furnished rooms, with or without board; every convenience.

LA SALLE ST. 1317—Most pleasant, newly furnished front room, with board; private family; reasonable terms.

LOUISE ST. 2630—One or two well furnished rooms, with good board.

LOUISE ST. 2631—Nearly furnished rooms; no board; excellent board.

LOUISE ST. 2610A—Nearly furnished rooms; board if desired; price reasonable.

LOUISE ST. 2311—Second-story front room, with board; large room; high ceilings; cabinet made; modern carpets; private bath; stationary washstands; furnace heat; asphalt street; family neighborhood.

LOUISE ST. 2832—Very handsome front room, with board; family of 3; everything strictly 1st-class.

LOUISE ST. 2830—Room and board in private family for three young men, with or without board; good board and service.

LOUISE ST. 2632—Nearly furnished, well heated room; good board and service.

LOUISE ST. 3048—Desirable 2d-story room, also other rooms; good board; reasonable.

LOUISE ST. 1607-1520-1603—Nearly furnished rooms; first-class board.

LOUISE ST. 1706—Elegantly furnished rooms; good table; board; all conveniences; references exchanged.

LOUISE ST. 1420—Choice rooms, with board, \$4; day board, \$3 each; all conveniences.

LOUISE ST. 2221—Choice board; elegantly furnished room, single or en suite; southern exposure.

LOUISE ST. 3147—Large, nicely furnished room with board; home heated by hot water; good cuisine; good attendance; day boarders desired.

LOUISE ST. 2620—Nearly furnished room and good board.

LOUISE ST. 3142—Handsome furnished room; all modern conveniences and superior table.

LOUISE ST. 2328—Very desirable rooms with board; reasonable terms.

LOUISE ST. 3122—2d-story room, with or without board; furnace heat.

LOUISE ST. 2331—Family hotel, handsomely furnished rooms; all conveniences; steam heat; first-class board.

LUCAS AV. 3221—Nearly furnished room; first-class board; terms moderate; all conveniences.

LUCAS AV. 2832—Choice rooms, choice table; all conveniences; best service.

LUCAS AV. 1413—Furnished 2d-story room, with board; front heated by furnace.

LUCAS PL. 1804—Nearly furnished, warm rooms; all conveniences; home cooking; terms reasonable.

LUCAS AV. 3018—Nearly furnished rooms, with board; gas preferred.

LUCAS AV. 3413—Furnished 2d-story front and rear room, with bath and furnace heat.

LUCAS AV. 2710—Nice room, best table board; hot bath; \$3.50 per week.

MANCHESTER AV. 2928—Furnished rooms; housekeeping; room and board.

MISSISSIPPI AV. 1440—Furnished rooms, with or without board; all conveniences.

MORGAN ST. 3230—Nearly furnished room, furnace heat; good board; home comforts; reasonable; refs. each.

MORGAN ST. 2801A—Nearly furnished rooms and board.

MORGAN ST. 2098—Nearly furnished rooms, excellent board; all conveniences; terms reasonable.

MORGAN ST. 2829—Very large second-story, well furnished room; superior board; terms reasonable.

MORGAN ST. 3404—Nearly furnished room, 2d floor; southern exposure; with board.

MORGAN ST. 3229—Well furnished front above room, with board for 2; small family; reasonable.

MORGAN ST. 3331—2 desirable front rooms, with board; gentlemen preferred.

MORGAN ST. 2907—Nearly furnished front room for married couple or guests; board if desired; all conveniences.

MORGAN ST. 1731—Nearly furnished front room, with or without board; southern exposure.

MORGAN ST. 4401—Handsome furnished room; select board; 2 in family; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 1447—Nearly furnished front room, 2d floor; southern exposure; suitable for 2; with board; private family; large yard.

OLIVE ST. 4051—Handsome furnished front room; board; all conveniences; terms reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 4163—Nice room, with A1 board, for gentlemen; furnace and hot bath.

OLIVE ST. 2707—Second-story front and connecting rooms, single or en suite, with or without board; reasonable terms.

OLIVE ST. 2630—Furnished rooms; single or connecting; fire, bath, gas; every convenience; first-class table; board if desired; raises very reasonable.

OLIVE ST. 4269—Handsome furnished front room; steam heat; first-class board; ref.

OLIVE ST. 1706—Furnished rooms, with or without board; also day board.

OLIVE ST. 2700—Rooms, with or without board; home cooking; couple \$35 per month.

OLIVE ST. 3130—Room and board for lady in private family; all conveniences.

OLIVE ST. 2105—Nearly furnished rooms; all conveniences, \$1.25 and up; board if desired.

PAGE BL. 3712—Small, newly furnished room, with board, for young lady; terms reasonable.

PAGE AV. 3524—Nearly furnished room, with board, for one or two guests; reasonable.

PAGE AV. 3534—Nearly furnished rooms with board.

PAPIN ST. 1521—Nearly furnished rooms, \$1 per week; with or without board.

PARK AV. 2843—Furnished front room, with board, for one or two guests; reasonable.

PINE ST. 2823—Nearly furnished 2d-story front room, with board.

## ROOMS WITH BOARD.

14 words or less, 10c.

PINE ST. 2802—Desirable rooms, excellent table; hot bath; excellent location; terms reasonable; references.

PINE ST. 2843—Nearly furnished room, with good board; every convenience.

PINE ST. 2834—Nearly furnished rooms, with or without board; every convenience.

PINE ST. 3128-3130—Furnished rooms, with good board; furnace heat; terms reasonable.

PINE ST. 2803—Beautiful, furnished, well-heated, 2d floor front room, with board; terms reasonable.

PINE ST. 2810—Elegant second-story above room; furnace heat; new furniture; Brussels carpet; excellent table; hot and cold bath; terms reasonable.

ROOMS—Furnished rooms, with board, for couple or two young men. Ad. A 650, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nearly furnished room, with or without board, 4001 3100 Easton av.

ROOM—Handsome room in Westmainer pl., with N. 646, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM—Nearly furnished 2d-story front above room; southern exposure; all conveniences; modern conveniences; private family; excellent board; couple or two guests, \$40 and \$35. Ad. H 625, Post-Dispatch.

ROOMS—Pleasant furnished rooms, with board, for 2 gentlemen; central location. Ad. R 637, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—For child; \$2 per week. 2048 Cass.

ROOM AND BOARD—Private family in West End; boarders; 2 gentlemen or ladies on other board; elegantly furnished; all conveniences; hot and cold water, bath; refs. Ad. D 633, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD—Rooms and board; everything first-class; all conveniences; also day board.

ROOM AND BOARD—A strictly private, reduced rate, having newly furnished front room, with rent to 2 gentlemen, or man and wife; the house is heated by furnace; has hot and cold bath and every comfort of a good home; given and required. Ad. P 637, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD—Desirable room, with board, \$25 per month for two; Delmar av., between Grand and Vandeventer av. Ad. A 633, Post-Dispatch.

RUDDY PL. 15—Four gentlemen can have good board and two connecting rooms for two guests; a. n. exposure; \$15.50 per week each; private family. On Aubert av.

SHERIDAN AV. 2735—Furnished 2d-story front room, with board for 2; private family; refs.

SHERIDAN AV. 2715A—One nicely furnished room, with or without board.

SILVER STAR RESTAURANT is open again; good home cooking. Leonard and Easton av.

SPRING AV. 25 N.—Near Pine st.—Nearly furnished front room for light housekeeping; gas and hot bath; modern conveniences; reasonable; good board.

SPRING AV. 710 N.—Nearly furnished 2d-story front room; first-class table; all conveniences.

ST. ANGE AV. 1329—Furnished room, with board, for light housekeeping; hot bath; all conveniences.

TIE HAWLEY, 3517 Lucas av., will show choice room and board for married couple or gentlemen.

TWELFTH ST. 2624 S.—Furnished rooms; heated; gas, bath; with or without board; private.

WAGNER PLACE, 1702—Elegant suite, nicely furnished front room, with board, for two guests or married couple; private family; very reasonable.

WASHINGTON AV. 2811—Second and 3d floor rooms for guest or couple; best of board; refs.

WASHINGTON AV. 3231—2d-story front and connecting rooms, with board; modern conveniences.

WASHINGTON AV. 1507—Nearly furnished 2d-story front room, with first-class table board.

WASHINGTON AV. 3205—Front room, southern exposure, with board.

WASHINGTON AV. 3316—Furnished 2d-story front and other rooms, with or without board.

WASHINGTON AV. 2628—2d-story front room, with board; 358; other rooms; furnace heat.

WASHINGTON AV. 2000—Second-story front room, with board, gent or couple; references.

WASHINGTON AV. 2648—Rooms, with first-class board, \$4 per week; fire and hot bath.

WASHINGTON AV. 3420—Desirable room; newly furnished and furnished; with board; all conveniences.

WASHINGTON AV. 2928—Second-story front of suite, with extra board and all conveniences.

WASHINGTON AV. 3211—Rooms and good board; all conveniences.

WASHINGTON AV. 2837—Handsome furnished 2d-story front room with table board; moderate prices; also back parlor.

WASHINGTON AV. 1508—Rooms and board for guests; modern conveniences; terms reasonable.

WASHINGTON AV. 2040—Desirable front room for gentlemen; private family; first-class home cooking; refs.

WEST BELLE PLACE, 4040—Elegant room, with or without board; fine bath-room.

WEST BELLE PLACE, 4028—Handsome furnished room, with board; also en suite.

WEST BELLE PL. 4475—Nearly furnished 2d-story room; southern exposure; first-class table; home comforts.

WEST BELLE PLACE, 2050—Pleasant rooms, with board; refs.

WEST BELLE PL. 3010—Elegantly furnished room, with board; all conveniences; next door to West End Hotel; \$35 for 2.

WEST BELLE, 4217—Nearly furnished room, with board; hot and cold water in room; gentlemen preferred.

WEST BELLE PL. 4238—Nearly furnished room, with board, for 2 gentlemen or couple.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 2722—Furnished room, with or without board; modern improvements; terms reasonable.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 2825—Desirable front room; gas, hot bath, furnace; choice board; reasonable terms.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 3408—Nearly furnished front room; furnace, hot bath; with board; \$40 for 2.

WHITTIER ST. 1722—One boarder wanted; private family; domestic; 2 blocks from Easton av.

WINDSOR PL. 3841—Lovely front room; southern exposure; splendid table; all conveniences; refs.

# What Do You Read SUNDAY TO SUNDAY?

## FROM THE DAILY POST-DISPATCH

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## ROOMS FOR RENT.

WASHINGTON AV. 1013—Nearly furnished rooms, \$1.50, \$2.50 per week, with gas and fire.

WASHINGTON AV. 2020—Furnished rooms for 1 or 2 guests; hot bath, gas, furnace; \$10 per month.

WEST BELLE PL. 4201—Very desirable 2d-story front; all conveniences; terms reasonable; guests only.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 2747—Rooms for light housekeeping.

WEST CHESTNUT ST. 2753—2 beautiful large unfurnished rooms, newly papered, 1st floor.

WESTMINSTER PL. 415



## ROOMS AND BOARD WANTED

14 words or less, 10c.

BOARD AND ROOM—By young man, in private family, within 6 blocks of Union and 5th; state and references furnished. Ad. D. Webster, 2077 Euclid St.

BOARD—Wanted, young lady employed to room and board; \$3 per week; private family; no neighbors; within 4 miles of center; references furnished. Ad. C. G. 633, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD—Wanted—Young man wishes to board with private family just west of Grand, 1st Union and Washington; no neighbors; references furnished. Address, with full particulars, 515 N. 3rd St.

BOARD WANTED—Couple want board near Union Station. Ad. A. 917, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—In private family of Methodist; widower, with daughter, 8 years old; west of Grand; board low; nice address with answer. Ad. G. 642, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—By two young men, with room; second floor front; southern exposure; state terms and references. Ad. H. 634, Post-Dispatch.

BOARD WANTED—Room and board by young lady employed in quiet family; bath and home conveniences; reasonable terms. Ad. H. 634, Post-Dispatch.

LADY—Situation by young lady to sew for family and board; call at 11 N. 10th St. Miss Martin.

ROOMS—Five furnished rooms in exchange for board for two adults with references. 3127 Olive St.

ROOM WANTED—Room and two meals per day; will pay reasonable. Ad. C. 630, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM WANTED—Furnished front room and alcove or large front room; west of Grand; no board for lady; child; private family and home cooking. Ad. F. 645, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Room and board in respectable private family; no neighbors; by respectable gentleman; must be reasonable; state price. Ad. W. S. Wagon, general delivery, East St. Louis, 113.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By a gentleman, near Union and Olive; state terms. Ad. C. 632, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—In private family, by lady and daughter; vicinity of West End Hotel. Ad. H. 645, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Gentleman and wife wish board and room with mother and daughter; east of Grand. Ad. H. 630, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—Married couple desire room and good plain board in a workman's family; where there are no other boarders; state terms and particulars. Ad. N. 636, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—For lady and boy, 8 years old, in North End; state terms; ref. Ad. L. 642, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By two young men with their mother; central portion of city; state terms. Ad. C. 630, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By young lady, a nicely furnished room and board, in private family. Ad. F. 643, Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—A first-class music teacher would like room and board for piano lessons. Ad. Music Teacher, 4508 Easton Ave.

ROOM AND BOARD WANTED—By a young man; first floor; private family; best refs. Ad. F. 638, Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—Dining room and kitchen with board; ref. Ad. C. 634, Post-Dispatch.

## FURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT

14 words or less, 10c.

HOUSE—Furnished house, suitable for select boarding; Garrison and Washington. Ad. M. 634, Post-Dispatch.

## FURNISHED HOUSES WANTED

14 words or less, 10c.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—Mother and daughter would like furnished house of 8 or 10 rooms; will board parties if agreeable. Ad. O. 958, Post-Dispatch.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—For the winter, a handsomely furnished house; ten rooms; in West End district. Ad. C. 635, Post-Dispatch.

HOUSE WANTED—Modern furnished house; about 10 rooms; first-class; central location; between Taylor and Grand Ave. Ad. O. 645, Post-Dispatch.

## DWELLINGS FOR RENT

14 words or less, 10c.

BLAINE AVE., 3578—New 10-room dwelling; reception hall and all modern improvements; \$35.

CAROLINE ST., 3013-3017—2 nice detached brick cottages of 4 rooms; gas, bath; rent only \$10; water paid; call on owner.

CHESTNUT ST., 1021-7 rooms, hall, bath and stable. Keyes &amp; Co., 1113 Chestnut St.

COTE BRILLIANT AVE., 4500—8-room Queen Anne house; all modern improvements; large yard; and house; call on owner at 4254 Parly Ave. For particulars apply at 8108 Lons Ave.

COTE BRILLIANT AVE., 5206—6-room house; large yard; stable, grape arbor.

COTTAGE—Near 5-room cottage to small family without children; rent \$10; 14th and 15th; party board; for state furniture; call Sunday at 4254 Parly Ave. For particulars apply at 8108 Lons Ave.

DELMAR AVE., 4187—First, detached 9-room modern dwelling; reduced to \$35.00 for inspection.

DELMAR AVE., 4241—9 rooms; modern in every respect; newly papered and painted; rent exceedingly low. Hermon and 7th Chestnut St.

DOLMAN ST., 1205—6-room house, newly papered and painted; \$20 per month.

EWING AVE., 1411—8 rooms; hall, bath, \$20. Keyes &amp; Co., 1113 Chestnut St.

FIFTEENTH ST., 408—8 1/2-room house. Keyes &amp; Co., 1113 Chestnut St.

HOUSE—Modern seven-room brick; all conveniences; West End neighborhood. J. A. Gardner, 812 St. Charles St.

JEFFERSON AVE., 1551—8 1/2-room house, in good condition; water on each floor; good cellar; reduced from \$22.50 to \$15; the cheapest in town. Keys next door.

LINCOLN AVE., 3015—6-room 2-story frame; newly papered; good order; \$13.50.

LOUISIANA AVE., 1541—7 rooms; hall, bath; \$20. Keyes &amp; Co., 1113 Chestnut St.

MAFFITT AVE., 3040—7 rooms; bath; laundry; modern; with large stable and stable, suitable for billiard; if desired, rent reduced; lot 50x125; \$27.50. Hermon and 7th Chestnut St.

NASHVILLE AVE., 6542—5-room cottage; barn; large grounds. \$10. Apply 2300 Walnut St.

NINTH ST., 101 N. corner Chestnut—Second and third floors; 11 rooms; hall, etc. Keyes &amp; Co., 1113 Chestnut St.

PARK AVE., 2008—8 rooms; laundry, bath, hot and cold water; near Lafayette Park; rent reduced to \$25. Green Realty Co., 1127 Chestnut St.

PLEASANT ST., 4017—5-room cottage; rent \$14.

REHMAN AVE., 2814—4-room house; cheap; in good order; inquire at 2511 Wash. St.

THOMAS ST., 2018—Stone-front; 6 rooms; bath, gas fixtures and heater. Apply 2920.

TWELFTH ST., 1053—8 1/2-room stone front; gas, bath; \$20. Keyes &amp; Co., 1113 Chestnut St.

TWENTY-THIRD ST., 818—8 1/2-room house, modern stone front; water on each floor; between Franklin and Morgan; rent \$20.

VERNON AVE., 5708—8 rooms; reception hall, furnace, all conveniences; house was intended to rent for \$30, but for a tenant for winter only; rent for 1 year for \$15 a month. Matthews Real Estate Co., 802 Chestnut St.

WILLS AVE., 4048—A 3-room cottage, with large stable. \$10.

WEST BELLE TERRACE, 4001—Corner West Belle and Marcus (Suburban car)—Nine room house, new; every modern convenience; exceptional bargain; \$30. Inquire 901 Walton, one block west.

WEST PINE ST., 4001—8-room house; latest modern improvements; nicely arranged; rent reasonable. Mr. A. Wolf, 812 St. Charles St.

WEST CHESTNUT ST., 2733—Fine 10 rooms; modern; very low rent. See Nounen.

WEST CHESTNUT ST., 2806—7-room house, nicely arranged; rent low; furniture. Mr. A. Wolf, 812 St. Charles St.

## FOR LEASE

14 words or less, 10c.

HARMONIE HALL, 1303—Olive and 5th—Phone 1094; for conventions, parties, balls, etc.; all; fine stage, perfect food and central location.

## FLATS FOR RENT

14 words or less, 10c.

ALTON PL., 2850—5 rooms, 2nd floor; well lighted; all conveniences; low rent.

ANN AVE., 2618—6 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, and all conveniences.

ARMAND ST., 2708 (1 block north of Shennandoah)—5 rooms; 4th floor; bath, etc.; rent reasonable to small family.

BATES ST., 907—Nice, new 3-room flat; \$7 and \$8.

BAYARD AVE., 770—3-room flat; bath, shower, cellar; made street; car line. 4555 Morgan St.

BELL AVE., 3823—4 rooms, bath and laundry; water; license paid; open Sunday; rent reduced to \$12.50.

CALIFORNIA AVE., 4222—2nd-floor flat of 5 rooms, with bath, hot and cold water, laundry and furnace; in basement; also 4 finished rooms in the house; rent \$25 to good tenant. Inquire at 2603 Eads Ave.

CASS AVE., 914, 84 and 85 Cass St.; \$7 and \$9. Apply to A. B. Murphy, 1113 Chestnut St.

CASS AVE., 1216—Two rooms; \$5.50 and \$4.50. Apply to A. B. Murphy, 1113 Chestnut St.

CASS AVE., 1606—Three rooms; \$7.50. Apply to A. B. Murphy, 1113 Chestnut St.

CASS AVE., 1914—Two rooms, in rear, \$5 to \$10. A. B. Murphy, 1113 Chestnut St.

CHANNING AVE., 17 S.—Four-room flat.

COOK AVE., 4223—Detached flat; six rooms and bath; all conveniences. Apply 825 Locust.

COTTAGE AVE., 2714-184—4-room flat; detached; new; 1st floor; 2nd floor; 3rd floor; 4th floor; 5th floor; 6th floor; 7th floor; 8th floor; 9th floor; 10th floor; 11th floor; 12th floor; 13th floor; 14th floor; 15th floor; 16th floor; 17th floor; 18th floor; 19th floor; 20th floor; 21st floor; 22nd floor; 23rd floor; 24th floor; 25th floor; 26th floor; 27th floor; 28th floor; 29th floor; 30th floor; 31st floor; 32nd floor; 33rd floor; 34th floor; 35th floor; 36th floor; 37th floor; 38th floor; 39th floor; 40th floor; 41st floor; 42nd floor; 43rd floor; 44th floor; 45th floor; 46th floor; 47th floor; 48th floor; 49th floor; 50th floor; 51st floor; 52nd floor; 53rd floor; 54th floor; 55th floor; 56th floor; 57th floor; 58th floor; 59th floor; 60th floor; 61st floor; 62nd floor; 63rd floor; 64th floor; 65th floor; 66th floor; 67th floor; 68th floor; 69th floor; 70th floor; 71st floor; 72nd floor; 73rd floor; 74th floor; 75th floor; 76th floor; 77th floor; 78th floor; 79th floor; 80th floor; 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## WAS NOT A RINGER.

OWNERS OF ROYAL STANDARD  
GET AFTER MR. GAR-  
BARD.

### A VERY SCORCHING LETTER.

They Disclaim All Charges of Con-  
nivance and Demand Payment of  
the Prize Money.

CLAREMONT, Ont., Dec. 11.—Messrs. Graham Bros., the owners of the horse Royal Standard, replying to the claim recently set up by Secretary Garrard of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture that he was a "ringer," have written a letter to Mr. Garrard, in which they make the following statement:

"Now, Royal Standard is not only no 'ringer,' but was entered in your classes at your show in good faith, and with a complete understanding of the requirements. Some time before the date set for the show, Mr. Garbraith, an accredited agent of ours, called upon Robert Graham with a request that he would make some entries. He pointed out that according to the conditions of the prize list, Royal Standard was not eligible. He answered that the English certificate which he possessed would be accepted. Accordingly, the entry was sent and the horse competed with the most satisfactory results. When Mr. Graham returned home from New York, two weeks after the show, he was confronted with the dispatch, in which you stigmatized Royal Standard as a 'ringer,' and also charge us with connivance with one of the board officials to consummate a fraud. Not only has a great injustice been done our horse, but a serious aspersion has been made upon our good name. We did not connive, either in the purchase of the horse, or in its entry, to commit a fraud as you charge; nor can Royal Standard, by any reasoning, be termed a 'ringer.' We therefore request, first, that your board will rescind its resolution disqualifying our horse; secondly, that you will without delay forward us a check for all money won; thirdly, that you, Mr. immediately retract your statement regarding ourselves and our horse."

### AT CRESCENT CITY.

#### Results of the Day's Racing at the Winter Track.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 11.—The weather showed marked improvement to-day, but the track was very heavy. Scribe and French Gray were the winning favorites. Tole Simmons stumbled and threw Aker, his rider, just after the start in the second race. The boy was not hurt.

First race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Second race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Third race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Fourth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Fifth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Sixth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Seventh race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Eighth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Ninth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Tenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Eleventh race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twelfth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Thirteenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Fourteenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Fifteenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Sixteenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Seventeenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Eighteenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Nineteenth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twentieth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twenty-first race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twenty-second race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twenty-third race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twenty-fourth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twenty-fifth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twenty-sixth race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

Twenty-seventh race, six furlongs—French Gray 10 (T. Burns), 4 to 1, second, C. C. (Nutt), 3 to 1, third, Solution 105 (T. Powers), 4 to 1, third, Time, 1:25 1/2.

# NO ACCIDENT NEVER WILL BE EQUALED!

THE OLD, ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE

# ACCARDI & SONS JEWELRY CO.

FOUNDED 1829.

We Have the Only New and Strictly Up-to-Date Stock of

## CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

In Diamond Jewelry, Watches, Silverwares, Cut Glass, Fine Marble Statuary, Real Bronzes, Royal Vienna Goods and Works of Art in the City.

The Multitude of Choice Suggestions and the Very Low Prices We Have Placed on Them Is the Talk of the Town. Our Originality Has Never Been Questioned.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY FROM US. WE ARE YOUR MONEY-SAVERS.

Open Evenings Until 9 O'Clock

REMEMBER,

LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF XMAS CARDS IN THE CITY, 5¢ TO 10¢.

# 515 N. 7TH STS.

FREE! NEW XMAS CATALOGUE. WRITE FOR IT.

### In America on questions of this character,

is an expert and so are all the contestants, but none show more enthusiasm or proficiency than Jack O'Connor, Werden, Kuehne and Jack Crooks. Breitenstein, who is spending a few days in Cincinnati, will be here for the game. The chief reason for the popularity of indoor games among the players is the opportunity to get themselves in condition for the outdoor campaign of 1898.

### LATHAM NOT LOCATED.

The Old Brown Stocking Does Not Know Where He Will Play.

Arrie Latham, once the life of the Browns, has not located himself for next season, and the chances are that he will have little to say in regard to his base ball future. Latham was under the impression that he was free to sign where he pleased and go where he pleased next season. It seems, however, that he was laboring under a misapprehension. The Mansfield Club, with which he played last season, reserved him just as it did the other players who were under contract to the club in 1897. Arrie is anxious to be appointed a National League umpire or to manage a team himself the coming season. He claims that he can not be released from his contract with J. C. Strothers, who signed him early in the season, but whose connection with the club was severed in July. However, what can the poor man do? The prospects are exceedingly bright that Latham will play in Mansfield again next season or not at all.

### CENTURY RECORDS.

Latest Batch of Records Allowed by the Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The Committee on Cycle Records for the Century Road Club of America has accepted the following claims:

Toledo, Clyde century course, Time, 6:13. By C. O. Lasley, Toledo, Oct. 14, 1897.

Triple century record, Libertyville-Waukegan course, Time, 34 hours 34 minutes, by John A. Hoffbauer, Chicago, Oct. 16, 17 and 18, 1897.

Meritorious medal for unusually hard ride from Chicago to St. Louis, Oct. 14 and 15, 1897.

Meritorious medal for unusually hard ride from Springfield to Boston, Time, 6:35. By Samuel I. Bush, Springfield, Mass., Nov. 11, 1897.

Thirty-day century record for Colorado, 3175 miles.

Sixty-day century record for Colorado, 6350 miles.

Sixty-day century record for Colorado, 6350 miles.

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Sixty-day century record for Colorado, 6350 miles.

### THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

Its Membership Did Not Increase Rapidly During the Past Year.

Louis Rosen, the newly elected secretary-treasurer of the Missouri Division of the L. A. W., kindly imparted to us figures showing how the membership of the League stands at present and how it stood a year ago. On Jan. 1, 1897, there were 2,111 members. On Dec. 1, 1897, the number of members had fallen to 1,613, making a total loss of eleven months of 498 members.

The membership at present in this city is 1,091, in Kansas City 108, in St. Joe, 63, in St. Louis, 318. During the eleven months past the total of 1,613 expirations of membership, of which 1,091 were from St. Louis and 522 from the rest of the State. In April and May alone 140 dropped out each month. During the last eleven months 355 new members have joined and there are still 112 members who have six days in which to renew their memberships. This is not a very good showing for 1897, and the new officials are endeavoring to get the members to run up the membership in new lines.

Copies of to-day's great Christmas number in wrappers ready for mailing can be had at the Post-Dispatch office this week.

Sporting Notes.

The agony is over. Hale made a grand finish. The man-killers match is at an end. There were only a few left at the close. Six-day bicycle races should be prohibited everywhere.

The St. Louis team has had more than twelve managers since 1890. This is a record.

Pugilist Slavin says cider is \$20 a bottle in the Klondike, and it is very hard cider at that.

The Shamrocks Juniors have signed J. Leahy, J. McCarthy and M. McCarthy and have released J. Ryan.

The Irish bred runner, Galtee More, heads the list of winning thoroughbreds in England this year, having won \$113,185.

Joe Keller, Fred Tenney, Tommy Dowd and Tom Brown will be employed as coaches for college teams in the early spring.

It is said that the guileless pacer, Happy Jack, was trained to go without a sulky having run away so often and smashed up so many.

Nearly all the stockholders of the New York Club are in favor of Sunday games. The owner of Bonnevillie, who won many a race at South Side Park last summer, made a killing with him at the Singler track last Thursday.

To judge from the Queensberry reputation of Jack Doyle by the magnates of the ring, it is not to be called a sulky.

A good foot ball player would like to join some team in the Junior League, the Rexes or Griffins preferred. Address X, 3123 North Grand avenue.

Shipments of horses are being made from the Argentine Republic to Liverpool, China and Japan. Higher prices prevail in that country than for ten years past.

There was a time when the National League would not permit a single one of their teams to play Sunday games. Now, barring Boston and Philadelphia, all are glad to play games on Sunday.

It is stated on good authority that President C. C. Maffit of the Western Turf Congress will go to New York to smooth out the tangle between his association and the Jockey Club over the Pimlico outlays.

Billy Cotton, once St. Louis' representative billiardist, is in Chicago. Schaefer, Maggioni, Sutton, Spinks and Gallagher are also there and all are paying exhibition games.

It is also said that Dan Lynch and Tom Sharkey have had a row, and that Sharkey will in the future be managed by Billy Madden. Lynch and Sharkey have been together ever since the ex-salior came into prominence as a pugilist.

Jimmy Manning and Charley Comiskey will have teams in the Western League next season composed chiefly of ex-major leaguers. In fact, thirteen of the eighteen players on Manning's roster for next year are from the ranks of the big League.

With Hartman as Scrapper Joyce's successor at the left corner of the Polo Grounds' diamond, Scrapper will probably rest easy on his laurels as a manager, and the reins of management from the bench, retaining Bill Davis at first base.

The headquarters of the L. A. W. will hereafter be found at 411 Union Trust building. The new Chief Consul, Mr. H. V. Lucas, will be found there from 12 m. to 1 p. m. daily and will be glad to see all friends of the league and, in fact, all wheelmen at any and all times.

Corbett's days as a fighter," says a man who speaks with a knowledge of the facts, "are over. He wants to keep in the swim of the world, and he gets it by getting out of the ring against Fitz, Maher or Sharkey. Of course, he ought to be made a manager, but he is not a manager and he persists in saying that he has any claim on the heavyweight championship."

The Boston River, who went crazy in the six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, New York, expressed himself before the judges as a "pure" horse. He could cover 1,200 miles with the 142 hours. But just before he had made his 2,000 miles the poor fellow went crazy and had to be carried from the track. Hale's record was broken, all the same.

The St. Paul foot ball team would like to arrange a game with the Wolfe Tones of the L. A. W. who are playing in the city. The Wolfe Tones are a "pure" team. The St. Paul line-up is as follows: Goal, M. Walsh; full backs, W. McMahon, W. Cullinane, L. Walsh, Ch. Dyer, L. Kevard, W. Beards, F. Collins, H. Quinn, J. Kirk, M. Cullinane. Address mail games to M. Cullinane, care of A. F. Shapleigh Hardware Company.

J. Walter Spalding, a stockholder in the New York Club and also a director, holds the following opinion: "In regard to Sunday ball playing in New York, while I have no objection to the club, I have no objection to it on business grounds, because I see that the people in this community were not in favor of Sunday sport. I see no objection to Sunday playing in the West, where the sentiment of the people is strongly in favor of such amusement."

Miller, the "Flying Dutchman," who is spreading heart disease among the six-day riders at New York, is a member of the Thistle Cycling Club of Chicago. Last Thursday night he was elected an honorary member by the club. His winning career was started when he a "pure" he slaughtered the 100-mile mark and finished fourth in the contest. The last quarter-mile was covered in 3:35. On October 22, at Garfield track, the iron-framed Dutchman snatched the 100-mile mark against Grainger, who was running apace, breaking also first intermediate marks. In the six-day race at Tattersalls last winter Miller finished second, but he was perfectly fresh and able to have led the bunch. At the Thistle club-house in Chicago, hourly reports of the race were received, and the club's representative was cheered on by occasional telegrams.

### ESTABLISHED 1871.

Boston Steam Dental Rooms

HAVE REMOVED TO

415 N. Broadway, Between Locust and St. Charles, Fourth Floor—Take Elevator.

Where they have the Largest and Best Equipped Dental Rooms in the West, and are making \$15.00 and \$20.00 Sets of Teeth for..... \$7.00

No charge for extracting. Pure Gold Crowns, \$5.00—the same that all other offices charge \$8.00 and \$10.00.

Bridge Work Per Tooth, \$3.00

Gold Fillings, \$1.50 TO \$2.00  
Platina Fillings, 75c—NO MORE.

Composition Fillings ..... 50c/Painless Extraction ..... 25c

Our Prices Are the Lowest in the City for High-Grade Work and Material. All our work is first-class and warranted. Office open until 8 p. m. Sundays from 9 to 3. Lady in attendance.

DR. J. H. CASE, PROP.

### ROSTEN'S

REMOVAL SALE

NOW GOING ON AT 619 OLIVE STREET.

... DO NOT MISS IT ...

Our entire stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Optical Goods, etc., must be sold at once. After the holidays we will move to the Fullerton Building, corner Seventh and Pine Streets.

OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK.

WHEN YOU ARE IN BED

Sick is certainly a poor time to think of taking out a life insurance policy...

WHY, Therefore, should you wait till your clothes are damp and your shoes are wet to THINK OF BUYING A MACKINTOSH AND RUBBER SHOES?

Come in and protect yourself against a wet day.

BOSTON RUBBER STORE, Fourth and Washington Sts.

Leading Retail Rubber Store.

HIS MOTHER'S BREAD,

He says, was always SO LIGHT AND WELL BAKED.

Well, there is a knack in making it.

But don't forget the kind of Stove or Range used makes a difference. His mother used a Charter Oak.

CHARTER OAK STOVES

Blood Humors

But don't forget the kind of Stove or Range used makes a difference. His mother used a Charter Oak.

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### THE INDOOR BALL GAME.

The Players Just Now Getting in Shape for It.

The enthusiasm shown by the players who will take part in the indoor base ball game at the Coliseum on the night of Dec. 22 between the Sporting News and All-Profrsionals teams assures a spirited contest. Their practice games are fought to a finish and the rivalry becomes stronger as the night of the match game approaches. Billie Joyce, the manager of the New York Club,

is an expert and so are all the contestants, but none show more enthusiasm or proficiency than Jack O'Connor, Werden, Kuehne and Jack Crooks. Breitenstein, who is spending a few days in Cincinnati, will be here for the game. The chief reason for the popularity of indoor games among the players is the opportunity to get themselves in condition for the outdoor campaign of 1898.

LATHAM NOT LOCATED.

The Old Brown Stocking Does Not Know Where He Will Play.

### C. H. BOEHMER

We are headquarters for exclusive styles in Patent Leather Shoes and Slippers for Ladies, also Satin Slippers, in all the leading colors, for evening wear.

G. H. Boehmer, 613 and 615 OLIVE ST.

Wedding and Party Footwear a Specialty.

THE INDOOR BALL GAME.

The Players Just Now Getting in Shape for It.

### C. H. BOEHMER

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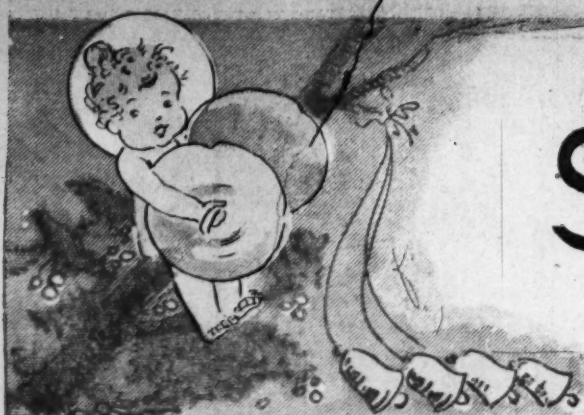
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THE INDOOR BALL GAME.

The Players Just Now Getting in Shape for It.





SUNDAY  
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.  
CHRISTMAS COMIC WEEKLY. NUMBER.



PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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Geo. B. Lusk

\* MR. SANTA CLAUS, OF COONVILLE. \*







# HORRIBLE BLUNDER.

The sound of a human voice raised in loud, bitter, violent denunciation rang through the building.

There was a noise as of some heavy body falling, accompanied by the breaking of glass, and a wild-eyed man came tumbling down the stairs and out through the door. His hat was gone, his collar was flying, his clothes were torn, and his nose was bleeding, but the rest of his face was pale with terror.

"Who is he and what has he been doing?" inquired a bystander. "He's one of the sub-editors," was the reply of an awe-stricken employee. "He made the mistake this week of publishing a story of an American joke less than four years old. They've been disciplining him for it."

It was the office of the London Tit-Bits.

## WHY HE LAUGHED.

Ben Thompson, the celebrated Texas desperado, who was killed some years ago in San Antonio, was a great hand at telling jokes, and whenever he was introduced to anybody he made it a point to tell them stories. A theatrical troupe visited Austin, where he lived, and several of the actors called on him, and one of them seemed specially amused at his stories. "Tom," said one of them after they had left Thompson, "you liked that fellow particularly, didn't you?" "Now, not particularly," replied the interrogated party. "But you laughed outrageously at all his jokes." "Laugh? Well, I should rather say I did," replied the first, solemnly. "and you would have laughed, too, if you'd known the man who was telling the jokes. That fellow Thompson has killed ten or twelve men, and I just made up my mind when he started in to amuse us that I, for one, would be amused."

## PLAYING FOR EVEN.

Said a St. Louis woman to a lady friend: "You should make your husband quit chewing tobacco. If you tell him to quit he'll give it up, won't he?" "Yes, he will give it up if I ask him, but I am not going to ask him to quit chewing tobacco." "But when he kisses you don't the taste of the tobacco make you sick?" "Yes, a little, but I want him to keep on kissing me. He is kissing three or four other women besides me, and the tobacco makes them sicker than it does me, for I am a sort of used to it, and they ain't as yet."

## WHERE HE WAS.

"What sort of work are you doing now?" inquired the Warden. "I am in the life class," answered the art student who was doing time at Sing Sing for manslaughter.

# BOBBIE AND GEORGE'S FATHER.

Bobbie was no longer a baby except in his fond mother's imagination, but his long golden curls, his short girlish dresses and the Santa Claus story were still in evidence in the nursery.

Many mothers dislike to lose their babies by growth almost as much as they do by death, and Bobbie's mother was one of the many. Other boys of his age were strutting about in knickerbockers with real pockets, but Bobbie still clung to the "serfdom of skirts" because mamma deeded it.

In pursuance of the same general plan of perpetual babyhood, the Santa Claus story was retold in all its fascinating details each Christmas, and had any visitor become openly sceptical before Bobbie concerning the reindeer, the chimney gymnastics and the polar toy factory, immediately he would have found himself a sufferer from the arctic frigidity of the fond mother's displeasure.

One night shortly before Christmas Bobbie's father was retelling the Santa Claus tale for the hundredth time, when Bobbie, who had also been told about George Washington and the cherry

tree, inquired if Washington's father had told George about Santa Claus when George was a baby.

"Of course he did," said papa.

"And he told George all about the reindeer and the sleigh?" asked Bobbie.

"Certainly."

"And he told little George about Santa Claus riding over the tops of the houses and through the air?"

"I suppose so."

"And he told little George about Santa Claus coming down the chimney?"

"Chimney, my boy. Of course he did."

For a moment Bobbie seemed oceans deep in curly-headed thought.

"Isn't that funny," he said at last. "George's father wasn't at all like George, was he, papa?"

"George's father wasn't like George? What do you mean?" Bobbie's papa asked in surprise.

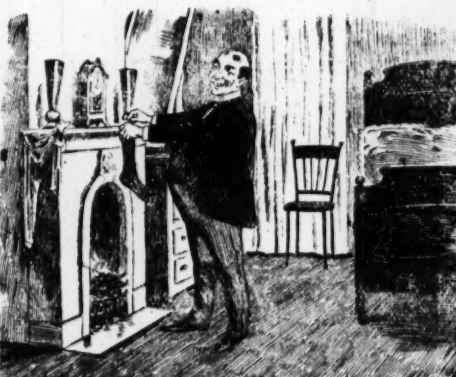
"Why, papa," said Bobbie, with a wise shake of his head, "didn't you tell me that little George cried: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet?'"

EARLE HOGGER EATON.

## SANTA CLAUS OF THE HARLEM FLAT.



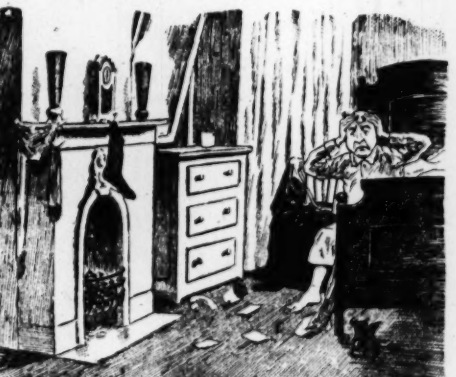
## CHRISTMAS IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.



Old Bach—I'll just hang up my stocking and go to the club to give the ladies a chance.



Miss Spinsterr—Poor Mr. Bach never has sewing material, so I have made him this pretty pin cushion and filled it with pins and needles.



Old Bach (on waking up Christmas morning discovers that he has "a head")—Nothing in it, eh?



—(Also a foot) Wow!

## HIS VIEW OF CHRISTMAS.

The minister's little boy did not look at all pleased as he came down from his father's study the day after Christmas. Something had gone wrong about the rectory, his name had been mentioned almost too prominently in regard to the matter, and he had but moments before submitted to an interview in the awe-inspiring room where his father composed the sermons of the week.

"I don't like Christmas," the little boy muttered as he gazed out upon the snow in the rectory yard and wiped the last struggling member of a procession of tears from his cheek.

"No," he continued, "this Christmas business isn't what some people say it is—not by a long shot. Everybody seems to think it's a great thing for the little boys of the country, but I can tell 'em that it's anything but great for a minister's son."

He doesn't have any show at all. He isn't in it.

"Why, say," he said, as he cautiously settled himself in a chair with a soft cushion, "would you like Christmas if you were a minister's little boy?"

"Would you be pinning for it and trying a wake night waiting for it to get here?" I don't think! Just think of all the big, hard-soled slippers a minister gets on every Christmas tree!"

## DIDN'T CARE TO SMOKE.

After Jim Hogg had been elected Governor of Texas he started for Austin, the capital, and part of the trip was made in a stage-coach. They stopped at a tavern on the way and the Governor asked the driver to go in and buy him a cigar. The Governor did not ask him to light it, but he came out of the tavern with the cigar in his mouth, puffing and holding a match to the other end. After he got the cigar going he took it from his mouth and handed it to the Governor, who turned away with a deprecatory gesture and the remark: "I reckon not I might have done it before the election, but I can't do it now."

## UNDESIRABLE KNOWLEDGE.

"Do you know sardines from herrings?" suddenly asked the proprietor of the sardine canning factory of an applicant for a job. "Bet yer boots I do! Tell 'em apart with my eyes shut," glibly responded the applicant. "In that case I shan't want you! Please pass on and make room for the next man," remarked the owner of the factory, coldly, and then the suddenly-enlightened applicant wished he hadn't been quite so positive.

## MUTUAL SURPRISE.

Mr. McGinnis, who is a middle-aged widower, said to his daughter:

"Birdie, dear, do you know that our housekeeper is going to get married?"

"No, papa, dear, I hadn't heard it, but I'm awful glad," exclaimed Birdie. "Now we will get that old beast out of the house. I hated the very sight of her. Who is the man who is big enough fool to be roped in by that hyena?"

## MATTER OF MONEY.

Mr. Johnnie Fewseads and Claude Poppinjay were talking, and the former said:

"I'm in a quandary. There are three girls in love with me, and I don't know which one I am going to marry."

"Which one has the most money?"

"Great heavens! Do you suppose if I knew that I'd not know which one of them would be my bride?"

## TOOK NO CHANCES.

Dr. Blister, a St. Louis physician, has been swindled so much by ungrateful patients that he now demands pay in advance. A doubtful-paying patient said to him:

"I have a pain in my stomach every morning. Do you think, doctor, that it amounts to anything?"

"Yes, \$2," replied the doctor, holding out his hand for his fee.

## IN THE MENAGERIE.

Jones—How thin and starved that poor lion looks!

Smith—The manager of the circus told me that the meat for him costs \$30 a week.

Jones—Well, I don't know; perhaps the keeper takes the lion's share of it.



Why said the husband of the lady who conducts the City Corner in the Daily Eagle, "do you not trim your Christmas tree in the manner which you so aptly described in your recent article which you said could be done for one dollar?" "Because," replied she conclusively, "I save only \$5.75 left with which to pay for the decorations."



## A CHRISTMAS VICTIM.

A toy was green and yellow, He sucked off all the paint, And now the little fellow Is gone to be a saint.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

My dear Miss Bonds, your eyes pray lift (If this don't win her I am lost!) And deign to view my humble gift; (I hate to think about its cost!) May it find favor in your sight, (And bring about the end I seek!) Although its value is but slight, (I'll have to fast at least a week!) JAMES BARRETT KIRK.



THE SANTA CLAUS PARTY OF THE POSEY COUNTY "YAPS."



A QUEEN'S BREAK.



See—The gentleman who just went out is the remarkable man I know of.  
No—How so?  
er—Why, he doesn't think he is the hardest town to shave!

FOUGHT HE MEANT BEEFSTEAK.

—Waiter, bring me some fried sole.  
r—Yes, sir. Sirloin or porterhouse, sir?

FRUSTRATED.

bbler—I am certain of making at least \$400 on this.  
ler—Sorry, old chap; but I'm broke myself.

WITHIN THE LIMIT.



er," said young Mr. Scadda to the poor and handsome maiden who had refused his offer: "perhaps it is my fortune which stands 2. If it is, I—"  
interrupted the girl, who was not in- to the wealth of the young man, "I would you if you had a million dollars."  
ough!" exclaimed the lover joyously. "Then le. I have only \$200,000!"

THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

The parson gayly mounted his bike, And immediately fell on his head; His sense of humor it seemed to strike, "Here ends the first lesson," he said.

AN HONEST OPINION.

Writicus—Well, what do you think of the last book I shall ever write?  
Criticus—My dear fellow, you should not have made that book your last.  
Writicus (flattered)—You really mean it?  
Criticus—I do, indeed. Such an honor you should have accorded to the one before it.

SAFE.

"I've been thinking seriously of getting married."  
"Oh, well, you are safe, then."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Why, if a sensible fellow like you thinks really seriously about it he'll decide not to."

PERHAPS SO.



"Your washerwoman treats you with great respect," said Jigg. "She must think you are wealthy."  
"I guess she does," said Jugg. "At any rate she thinks that I have clothes to burn."

KLONDIKE.

"Quick! The treasure."  
It was a woman's intuition to the rescue. Trusting the doughnut into her bosom, she turned to confront the desperado as he entered.  
"Foiled!" hissed Klondike Alf, for there was nothing to be seen but nuggets.

THEIR ADVANTAGE.

Miss Nue—Men are sadly degenerating. Those of the old school always took off their hats to women, which is more than can be said of this generation.  
Pruyn—That may be true, but you see, the old-school gentleman had one great advantage—he could always tell a woman when he met one.

PA SUBSIDED.

The Son—Pa, how do they catch fools?  
The Father (glancing significantly at his better half)—With bows and ribbons and hats and dresses, my son.  
The Mother (pensively)—Yes, I never knew a woman to catch a husband yet without using those accessories.

AN OBVIOUS OBJECTION.



A man who had been convicted of burglary in St. Louis was asked the usual question:  
"Prisoner, do you know of any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on you according to law?"  
"Why, Your Honor, of course I do. If I am to be cooped up in Jefferson City it will break up my business here."

TAKES MONEY AFTERWARD.

Cora—Marriage is more expensive than courtship.  
Merritt—That's so. When you're engaged you can support a girl on your knee.

NO NEED OF PATENTS.

"I see he has been granted patents of nobility."  
"Indeed? I didn't suppose there was any danger of his nobility being imitated."

THEN HE DIED.



"Are you some of the best citizens of the community?" asked the lyncher doubtfully.  
"We are," replied the man who was adjusting the noose.  
"Then I am content to die; but it would rue me unmercifully if I was the feller to break all precedent by bein' lynched by a lot of toughs."

WHAT HE NOTICED.

"It's funny," soliloquized the successful young author, "ever since I wrote 'The Red Badge of Courage' I've handled nothing but Green Batches of Currency."

A REBUFF.

Stranger—Excuse me, sir, but I am a poet, and—  
Kiduff (interrupting)—I'm sorry, but I haven't a dollar to spare just now.

QUITE APPARENT.

Mr. Coldwater—Of course I don't care anything about holding office.  
Friend—Of course you don't. Aren't you running on the Prohibition ticket?



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## THE POSTMASTER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

There was great excitement in Dog Creek on Christmas morning when Bill McGhee, the new postmaster of the town, rode his bronco up and down the streets and fired off his revolver and uttered blood-curdling whoops. Everybody kept out of the way, but finally, when he had shot about a dozen dogs and put holes through half the window-panes in town, he got tired out and was surrounded by a crowd and asked for an explanation of the matter.

"What am I mad at?" he shouted in reply, as he glared around ferociously and gritted his teeth. "Why, I felt just like wipin' this town off'n the face of the earth!"

"But what fur, Bill?" somebody asked.

"What fur? What fur? Why, blame ye! What's my Christmas present?"

"Was—was ye expectin' one, Bill?" put in the County Sheriff mildly.

"Was I expectin' one?" yelled the postmaster with great vehemence. "Why, in course I wuz, an' I'd like ter know what kind o' critters ye be to furgit me!"

"We—we never thought o' it, Bill," spoke up the Sheriff again as he got on the outside of the crowd and looked the other way.

"Wall, then, yer order be shot fur bein' so durned furgitful! Ye allus remembered the other postmasters yere, I'm a-bettin'! Now, what I want ter know ar' why I, the United States Postmaster o' Dog Creek, didn't git a Christmas present from ye to-day, an' if ye can't gin me a decent answer I'll begin a-chavin' on this town again!"

Everybody in the crowd began racking his brains for an answer to give him, and they were hard at it when old Judge Bangs suddenly appeared on the scene, dragging along behind him a dead dog, and there was the fiercest kind of a look on his face as he waved a revolver and demanded:

"What's the cantankerous cross-eyed critter who shot my fightin' dawg?"

"Is—that yer dawg, J—Judge?" stammered the postmaster, as he hung to the saddle for support and turned pale.

"Sartinly it ar'!" roared the Judge. "He cost me \$25 only a month ago, too, an' could run any dawg around yere, but some durned ga-

loot has shot him! Jest sho me the varwmit an' I'll make his n'r rix three feet!"

"I reckon it was me, J—Judge," faltered the man who had been threatening to soon 'begin a-chavin' on the town, "but, ye see, I wuz mad clear through when the folks didn't gin me a Christmas present."

"So ye ar' the critter, eh? An' ye did it kase ye didn't git no Christmas present?"

"Y—Yes, J—Judge, an' I didn't know, in course, I was shootin' at yer dawg. Ye see, I orter got suthin', an'—"

"That's what ye orter!" interrupted the Judge, as he grabbed him by the collar and jerked him from the bronco. "It's (jerk) (another jerk) durned (a slam) shame in Yaas, that's what it ar', an' to make up fur it I'll gin ye a little Christmas present myself which'll be thirty days in jail an' \$25 fine! Take him away, Sheriff, an' if thar's any more critters in this town a-feelin' mad kase they didn't git a present, jest send 'em over to my shanty!"

"What kind of a professor?" inquired Mrs. Horn-beak.

"I declare, I don't know. At the time I s'posed of course that a schoolmaster was meant, an' didn't ask any further; but, come to think about it, for all I know, she may have married a corn-doctor, a piano-tuner, a sleight-of-hand performer, a dancin' master, a balloon ascensionist, a horse physician, a mandolin player, a boxer, a glass eater, a rope-walker, a fiddler, a shabby-genteel man with no visible means of support, or any one of a dozen other kinds of professors."

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"No," said the colored hotel waiter after he had placed my breakfast before me, "kin yo' help me out in suthin'?"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, it's erbout a Crismus present fur a gal I lize in lub wid," he continued earnestly. "I doan jes know what would be dispropriate fur her any

occasion. She's a fine gal, she ar, an' de head waiter yere has got his eye on her, but if I kin beat him on a present she's mine fo' suah."

"Well, it's all accordin' to your means," I said after a moment's

sharp would affect him this way—third aisle."

"If you think there's a chance," returned the floorwalker, "I presume you are very busy," returned the other, "but I trust you will pause in your busy career and give me a little disinterested advice. My brother's name is Jacob. While he is a good man, he is easily influenced to evil. If I should buy him a jeweharp, and that jeweharp should start off and play some wicked tune on him, I should be to blame for the consequences. Perhaps we had better not run the risk. You must have toy drums here?"

"In the third aisle, sir, and you see I am very busy."

"Do those drums go 'rub-a-dub-dub'?"

"Of course."

"And if my brother Jacob should cause one of those drums to go 'rub-a-dub-dub' there would be no evil effects? That is to say?"

"Look here, sir! I am very busy!" sharply exclaimed the floorwalker.

"But my brother Jacob—"

"If you want a jeweharp, drum or anything else for your brother Ja-

cob, why don't you buy it and get out?"

"Sir!" said the customer, as he drew himself up with great dignity. "I do not propose to drive my brother Jacob to ruin by the hasty purchase of a Santa Claus present. I spoke of a jeweharp and a drum, but the thought strikes me that a toy mule might be less baneful than either. You have toy mules, I presume—a toy mule without any guile in him?"

"I am busy, sir!"

"And you do not care a rap about my brother Jacob?"

"No, sir!"

"Very well, sir—very well. I came in here to buy a Santa Claus gift for my brother Jacob. You repel and discourage me. I do not buy. My brother Jacob wakes up Christmas morning to find an empty stocking, and for his disappointment, sir—for his tears and grief and heartaches you are responsible and must bear the burden. And I wish you good-day, sir, and you can go to grass, sir!"

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"If you think there's a chance," returned the floorwalker, "I presume you are very busy," returned the other, "but I trust you will pause in your busy career and give me a little disinterested advice. My brother's name is Jacob. While he is a good man, he is easily influenced to evil. If I should buy him a jeweharp, and that jeweharp should start off and play some wicked tune on him, I should be to blame for the consequences. Perhaps we had better not run the risk. You must have toy drums here?"

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"Of course."

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"Sir!" said the customer, as he drew himself up with great dignity. "I do not propose to drive my brother Jacob to ruin by the hasty purchase of a Santa Claus present. I spoke of a jeweharp and a drum, but the thought strikes me that a toy mule might be less baneful than either. You have toy mules, I presume—a toy mule without any guile in him?"

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"And you do not care a rap about my brother Jacob?"

"No, sir!"

"Very well, sir—very well. I came in here to buy a Santa Claus gift for my brother Jacob. You repel and discourage me. I do not buy. My brother Jacob wakes up Christmas morning to find an empty stocking, and for his disappointment, sir—for his tears and grief and heartaches you are responsible and must bear the burden. And I wish you good-day, sir, and you can go to grass, sir!"

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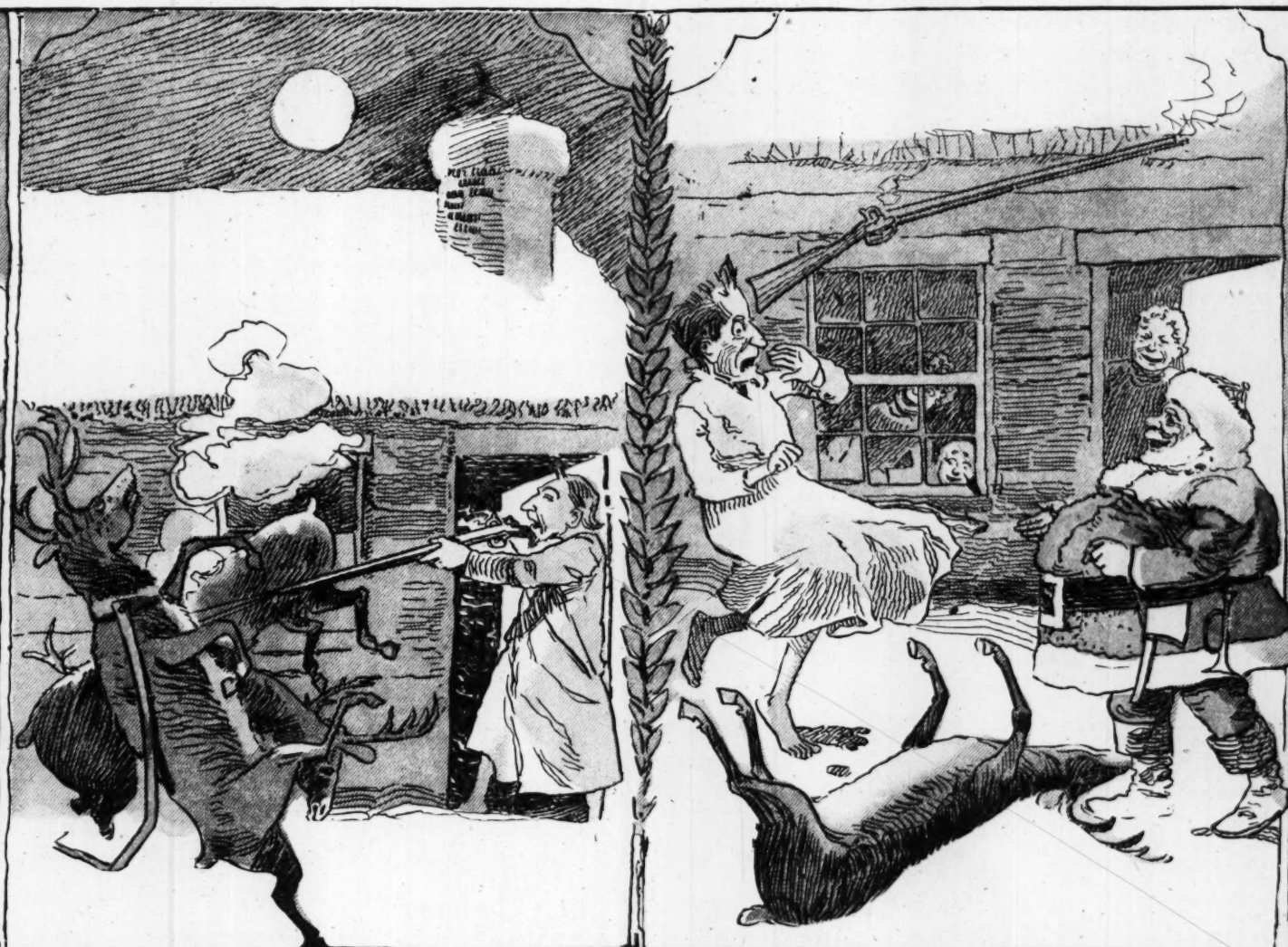
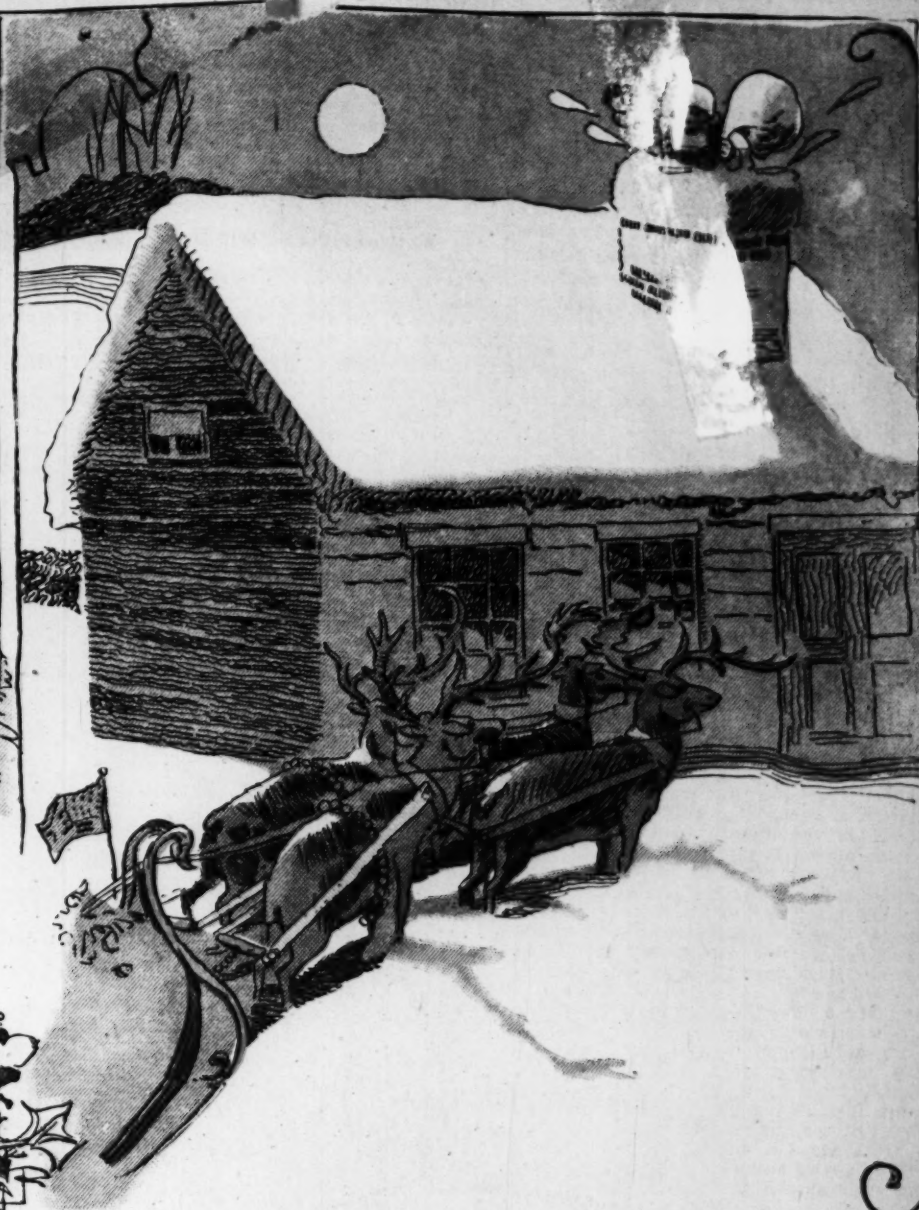
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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.

# HOW THE CLENEBROKE FAMILY HAD THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER ON ONE OF SANTA'S REINDEER



## WIE COMMIT MURDER MOST FOWL.—BY PERCY WINTERBOTTOM, INVENTOR OF THE NEW ART.



THEE ROOSTER falls avictim of a villinous plott, which is found out after his deth. ON KRISMAS EVE the Dominie who has been akting strangely, falls illnes. Wie call inn a FISHISION Who says he has APPENDISEETUS, and MUST have Chickin Broth to save his life. Thee Rooster will bee scene under his bed inn thee furste pickture. Also the HOGG and the rest of us will be cooing. Next COMES THEE notorious murder. Wie appointed thee COLERD man fore thee crime, because thee Rooster was always suspishus of hymn. But hee wears a mask. The Dominie will be scene in this seen two. Thee last pickture shows thee konsummashun of the Dominie's PLOTT. He has a foul fore his Krismas dinner. Confound HYMN. Owing too thee KRIME WIE had to postpone our FITE with Pittsimmons fore a WEAK.



CHRISTMAS  
COMES - BUT  
ONCE  
A YEAR.

# THE WOMAN'S WORLD

1897  
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

ON EARTH  
PEACE  
GOODWILL  
TOWARD  
MEN.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE POST-DISPATCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.—COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., 1897.



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.



"SO NOW IS COME OUR JOYFULST FEAST. LET EVERY MAN BE JOLLY."

THE MERRY YULE TIDE IS THE

SEASON OF THE HOLY KISS



THE FIRST KISS



THE ENTHUSIASM OF 16



THE LESS CONVENTIONAL VARIETY



MEMORIES

CHRISTMAS DANCE BEFORE THE SUNDAY WORLD'S CAMERA BY LA PETITE ADELAIDE



THE CHRISTMAS GIRL OF 1797.



THE CHRISTMAS GIRL OF 1897.



mas dinner-table would make it inexpressibly colorless and depressing. The unusually heavy dinner should be lightened so far as possible by a brilliant arrangement of flowers. In the decorative scheme shown in the drawing the flowers used are orchids and roses, but for the many homes where these costly flowers will be out of the question carnations or any bright blossoms may be substituted. Avoid white flowers. Arrange the orchids in long ropes, reaching from a point above the centre of the table to its four corners, where they are caught by pink roses and lilac-colored ribbons. Smilax or

far the prettiest form of lighting. Two candelabra are the least that should be used, and four are not too many. If the decorations are completed by placing a long-stemmed pink rose at each plate the Christmas dinner can hardly fail to be a success.

TWO CHRISTMAS DANCES.

THESE could scarcely be a clearer indication of the changes in the manner of dancing which have taken place during the past hundred years than that afforded by the photographs for which La Petite Adelaide posed for the Sunday World. Just what the spectators of Christmas, 1897, will enjoy La Petite Adelaide knows quite as well as any

fective if electric lights can be so arranged underneath the roses that the blossoms are illuminated. though this, also, is somewhat too elaborate for the ordinary home dinner. The candelabra should not be forgotten, as a lighted is so much more effective than an unlighted table, and candles are by

AN ARTISTIC DECORATION FOR THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

some ferns should be liberally intertwined with the blossoms, and the ribbons, as an important decorative element, should not be overlooked. In the centre of the table a mound of pink roses is surrounded by a border of orchids. The result is very ef-

one else and has shown in one of the groups of photographs. It is a very lively and a very pronounced style of dance, and it necessitates quite as much agility as grace. The Christmas dance of to-day is a muscular feat rather than a study in motion. As a contrast the



DECORATING THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

WITH the idea of considering Christmas as, among other things, a feast day, the necessity of making the Christmas dinner-table the most gayly decorated of any in the year has become imperative. Just how the Christmas dinner-table of 1897 should look is indicated in the illustration on this page. As far as regards the ordinary appointments of china, silver and so on, the Christmas dinner-table should, of course, be flawless. The service should be so perfect that no one thinks of it, and the good things that are provided to eat should be varied and harmonious. But perhaps the most important point of all is the decoration.

clever little dancer has illustrated the Christmas dance of 100 years ago. High kicking was not so much in favor then, and a dance was not approved of which was not characterized by a certain sedateness and dignity. The minuet, with its slow, rhythmic grace, its elaborate detail and its suggestions of infinite leisure, was the ideal of dancing then, and its spirit is most cleverly reproduced in La Petite Adelaide's poses. In both styles of dancing, however, the important thing is the spirit of enjoyment and good cheer which should characterize every Christmas celebration. The spectators of to-day, like those of 100 years ago, will first of all require of their Christmas dance that it shall contribute largely to the general merriment. It should be added that either dance may be learned by any one who wishes to contribute to a quiet home entertainment and who is able to give the effort a little of her time and patience.



# Joy Of Heaven. To Earth Come Down.

## ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A XMAS SHOPPER

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE SUNDAY WORLD.



### THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER'S DAY.

THE unlearned who declare that all shopping is alike, an unvarying burden and bore, merely show their ignorance by the contention. The practice of ordinary shopping so nearly resembles an art that most women are, as is well known, infatuated with it, and delight in more or less serenely triumphing over its difficulties. Christmas shopping, on the other hand, is a tumult and a confusion, a mystery and a torment, a problem and a snare. All this to the buyer and giver of gifts. To the recipient it is much the same thing. Any woman who has ever been through the agony of a day's Christmas shopping, with its ten-hour strain on nerve and muscle, hand and brain, its wear to one's winter suit and its exhaustion of one's physical being, will heave a sigh of sympathy at beholding the photographs on this page. They represent the Christmas shopper in varying degrees of endurance of her lot. They are as convincing as the actual experience, and they will recall many such. The Christmas shopper who is pictured here had done none of this sort of shopping for an entire year. She had forgotten all its unpleasantness, and she started out from Suburbanville, N. J., at 8 in the morning, with the same glad expectation that she had cherished many times before, of making \$10 buy a hundred gifts. So she is reasonably cheerful at first and

could not afford to buy, her hat battered, her gown ruined, her temper upset, and a large, comfortable-looking man disporting himself in the seat she is aching for, it is then that she realizes to her sorrow what Christmas shopping really means.

### MIDNIGHT IN THE CONVENT.

IN the world at large Christmas begins with dawn. In the convent it begins at midnight. For the nun, whose observance of the day is, of course, wholly a religious one, the first announcement that Christmas is come is the bell calling her to midnight mass. The accompanying photograph shows a nun in the attitude in which you would see her if you could look in upon the midnight mass. She wears the dress of one of the least pretentious orders and carries the well-worn rosary which has helped her say her prayers for years. Her face has all the strength and sweetness and unworldliness of a convent recluse. She has told her beads so often and so long that the time, be it night or day, matters little to her. And it is perhaps quite natural that to the nun the most cheerful and acceptable way in which Christmas Day could be begun is by the hour of midnight prayer on her knees in the cold convent chapel.



she remains so until after luncheon, the sort of luncheon that women eat at long counters, and where the confusion between their own bundles and their neighbors' elbows is so great as to counteract any possible benefit which they might receive from the indifferently prepared food. An afternoon at the bargain counter banishes all remnant of cheer, and when the tired shopper rides home to Suburbanville at night, her arms full of things she does not want and



### SIX FASHIONABLE HOLIDAY COIFFURES.

Holiday fashions in hairdressing are chiefly remarkable for their diversity. There are at least a half dozen different ways in which a woman can do her hair and still be in the fashion, a fact for which all women should be profoundly grateful. According to the shape of her head, it is permissible to wear her hair in a high knot or a low coil, to friz it in front, or to draw it back with severe plainness. In fact, if she makes sure that her hair is becoming, there is small danger of her being censured. For the guidance, however, of those women who wish to have reliable authority before venturing on a mode of coiffure, the six styles pictured here have been accurately sketched.



### FOR CHRISTMAS SEASON WEAR.

Two illustrations on this page show the young woman of fashion how to prepare for the holidays. For the indoor festivity there must be the Christmas bodice, which is one of the prettiest and most becoming novelties of the season. It is of brilliant scarlet poplin, cut décolleté and with short sleeves. The trimming consists entirely of mistletoe and holly, with the addition of bows of scarlet ribbon. The bonnet of ostrich feathers is the latest for sleighing parties.

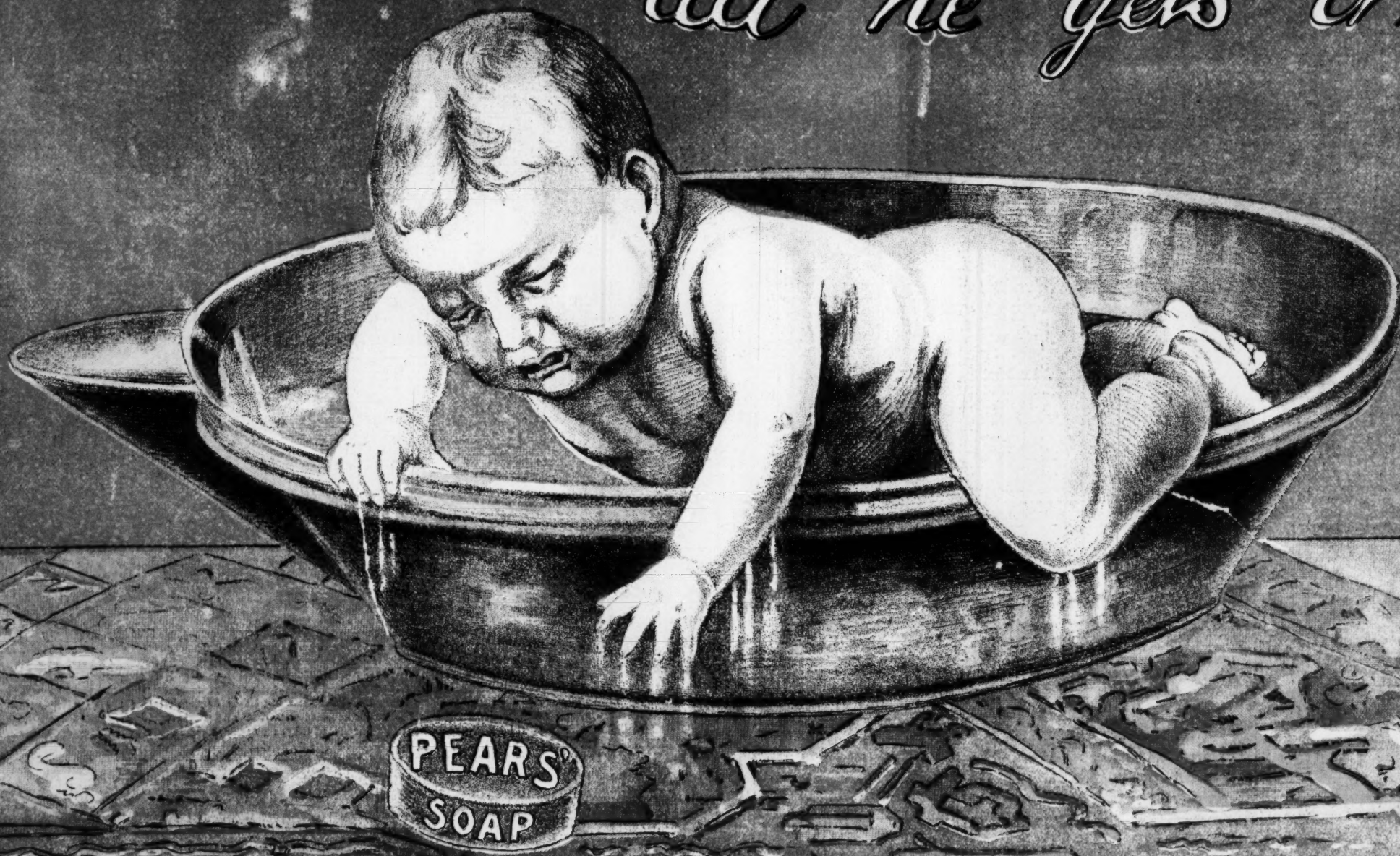
### SIX COIFFURES DESIGNED ESPECIALLY TO ACCOMPANY CHRISTMAS COSTUMES.

(From sketches made especially for the Sunday World.)





*He won't be happy  
till he gets it!*



#### BABY-SKIN.

No fine lady or grown-up girl has a skin like a baby's—not quite. All toilet soaps but Pears' have alkali in them, probably.

Babies get washed with these soaps; their tender skins are made rough and red and sore, and yet the force of nature resists; there is no skin like the velvety baby-skin.

Haven't you seen a girl or woman catch sight of a dainty baby and break into smiles all over her face? And, if publicity does not forbid, you have seen her rush to the little stranger, seize his hands and toes, and go into raptures over the pink and softness.

That's the charm of baby-skin, not of the baby—nobody goes for a pimply baby.

Every woman whose place in the world permits, and every man (though men are not supposed to tell of it) wants, in proper measure, a baby-skin. Even the college athlete is not exempt.

Let them use Pears' Soap, which is nothing but soap, pure soap, which is nothing but Pears'.

We all have a baby-skin, unless it is eaten away by alkali. Soap will find it. Nothing but soap will find it. It may be well disguised—Pears' Soap will find it.

Pears' Soap, not only for toilet and bath, but for shaving. Pears was the inventor of having stock soap.

Many an ill  
called by some long name  
has at last been cured by

**Beecham's Pills.**

Keep your stomach, bowels and liver right  
and you'll have little cause to spend money on  
doctors. Millions have been cured by Beecham's Pills.  
**SO CAN YOU BE CURED.**

ANNUAL SALES OVER 6,000,000 BOXES.

**BEECHAM'S  
PILLS**

**FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS**

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness,  
Fulness and Swelling after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Flush-  
ings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold  
Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trem-  
bling Sensations. The first dose will give relief in twenty  
minutes. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be a won-  
derful medicine. For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion.  
Disordered Liver, THEY ARE WITHOUT A RIVAL.

**Beecham's Pills,**

taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to  
complete health. They promptly remove  
obstructions or irregularities of  
the system.

25 cents box at all druggists.

THE  
SOUVENIR  
OF  
SCOTLAND

(Plain Label) is a Whiskey from the same  
distillery as The Bonnie Briar Bush, and  
differs from that Whiskey in age only.  
PRICE \$1.25 PER BOTTLE.

FOR MORE THAN  
A QUARTER OF A CENTURY  
WE HAVE TAKEN  
EVERY BARREL OF

**OLD CROW RYE**  
made. It is the best brand produced in  
America, the distillers receiving a larger  
price than for any other brand.

No other house can bottle it.  
Buy only of reliable houses.

**THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH  
SCOTCH WHISKEY.**

We have taken three years to find  
the oldest and finest Scotch Whiskey in  
Great Britain. We have positively the  
choicest article that money will buy. It  
is matured in Sherry Casks, NOT vatted  
or blended, and is reliable in every re-  
spect. We have compared it with the  
highest grades shipped here, none of  
which are as fine. Try it, it will not dis-  
appoint you. PRICE \$1.75 per bottle.



FULL  
DISCOUNT  
TO  
THE TRADE.



AGENTS FOR  
THE  
PLEASANT VALLEY  
WINE CO.



H. B. KIRK & CO., 69 Fulton St., BROADWAY AND 27TH STREET.





WOMAN'S  
CHRISTMAS  
A.D.



WORLD  
NUMBER  
1897



SUPPLEMENT TO THE POST-DISPATCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.—COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO. 1897.



THE MODERN RIVAL OF SANTA CLAUS.



# A CHRISTMAS STORY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY

# THE WOOLING OF THE GRIP

FOR THE  
SUNDAY  
WORLD  
BY  
JOHN LANODON HEATON

I.  
DENSE winter fog covered New York when I turned down the side street toward the stage door, as lonely a man, I dare say, as the town held.

It was prepossessing weather. The damp air was chilly if one loitered, oppressive if he hurried. The thick reek hid the outlook and turned the street lights into soft disks of glowing yellow, frayed at the edges by the gloom. Spectres and goblins peopled it, and huge, uncanny shadows were cast upward against it by the low-hung carriage lamps. One mysterious blur of light leaped out at me from a cross street, and above it towered the great figures of two crouching giants. Then they shrank into hardy wheelmen pedalling a tandem, and I was aware of a disproportionate resentment against childish folk who could go pleasuring in such weather, and the happy Christmas faces that I saw renewed the sense of injury.

The smell of the painted scenery heartened me when I reached the theatre. If I could have sniffed also the odor of escaping gas I might have been almost happy, for it would have minded me of days before the electric, when I "gripped" for Booth and McCullough and had a mother.

Besides, Miss Ford's face soon made me forget my grumpy mood. Before she covered the tell-tale traces with dabs of powder on her nose and chin and eyes and smudges of red on her cheeks, I saw that she had been crying, and I had the grace to be ashamed of having sulked for no reason.

"Come, Miss Ford," I said, as she leaned for a moment against the wind machine, "look a little brighter, child. Christmas is coming."

"Not for me!" she said, gulping down a big sob.

She was a quiet thing, Miss Ford, who marched as a drummer boy—not from love of tinset or greed of roses, but because of some such stress of necessity as stageland knows.

When the call came it was as if a bevy of butterflies in white and pink and orange and black and gauze and gilt had fluttered out on the stage to preen their freed wings and celebrate their escape from the net. But my eyes were fixed by one tiny figure that marched through the maze as if in a dream, clutching the drumsticks in a tiny pair of fists, and to a face that was set like a painted mask of sorrow.

Not that I had much time for star-gazing. It is busy work behind the scenes of a ballet, with the wind machine whizzing and the buckshot rain rattling in its tray, the electricians launching Jove's lightnings, and the suave stage manager, with the inevitable red rose at his lapel, pulling the cord that frees his cannonball thunder.

I have known the time when six weary men would try to strike a scene, the audience laughing and stamping beyond the curtain at their nervous hammer strokes. Now I keep thirty-five "grips" at work, and all the heavier scenes are so arranged to roll on casters

For the illustrations of this story members of the "Faust" ballet posed, by kind permission of Messrs. Koster & Bial, under direction of Mr. Arthur Rankin, stage manager.

mission of Messrs. Koster & Bial, under direction of Mr. Arthur Rankin, stage manager.



"I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU, EDNA AND GERTIE."  
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Edlowes Bros.)

that in twenty seconds on a darkened stage battlemented castles glide away and new slides take their places, while files and borders drop like magic, and the lights flash up once more.

It is like magic. There again shines the stage in its new splendors, and beyond it the great audience, so gleaming in silk, sparkling with jewels and bubbling over with applause that one would say, to look at it, there could not be darkness or sorrow or suffering anywhere.

Pretty soon I spoke to Miss Ford again, watching my opportunity.

"What is the matter, child?" I said, for I am well past thirty and a veteran of twenty years "behind."

"My mother—this telegram," and she handed me a slip of yellow paper, dated somewhere in Michigan, which read: "Very low; crisis at hand; will wire at once."

"I got it just before coming here to-night," she said; "and now I long so for another, and yet I dread it. She's dying away out there, and I"—She looked down at her gay attire with despair in her aspect.

"Why didn't you get a few days off?" It isn't as in the old times, when stage managers swore at the men, cuffed the boys and insulted the women. Martin would have given you leave.

"I know he would, but then"—

"Of course," I said hastily, for she seemed on the point of breaking down. "I understand. Doctor and nurse and all that, and you must work for more money. But let me tell you—you are new to the stage yet and shy—there are generous people all about you. They have had their troubles, too. Keep your counsel if you like. But when you want help let me know. Will you?"

She nodded, smiling up at me bravely from eyes brimful of tears that did not fall. "That's good. And about the telegram—why, no news is the very best news. The longer it's delayed the better it's sure to be. Maybe you'll get good news for a Christmas gift to-morrow. If anything had gone wrong you'd know."

II.

Miss Orme, the kind-hearted ballet-mistress, stood in the left front watching her cohorts perform upon the stage. Behind her back she held concealed two big dolls.

"I'm going to show them to the girls now. It's so near Christmas I can't wait," she said, glancing up at me.

As she stood there issuing her commands, inaudible "in front" to her gleaming hosts, two tiny girls marched past, pages of the big, stately Amazonian general. One with flaxen wig was all in pale blue, and one in pink had locks like night, and such a pretty pair as they were!

"I have something for you, Edna and Gertie," called Miss Orme. "Not quite so quick, Miss Lindgren; mind your interval—something for each of you. Wouldn't you like to know what it is? Maybe it's a funny pig cut out of a potato—quicker, quicker! one, two, three, four—further back, Miss Kemp—you are hiding the Fairy Prince. Well, now, it's for Christmas, and I'll show it to you if you'll be good. Who put that rug out so far? Kick it back ten inches, Mr. Vose. Want to see it? Well—look!"

And up at arm's length went the two dolls—one flaxen-haired and one such a beautiful brunette, both travelled Parisians and very big.



"A FACE THAT WAS SET LIKE A PAINTED MASK OF SORROW."  
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Edlowes Bros.)



"HERE," SAID I, "I'LL CARRY HER UP."  
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Edlowes Bros.)

ety. It taught me in a flash the real meaning of the ballet.

All the work of clever men; the spilling of lumber and canvas to make sham palaces; the women posturing and grimacing in the senseless gestures that mean hate, love, hope, despair or supplication to the dance teacher and to the audience mean nothing at all; the kicks and the pinettes of the soldiers and Amazons; the imps and the devils, gnashing their teeth in impotent subjection to the angels posed on the stairway I had built; the electricians bathing the paper roses, wired wings and canvas masonry with waves of radiance, red and blue and yellow and golden—in all this pranking of the painted host that brave little drummer boy, marching and countermarching, advancing and retreating, light-footed, with her heart of lead, taught me to see a labor of pure love.

The strain of watching was too great. I rushed out into the open air for a moment. The fog had deepened. I never saw anything more beautiful than the way it turned the humdrum, familiar street into a fairyland vaster and more wonderful than the stage, all peopled by good gnomes running up and down unceasingly beneath the fuzzy blobs of light in the lamps, all busy preparing the earth for the day of the coming of the Christ.

III.

Back again to the smell of paint and the heat and the confusion, where nothing is confused, just in time to catch a phrase or two before the glittering host again stormed the plain.

"What? Another girl fainted? Little Ford, wasn't it? She's looked fagged all evening." "Yes. She had to go back on, too, dead or alive. There was no substitute little enough to take her place."

I do not know how I got through the last scene. It was lucky it was a busy one for me, with much shifting of heavy settings. Once in a while I caught a glimpse of that set countenance in the midst of the riot of color and the flaming lights and the painted palaces of delight and wished for the end.

Hardly had the curtain touched the stage at the end of the show before the distraught girl, without waiting for its inevitable relifting, bolted from her place and staggered toward the wings.

Her eyes may have been blinded by sudden tears, or she may have fainted. At any rate she ran unheeding plump against a balcony faketment and fell in a pathetic little heap on the floor.



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, ELLICE!"  
(From a photograph taken for the Sunday World by Edlowes Bros.)

One of the wardrobe women had spread a blanket near by to bundle up the quick-change garments, and this I wrapped around having fallen for the last time.

"Here," said I, "I'll carry her up. Look after her, some of you, and I'll get a carriage and take her home. I know the family."

This was a shocking lie, of course, but there was no one to dispute me.

Just as I ran down the stairs again I caught a telegram from the call boy's hand, saw it was for Miss Ford and without hesitation opened it. It read:

Much better, will recover. Send love and Christmas greetings.  
Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 11. WARREN.

Just then Edna and Gertie danced along the passage with their big dolls hugged tight in their arms.

"Oh, Mr. Grattan," cried Edna, while Gertie's eyes shone with delight; aren't they beauties? Thank you ever and ever so much!"

"What! Has Miss Orme told you I'm it? She's a wicked woman. Here, suppose you take this telegram up to Miss Ford and say, 'Good news, before you show it to her. Be very careful now to say 'Good news, Miss Ford,' quite loud before you let her see the telegram.'"

IV.

Good news is good medicine. Presently Ellice came down the stairs with tears of joy shining in her eyes and clutching the telegram. I was waiting at the foot.

"Miss Ford's carriage stops the way," said I with the grand bow of the stage lackey.

"What a carriage!" she cried, a little smile of returning spirit dimpling her cheek. "I just won't ride in it. I am going to walk home."

"I know," very humbly I said, "that a carriage is a frightful extravagance, but Christmas comes only once a year. Sure you're strong enough? All right, I'll walk with you."

So we threaded the tortuous entrances, passed a little group of vacuous-faced noodles at the stage door and were presently out upon the street walking slowly toward Broadway.

The side street seemed rather dark by contrast with the brilliantly lighted way beyond, where a never-ending procession poured, thronging the walks, crowding the cable cars, peering from the windows of the trains on stilts that thunder overhead here in the heart of the Tenderloin.

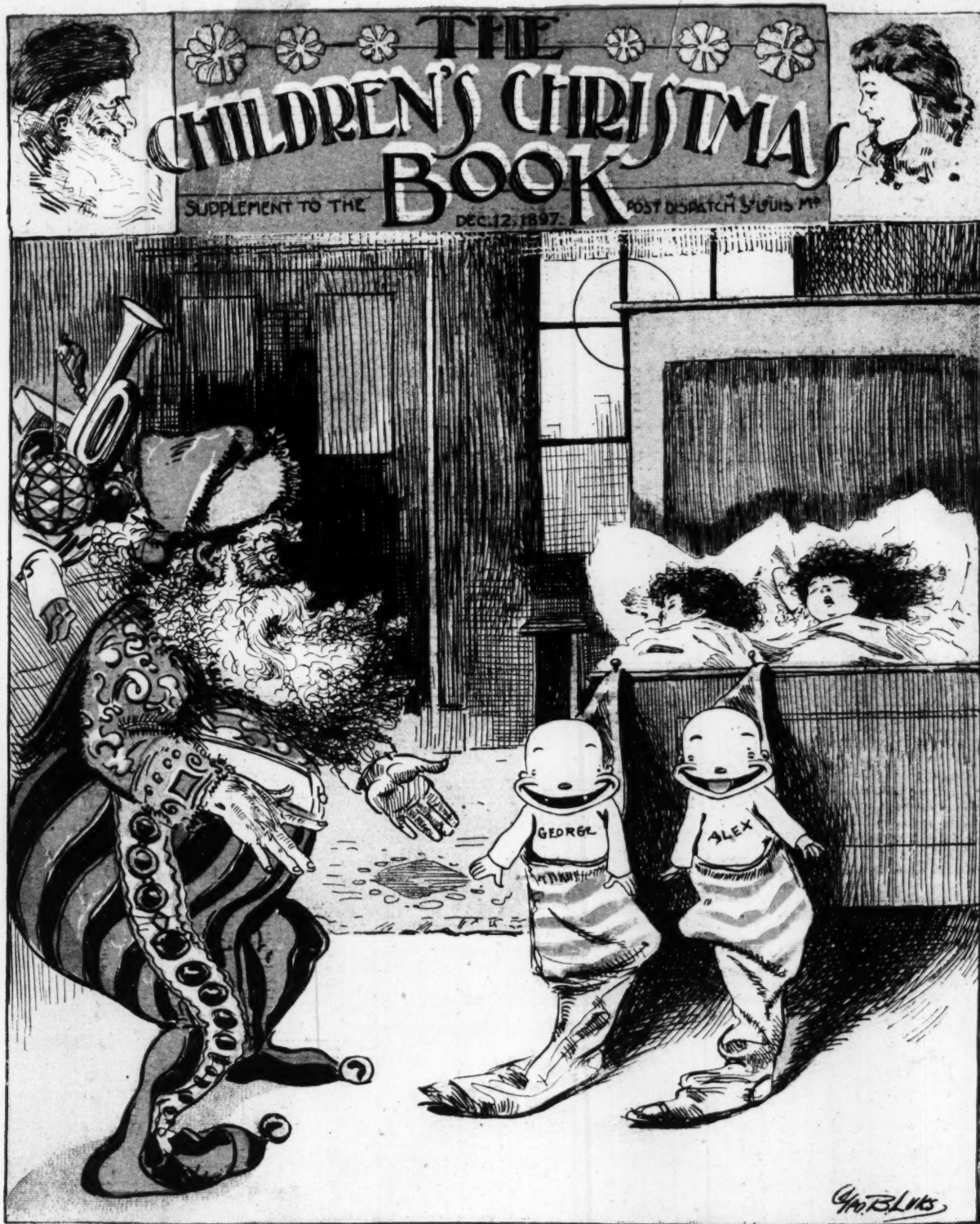
Before us as we walked stood a beautiful, white stone church which, curiously enough, I did not remember ever having noticed before, though I must have passed it a thousand times. Up its tall tower I glanced, up and up and higher still, as man was meant to look when he sees God's house, to where in the blue dome above all the merry stars were twinkling. The mist had gone, the night was clear and Christmas would be crisp and cool.

A clock somewhere in the distance chimed midnight, and we stopped to listen.

"A merry Christmas, Ellice!" I cried on the last stroke. "Ellice! What a pretty name! I must use it always, if you will let me, for I am your lover now, you know. Will you have me—for a Christmas gift? And give me—"

She came a little closer to my side and looked up with shining eyes. "It was Christmas morning. We walked on again toward the great white church."





SANTA CLAUS—GOOD GRACIOUS, I MEET THESE CHAPS EVERYWHERE.!



# THE BOY WHO DISCOVERED SANTA CLAUS

"And while papa is 'scovering the North Pole, can I try to 'scover Santa Claus?" Bobbie Dobbs cried eagerly one day.

"Yes," said his mamma.

"Goody, goody, good!" cried Bobbie. "And when I am 'scover him," he added, getting his words mixed in his excitement, "can I see the reindeer Prancer and Dancer and Donner and Blitzen and the sleigh and all the toys Santa makes for good little girls and boys?"



"Of course you can if you discover him."

It all seemed too good to be true, but Bobbie's father was an explorer, and he was actually going to take his wife and his little boy with him away up near where Santa Claus lives and keep them in a queer house built of cakes of ice while he hunted around to see if he could find the pole.

In a short time the great ship sailed north with the party, and as she sighted the first icebergs Bobbie cried: "Here we come, Mr. Santa Claus! Please be good and let me 'scover you!"

Then, turning to his papa, he said: "You can 'scover the North Pole if you want to, but Santa Claus is mine. I'm goin' to 'scover him so I can tell all the little boys and girls how he looks at home."

A few days before Christmas, while Bobbie was playing in front of their queer-looking house of ice away up near the Pole, he suddenly remembered that he hadn't found Santa Claus yet.

"I'll just 'scover him now before I am was forget it again," he cried, walking away through the snow. He had not gone far before he saw an odd-looking red wagon coming toward him. In the wagon was a little, fat, red-faced man dressed all in furs. There were no reindeer, horses or even dogs hitched

to the wagon, but it fairly flew over the snow until it reached Bobbie. Then it stopped suddenly.

"Here I am, Bobbie," cried the little fat man. "Now come and 'scover me!"

"No," said Bobbie. "I don't want you. I'm trying to 'scover Santa Claus."

"Then I'm your huckle-berry!" cried the little fat man, puffing at his stump of a pipe until a great ball of smoke hung over the wagon. This ball at once exploded like a soap-bubble, and from it dropped a hobby-horse that struck lightly in the rear of the wagon and began rocking violently before Bobbie's astonished eyes.

"But—but where's your sleigh and where are the reindeer?" cried Bobbie.

"Sleigh? Reindeer?" laughed the little fat man, puffing another smoke-ball that exploded, dropping a bicycle into the wagon. "They're away out of date now. Too slow, you know. I use a motor carriage. This is it; isn't she a beauty? Jump in and I'll show you my toy factory."



The moment Bobbie was seated in the wagon Santa Claus grasped that wonderful pipe by the stem and held it above his head. It immediately shot up into the air, lengthening, lengthening, lengthening away from Santa's hand until the bowl disappeared. Then the stem suddenly shut together again like a telescope, and caught under the bowl was a wire.

Rising from the seat of the wagon was a short pole resembling a trolley-car pole, with a little wheel at the end. Catching this wheel upon the wire, Santa Claus pressed an electric button on the seat and the wagon rose in the air like a bird, following the wire, which stretched away toward the sky until Bobbie could see it no longer.

A moment later, exactly like a cash-

carrier in a department store, the red wagon crashed into a peculiar rubber-lined framework, which caught the wagon and held it fast while Santa Claus and the frightened Bobbie stepped out upon a broad platform.

"This is the North Pole," said Santa, pointing to an immense round building that sat on the snow like a huge cheese. "My toy factory is inside. These," he added, pointing to a multitude of wires running from the Pole in every direction, "are my toy distributing lines. Each one runs over the houses of ten thousand boys and girls."

For an hour Bobbie viewed the wonders of the great toy factory. Then Santa took him home.

"I've 'scovered Santa Claus!" Bobbie cried as he rushed into the house.

"Where have you been?" gasped his father and mother.

"To the North Pole, with Santa Claus!" cried Bobbie.

But his father couldn't believe it then, and he has not believed it since, because—well, because, in spite of years of hard work, he hasn't discovered the North Pole yet himself.

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

## QUEER ANIMALS.

A lemon can be turned into a pig by giving him legs of matches stuck in where the legs of a pig ought to go. A tiny slip of the lemon skin is shaved off to form a tail. Tacks are stuck into the proper places for eyes, and a little slit across the pointed end makes the pig's mouth to open in a most life-like manner.

Oddly shaped potatoes often suggest various animals. By the addition of legs, head and tail in

their proper places, queer-looking creatures can be constructed. A potato which had a grotesque resemblance to a horse shows what can be done in this line. This potato horse had a cork head fastened on to its body by a match neck. A bob-tail was cut from the

HEADQUARTERS  
SANTA CLAUS TOY CO.



potato skin and made to stand out in a striking way. This object, which had matches for legs, made one think of a horse, it must be confessed.





When the Christmas surprise, impelled by a neighboring blast, came down through the shanty roof, little Danny Murphy was nearly scared out of a year's growth.

"Howly saints!" he cried, falling out of his chair; "it's S-S-S-Santa Claus!"

But it wasn't. It was just a plain, everyday Harlem goat with whiskers, and it came through the old and decayed shanty roof like a hod of bricks, struck head first in a big clothes-basket full of linen that was ready for ironing, rolled over on the floor with the force of its fall and sat up against the wall with a jar that must have loosened its back teeth.

If it had stroked its long whiskers and cried "Merry Christmas!" the Murphy family would not have been any more astonished.

"Get on to the goat, will yez!" gasped the elder Murphy as he picked up the fragments of the clay pipe that had fallen from his mouth. "There, Danny," he continued an instant later, "yer ould father niver goes back on his worruid. He tolt yez yez would recave a Christmas prisint the day, and there yez are, Danny—there yez are!"

"Bad cess to it!" cried Mrs. Murphy, angrily seizing the broom. "Will yez look at the hole in the roof? And me clothes! It's the wash I must do over agin."

"Give over!" cried Danny, rushing to the goat's rescue. "Don't bate him. He's my Christmas prisint."

"And the only wan yez'll get, too, with me doin' no worruk for wakes back."

said the elder Murphy. "Shure, where did the baste drop from the clouds?"

"Twor a blast," said Mrs. Murphy. "I heard it just before the goat kem."

"A blast, is it?" repeated Murphy, his anger rising. "Shure, can't a mon be afther smokin' his Christmas pipe in pace widout bein' bombarded wid goats?"

Seizing a blackthorn he had brought from Ireland he ran out to investigate the outrage.

While this conversation was going on the goat slowly and painfully scrambled to his feet, shuddered several times as if he were getting him-

"If the boy will let you," replied the father. "Shure; jump in wid yez," Danny replied.

Then up and down the walk they went for half an hour, two of the happiest boys and one of the weariest goats in the Greater New York, and when Fauntleroy at last tired of the sport his father put something in Danny's hand and went away.

When Danny looked at this something his eyes fairly bulged out with surprise. It was a big, shining silver dollar! Danny had never owned one before.

As fast as he could Danny speeded the goat back to the shanty.

"Here, mother!" he cried; "here's a dollar the man is afther givin' me fer his boy's ride behind the goat. Keep it fer me, mother."

"A dol—a dollar, is it?" gasped his mother. "The goat, eh? Phat'll the baste be doin' next?" She dropped the coin on the stove to see if it was good, and a smile appeared on her tired face as she glanced up at the hole in the roof.

A moment later the elder Murphy came in, smiling and smoking a good cigar. His smile grew broader as he heard about the goat and the dollar.

"The goat, is it?" he said. "Did yez ever hear the loike? The contractor'll put a new roof on the shanty and give over shootin' anny more goats this way. We had nade av a new roof annyway, and we'll get it free of charge. What's more, bedad! when I run out because of the goat I stumbled agin a man on the street, and who was it, d'yez think? Me brother Pat, away this tin years and just back from the Klondike wid a washtubful av gold dust. And here's twinty dollars he lint me, and he has worruk fer me diggin' the cellar av his new house and"—

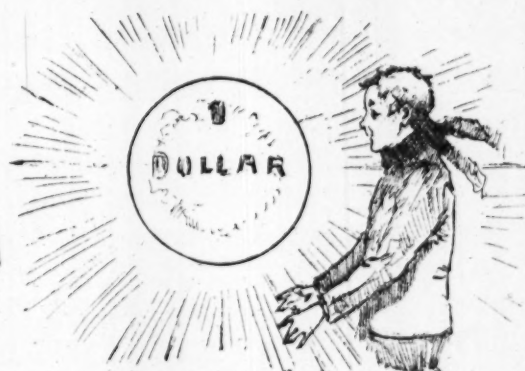


self together agin, and then began to chew an old shoe that lay on the floor.

Danny was the only happy member of the family. Broken roofs and soiled linen did not bother him in the least. He had wanted a goat, and it had come at Christmas time—through the roof. The goat's meal of shoe leather, consequently, was soon cut short by Danny, who led his new pet outdoors, harnessed him with rope to a little wagon he had made of a soap box and a pair of old wheels, and was soon riding up and down the snowless street as happy as a lark, with the Dooley boys hanging over their back fence emerald green with envy. Despite his recent adventure with the blast, the goat seemed to be in good working order, and to Danny's delighted eyes he got over the ground almost as rapidly as he came through the roof.

Danny had been speeding him up and down the street but a few minutes when he met a Little Lord Fauntleroy lad.

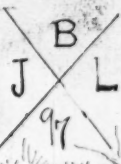
"Oh, see the goat!" cried Fauntleroy. "Can't I have a ride, papa?"



"Are yez goin' to bate the goat, father?" Danny asked anxiously.

"Bate the goat!" cried Murphy. "W'dout him shootin' the shoots we'd have no new roof, no dollar, no Klondike, no gold."





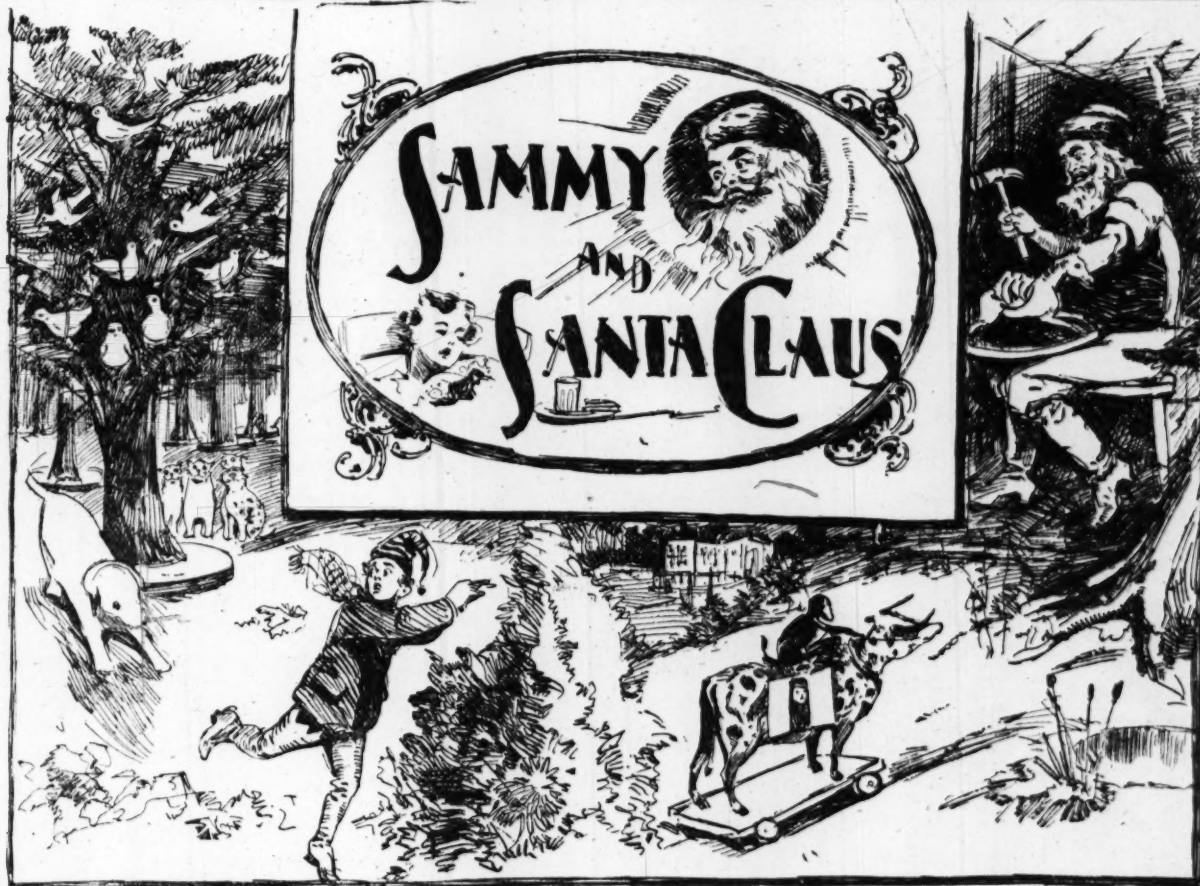
CHRISTMAS WITH MOTHER GOOSE AND HER FAMILY.





CHRISTMAS IN GAY GAZOOZALAND.





"I am not glad that you are sick," said Cameron to his little sister Muriel, "but it will be a good chance to tell you a story of Santa Clausland. Would you like to hear it?"

"Certainly, I would," replied little Muriel, clapping her hands with delight. "Hurry up and tell it."

"Well," he said, "it is a story about myself—about something that happened to me in Santa Clausland. I suddenly found myself in a funny sort of an orchard, and I couldn't tell how I got there. I sat down under a great, spreading tree which was full of birds, and the birds were growing on the tree like fruit, and they were all made of wood and papier-mache, and they had whistles in their stomachs, so that when the wind shook the tree they would all squeak the queerest songs you ever heard."

"I thought I would like to have one of those birds to break open and see what kind of works it had inside of it, but just as I attempted to climb the tree a great, big yellow candy dog came barking at my heels, and I ran as hard as I could. He was made of lemon candy. I could tell that by the way his barking flavored the air. Just then I saw a great spotted cow rolling along the field. It stood on a platform with wheels on it, and the cow glided along with no more expression than a locomotive. Sometimes it would go fast and sometimes so slow that it would almost stand still."

"Jump in, jump in. If you don't want to be devoured by the lemon-candy hound that guards the bird tree to keep the pasteboard cats from devouring them while they squeak upon the bough." I looked up and saw that a toy monkey was riding the cow, and he steered her over to me and called upon me again to jump in. Suddenly the cow came up, and two great doors opened in her side, and I jumped in and found, after the doors had closed, that the cow was full of caramels and chocolate cream drops. As the cow glided over the uneven earth I felt as if I was becoming seasick, and I climbed up her neck and looked out through her eyes to see where we were going. You see this cow was made like the toy animals that come full of candies, and as I was feeling hungry I ate some caramels and then shouted to the monkey: "Suppose it should rain, wouldn't the water melt the pasteboard cow into a mass of pulp and spoil all this lovely candy?"

"No, no," replied the monkey; "this is a waterproof cow; we feed her on the leaves of the rubber tree, which not only makes her waterproof, but adds to her general elasticity. We are now gliding over to the cornucopia house to fill the horn of plenty with candy for the regular Christmas tour. You know this is Santa Clausland!"

"Where is Santa Claus?" I asked.

"Just then we came upon old Santa Claus, who was nailing the manes and tails upon the

rocking-horses. Usually he would hit the nail upon the head, but once he hit the nail upon his thumb, and I tell you he danced around just as lively as an ordinary man—and he said a lot of things that I can't remember while he was dancing around in this manner."

"And when the door of the car flew open I stepped out and said: 'Good Mr. Santa Claus, I meant no disrespect, and I hope you will not forget me when it comes to filling my stocking.'"

"Filling your stocking," replied Santa Claus; "filling your stocking, eh? I'll give you all the stocking you want." And then he whistled a whistle that was like the cold Christmas wind, and in an instant a lot of manikins and lead soldiers ran out after me and chased me down into a field whose sward was a heavy fudge paste into which my feet sank so deep that I could only run in a walk. I tell you it feels funny to run and walk at the same time. Each manikin and lead soldier held in his hand a stocking, in the toe of which was an orange or a baseball, and every time they would fetch me a crack on the head it would make my teeth rattle. I tried to escape, but as I did so we all fell in a rolling mass and kept on rolling down the hill, and I could feel my breath leaving me. I opened my eyes, and the dentist said:

"Cameron, where's your tooth now?"

"And I jumped out of the chair and ran home to tell you all about my laughing-gas experience with Santa Claus in Santa Clausland."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



# SIMPLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

I heard lately of a lady who always began to collect Christmas presents in good time. The day after Christmas she cleared out a closet which she kept in readiness to hold Christmas gifts. These she began forthwith to collect.

Whenever she saw a pretty bit of China, a choice handkerchief, or some useful article, pop it went into her Christmas closet, and she had a goodly number of dainty articles to select from by the time the holidays came around.

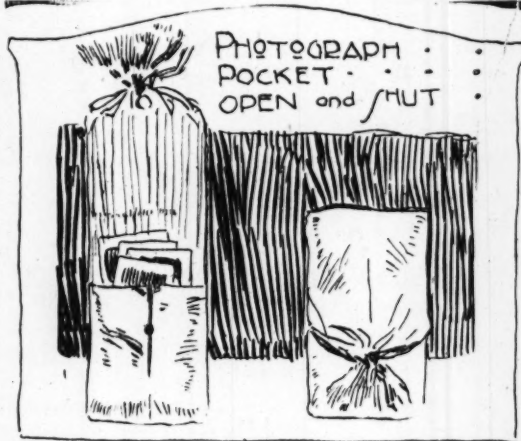
And for the children who can only spend small sums of money for Christmas presents, or only spend a little at a time, it is well to arrange their gifts some time ahead, finish the articles and lay them away until needed. Many pretty trifles can be made in odd moments if we begin to plan in time, have the little gifts made, folded up and laid away to be ready for Christmas.

If papa shaves himself a pretty case for shaving papers to hang beside his dressing-table is a useful present. Two pieces of bronzes or pretty colored leather form the cover. These should be about 6 by 8 inches. Draw upon them and cut carefully the shape your case is to be—a heart shape or the shape of a pear, or even the shape of a fan or tomato—any one of these is pretty.

The case is filled, of course, with sheets of tissue paper, each sheet folded

many times, and cut out to suit the shape of the case. A hole is cut at the top, through case and papers, and a pretty bow of ribbon is tied to hang it up by. If you like, you may mark out the shape you wish, and have both leather and papers "pinked" for a very small sum. This makes the case much neater.

A hickory nut makes a good monkey jack. Twist a hairpin



around the nut to keep it in place, and fasten the ends together for the centre of the monkey's body. Attach other hairpins to this one in order to form legs. Finally dress the monkey in jacket, trousers, and hat of fuzzy material—gray Canton flannel will do—and mark eyes and mouth on the little monkey face, leaving the point of the nut for the nose. This will amuse the baby.

A photograph pocket made of strips of parti-colored ribbon is a tasteful novelty and easy work for little fingers.

The strips of ribbon must be each a yard long. The case when finished should be at least seven inches wide. So the ribbons, when sewed together along the edges, must reach that width, although the widths of the different ribbons may vary.

Sew the ribbons together nearly the whole length, leaving about two inches at one end, which is to be fringed out. Ham straight across the other ends of the ribbon, and turn this part up about six inches sewing it along the outside edge to form a pocket.

Turn down the fringed ends and gather them together a few inches from the fringe. This makes the flap of the pocket. A tiny brass ring can be sewn under the flap and fastened to a button on the pocket side, which will make your picture envelope secure.

Little scent bags of satin or velvet, and of all shapes and sizes, are presents easily manufactured by children. An ounce of sachet powder will fill a number of these cases, which are always useful to lay among one's gloves, handkerchiefs or linen.

A set of book covers, two or three sizes in a set, is a useful present for a student, or any friend fond of reading. Inexpensive ones can be made of denim or of gray linen, which is less easily soiled than the dainty light kid or satin covers. These plainer ones are useful, substantial, and should be cut by the simplest pattern, so that they can easily slip on or off a book when it is used.

The list of elaborate pieces of fancy work in intricate designs grows larger with each season. But the plainer and more useful articles, and particularly little household trifles which are in constant demand, will always be the easiest made by children, and will always make the most welcome gifts for their friends.

## THE JINGLE GIRL

There is a little Jingle girl,

Who lives in Jingle dell;

When you go to call on her

Please ring the Jingle bell.

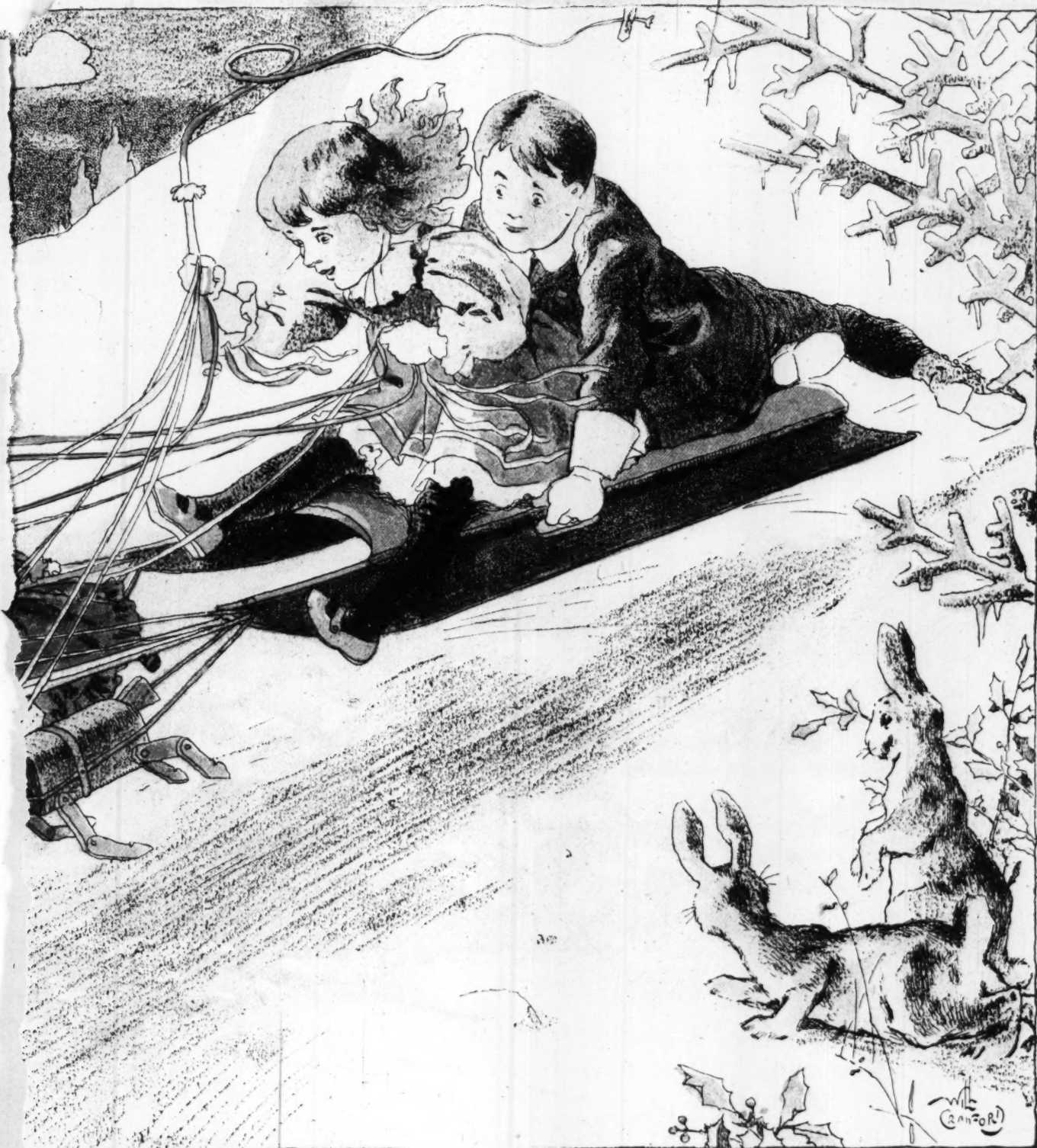


ROBBIE'S EXCITIN

# ROBBIE'S EXCITIN



STMAS BOOK.



ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.



# Old and New Christmas Games

In making arrangements for the Christmas evening fun of a large party it is well to have some plan for keeping up the spirit of the time. A very old idea (and we do not seem to improve on some of these ancient Christmas sports) is to appoint a "Master of Revels," or "Lord of Misrule," as the old books call him. The "Lord of Misrule" (who may be one of the youngest children) is king of the festivities. He chooses the games, and his orders are absolute. A forfeit is paid by any one who disobeys him or opposes any of his caprices. He may issue the wildest and queerest of commands, and the more fun and novelty he can introduce the more complete a success is this little temporary monarch.

Sometimes he is dressed out in fantastic kingly garb and is accompanied by his court fool or jester, who is also dressed to represent the character and whose business it is to carry out gravely the most trivial and foolish of his majesty's commands.

The good old English game of "Snap-dragon" is not often played nowadays. "Snap-dragon" used to be performed with much ceremony and was thought to be an indispensable part of the Christmas party. An old writer gives this account:

A quantity of raisins are deposited in a broad, shallow bowl or dish, and brandy or some spirit

is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders now endeavor by turns to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames. This requires considerable skill, and is performed amid much laughter and joking at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors.

While this sport is going on all the lights in the room should be extinguished, as the glare of the burning spirit sheds a lurid light about the room and adds much to the weird-effect.

A Christmas pantomime, tableaux vivants, and even the most ordinary and impromptu of acted charades, make delightful ways of passing a Christmas evening.

There is fun in such entertainment for old and young, and for the actors as much as the audience. Children as well as older folks can learn their parts and enter eagerly into the spirit of the sport. Children particularly understand "making believe," and are quite ready to be giants, fairies or robbers with energy and good-will at short notice.

Indeed a jolly little Christmas play or tab-

leau can be made to furnish lots of Christmas amusement for a whole neighborhood, and for many folks whose Christmas might be dull and lonely without this pleasure.

The good old games of "Blindman's Buff" and "Puss in the Corner" are always for some unknown reason thought peculiarly suitable for Christmas time and for the mixed family party. Perhaps because they are so old that they form a part of Christmas in our thoughts. Grandpa, when he catches the youngest toddler, remembers how he himself with laughter and shrieking was caught by his grandpa one long ago Christmas time. Grandma, as she trips down the long line of the Virginia reel with her littlest grandson, recalls how she trod the same measure long years ago to the same



old tunes. And a good old-fashioned reel never lacks interest or excitement as a finish to a good lively Christmas evening. Christmas is somewhat of an old-fashioned holiday itself. And when we put into its games and sports the spirit which is forever new—the spirit of love, kindness and good comradeship—we invest them with a charm of the latest up-to-date fashion.

Dressing in costume for the games often provokes great merriment.



I AM a walking, talking doll two feet high, and they say I am French, although I was manufactured in New England, in Santa Claus's branch factory. In order to make me walk and frisk merrily about it is necessary to wind me like a clock, and, like

I WAS MANUFACTURED  
IN SANTA CLAUS'S  
BRANCH  
FACTORY



a clock, I suppose I sometimes go too fast or too slow. It is really very queer, when one comes to think of it, that one should run by machinery.

My wheels make me talk and walk and think the things I say, and if they become rusty or the key is mislaid I am a dead doll for the time being.

Of course you know I am composed of wax, and that is why I am always so fearful of being left on the steam radiator and of being melted into a solid lump of wax, upon which my machinery, wound or unwound, would be unable to operate intelligibly. It would be a case of machinery, without any doll with which to work in harmony.

It almost causes my wax eyes to melt into tears and to lose all their color, form and character when I think what a terrible thing it would be if I should suddenly disintegrate and my springs should be transferred to the tin frog to make him jump and my vocal apparatus to the papier-mache quagga to make him go squeak, squeak.

And here I am, just as I came down the chimney, in my dainty white dress, through the smoke and soot without getting a bit on me, although the candy dogs seemed to heave with emotion, as if trying to bark their disgust. And here I am hanging on a green tree with my key about my neck ready to be wound, and I know what I will say to Bertha just as soon as I am going and can talk.

But I hope they will not allow me to walk where it is wet without first putting rubbers on me.

Now, I often think of my poor old grandmother, who was happy without all that modern up-to-date contrivances that are cal-

## THE DOLL'S CHRISTMAS STORY



culated to make people happy. Her internal organism consisted simply of sawdust, and if she ever happened to fall into a tub of water it was only necessary to run her feet first through the clothes-wringer up as far as the bisque bust, then knead her back into her proper shape and lay her on the stove to dry. Of course, being china from the bust up she couldn't take cold in the head.

A little gust comes down the chimney and the tree sways, and we all sway with it and jingle together like so much Christmas music. I can see the gray dawn peeping in around the side of the curtain, as if to see us and to think of the joy we shall soon cause when the children come tumbling downstairs.

The stars are twinkling in the cold gray of dawn, and one by one they are dissolved in the first kiss of day whose airy glory makes rosy all the snow. Being unwound I cannot call upon the lead soldiers and pasteboard ostriches to look their prettiest

and be ready to meet the family with which we are going to live. . . .

"Now don't you go in there first, Bertha, you said you'd wait for me last night, and I think you're real mean."

And in came the children pell-mell, shouting like so many Indians in the boundlessness of their joy.

"Here's my lead soldier!" shouted Tommy.

"And my boxing-gloves," said Benny, pulling them on and squaring off at the piano lamp.

"And here's my beautiful, lovely doll," said Bertha. And the doll's vanity was such that this compliment thrilled her to her very wheels. And then Bertha took the key and wound her, and when she was wound her eyes rolled tenderly for a moment and she shouted from the very depths of her machinery: "Merry Christmas!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I AM ALWAYS SO  
FEARFUL OF BEING  
LEFT ON THE STEAM-  
RADIATOR



WHO'S  
THAT  
PEEPING  
ROUND  
THE CORNER  
OF  
THE  
DOOR  
SO CUTELY

I CANNOT  
TELL THE  
LEAD SOLDIERS AND  
PASTEBOARD  
OSTRICHES  
TO LOOK  
THEIR PRETTIEST



MY WHEELS  
MAKE ME TALK  
AND WALK



I GREATLY  
ENJOYED THE  
SLEIGH-RIDE



IF MY SPRINGS  
SHOULD BE TRANSFERRED  
TO THE TIN FROG



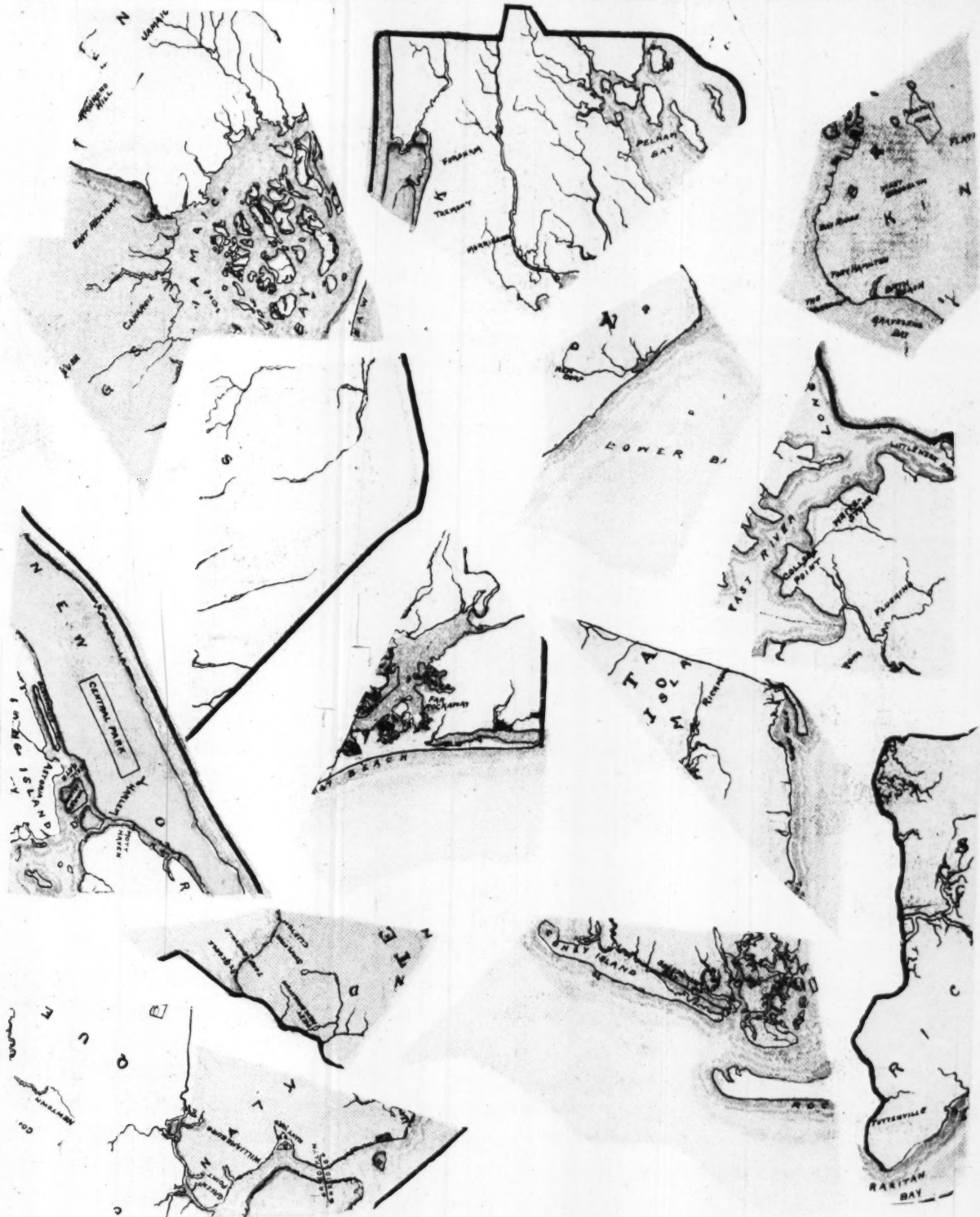
I HOPE THEY  
WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO WALK  
WITHOUT RUBBERS

I OFTEN THINK  
OF MY POOR OLD  
GRANDMOTHER



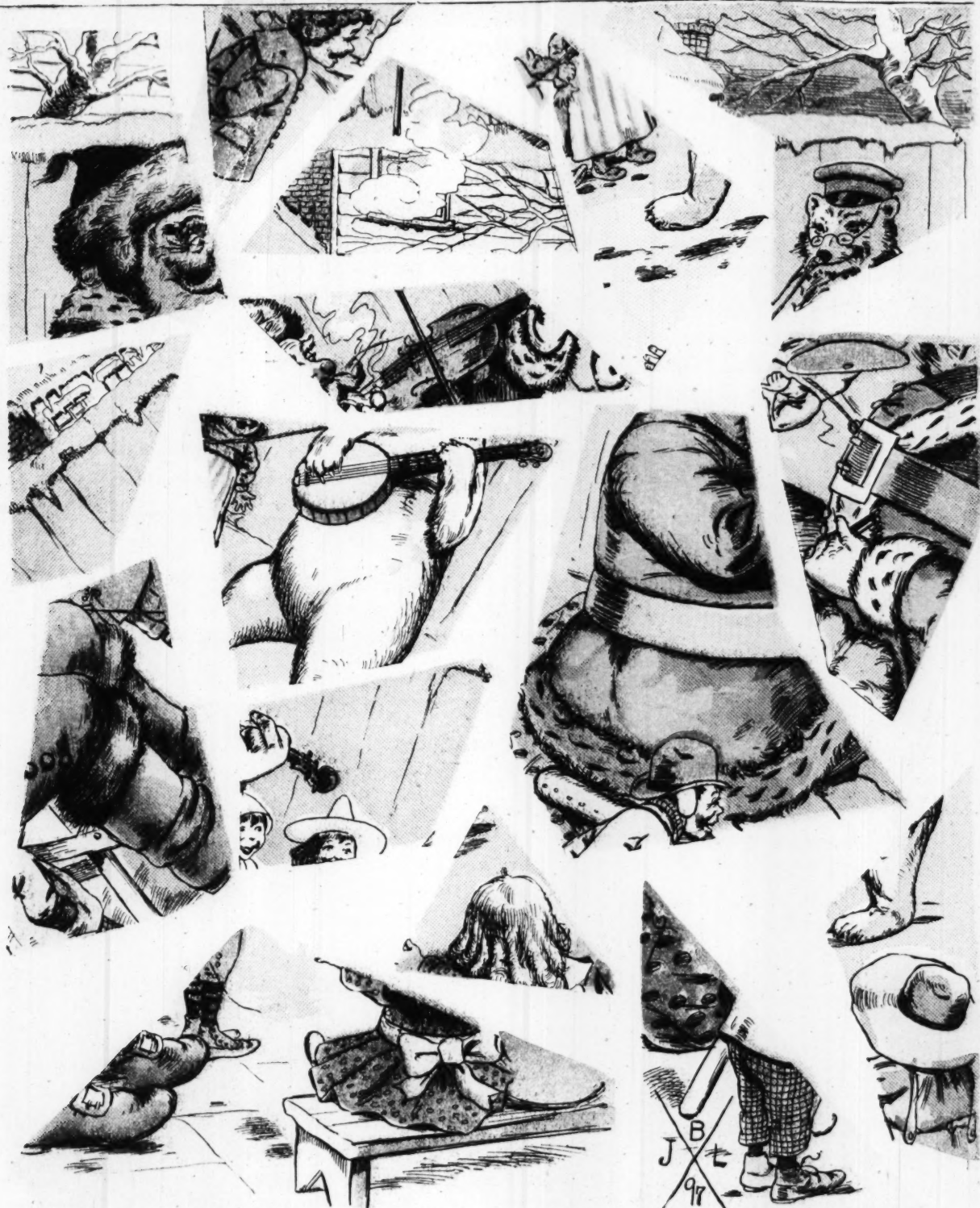
THE CHRISTMAS  
CHIMES FLUT SWEETLY  
THROUGH THE AIR





A PUZZLE MAP OF GREATER NEW YORK.  
WHAT BRIGHT BOY OR GIRL CAN PUT IT TOGETHER CORRECTLY?





A PICTORIAL CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

TO AMUSE AND INTEREST VERY LITTLE READERS OF THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOK.



# TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

BY  
R. L. MUNNITRICK.



**I** like to live within a wood  
All full of Christmas trees.  
Bent with toys of babyhood  
In every honeyed breeze.

**U**pon the moss I'd roll and kick  
Beneath the tinsel bright.  
And eat the dead-ripe candy stick  
Of yellow, red and white.

**I** watch the pasteboard cockatoo  
About the branches float,  
I'd watch the frisky kangaroo  
Play leap-frog with the goat.

**U**pon the deer so kind and swift,  
I'd very often climb,  
I'd help old Santa glean the gift  
When ripe in harvest time.

**A**lone I'd fly on nimble foot,  
The candle trees to light,  
At morn I'd fly abroad to put  
Them out until the night.

**T**hese toys to other boys I'd give,  
Their hearts with joy to fill,  
And with old Santa Claus I'd live  
Upon the Toyland Hill.

**O**h! I would dance with bliss sublime,  
And know in my career  
The joys of merry Christmas time  
Throughout the merry year.



**My** friend, I am the Jangaree, as many  
of you know;  
I'm the Champion Jeeboo Joker, and  
I'm anything but slow.  
But now my ditty's very brief; it  
only is to say  
May you have a Merry Christmas,  
a Happy New Year day!

**S**aid Oscar, "Would it not be shocking  
To find a stick inside one's stocking?  
Oh no, I think 't would be quite handy,"  
Said Paul, "if 't was a stick of candy!"

**Well Named.**  
**I** call my Kitty, 'Santy', and phaps you  
think it queer,  
But I'm sure the name just fits him  
for reasons that are clear,  
For he always fights and scratches,  
so that is why because  
I think it's very proper to call him  
'Santa Claws'.





## SOME CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES



### THE BOAR'S HEAD.

The "boar's head" is often spoken of in connection with Christmas festivities, and in pictures of old-fashioned Christmas feasts we see a "boar's head" being carried in to the table.

Christmas Day several hundred years ago was kept in old England with many rough sports and with customs which seem queer to us now, just because we live a different life and in a different age. In those days the great nobles and land-owners spent their time in warlike amusements, in hunting and other out-of-door sports. They were so fond of war that when they were not engaged in the real thing they amused themselves by mimic wars, tournaments and the like.

In those days wild boars roamed the forests and were savage, formidable animals to attack and kill. But just before Christmas a wild boar was always hunted for, whose head was intended to adorn the Christmas feast. This was the grand dish of the Christmas dinner.

It was carefully prepared with many spices and placed on a golden or silver dish, china or pewter not being considered good enough for this great delicacy.

When the proper moment arrived and the guests were all assembled, the lord chief steward of the household carried in this splendid dish. The trumpeters stood in a row and sounded a loud blast, the other musicians joined in with joyous music and the guests formed into a merry procession, and with cheers and laughter followed the boar's head

### A CHRISTMAS PIE.

A novel arrangement for Christmas gifts is furnished by the "Christmas Pie."

piece of brown paper, marked to look like a pie crust, covers the top.

The hostess dishes out the "pie" to each person, carefully allotting one of the hidden



The pie is made in an enormous tin or wooden pan, which is gravely brought in and placed upon the table at the conclusion of the Christmas banquet. The essential part of this Christmas pie is composed of Christmas gifts, one for each member of the feast. They must be of a comic character and chosen with a purpose to create fun for the whole party.

Then the pan is filled with sawdust, covering the presents completely. To add to the illusion, a

presents to each. Lots of fun comes after, when grandma blows her toy whistle, papa cracks his toy whip, and the baby may find either a beautiful tin watch or a jack-in-the-box. Of course the more inappropriate and absurd the presents are, the jollier is the sport. Each present should be carefully wrapped up and tied securely to make the mystery greater.

### CHRISTMAS CANDLES.

These funny candles furnish much sport for the performers and much mystification for those who are not let into the secret.

CANDLES  
TO  
EAT



The tallow part of the candle is made from an apple. It can be shaped with a knife into a very good resemblance to a candle, but a better way is to cut the candle out with an apple corer. Then a bit of nut is stuck in to the end to represent a wick. Any sort of nut will do, but the oilier it is the better.

When you have exhibited it burning, raise it to your lips. A slight puff will extinguish the flame just before you put it into your mouth.

around and around the table until it was finally placed upon it.

Sometimes a song was chanted which ended this way:

"Be glad, lords, both more and less,  
For this hath ordered our steward  
To cheer you all this Christmesse  
A boar's head with mustard!  
Reddens laudes Domino!"

The old custom of "bringing in the boar's head" was kept up until very recently at Queen's College, Oxford England.





HER MAJESTY:—

THE REGAL BEVERAGE.

“Mr. President, may I offer you a cup of pure tea from Ceylon and India?”







